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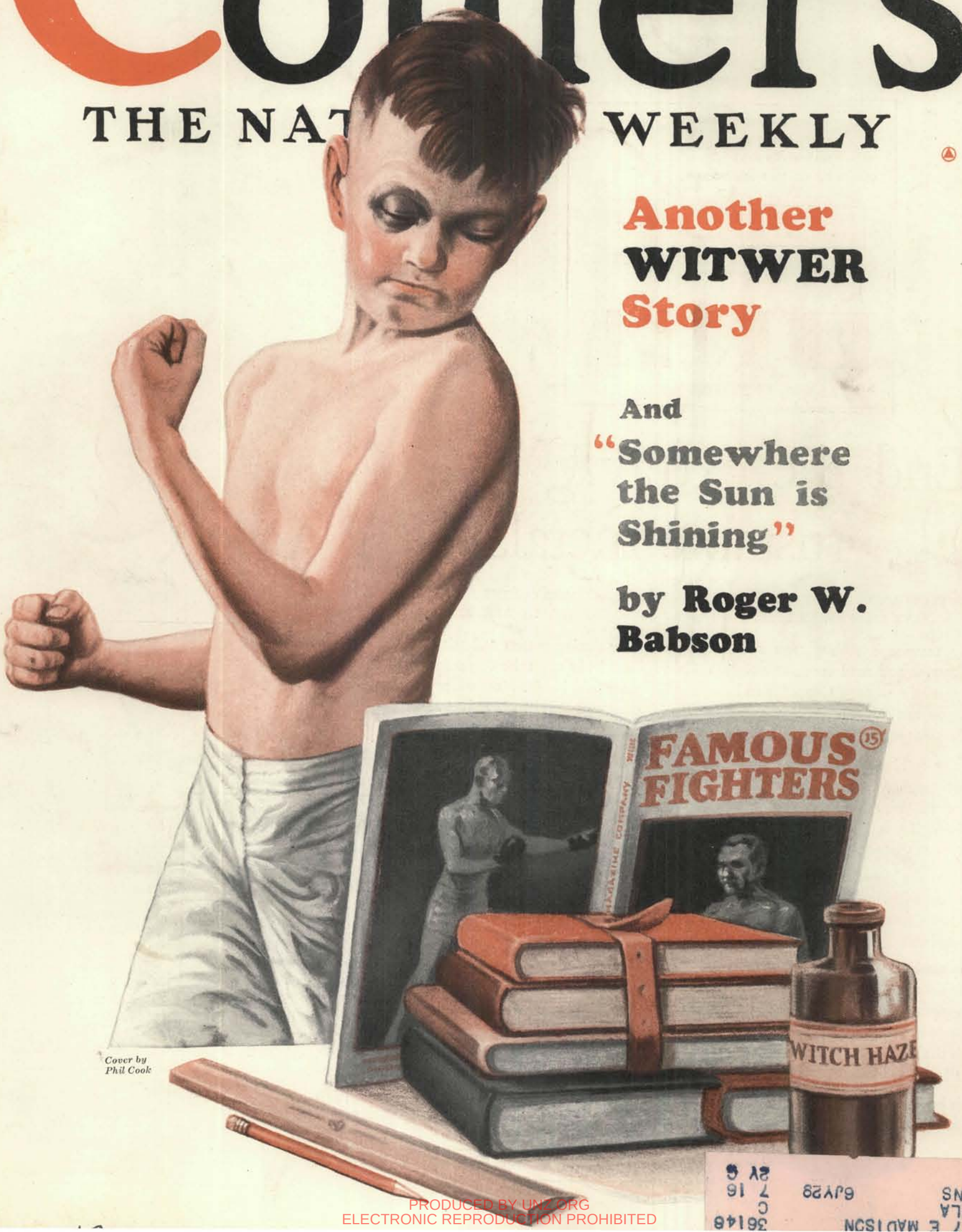

Cover by Phil Cook

Another WITWER Story

And "Somewhere the Sun is Shining"

by Roger W. Babson

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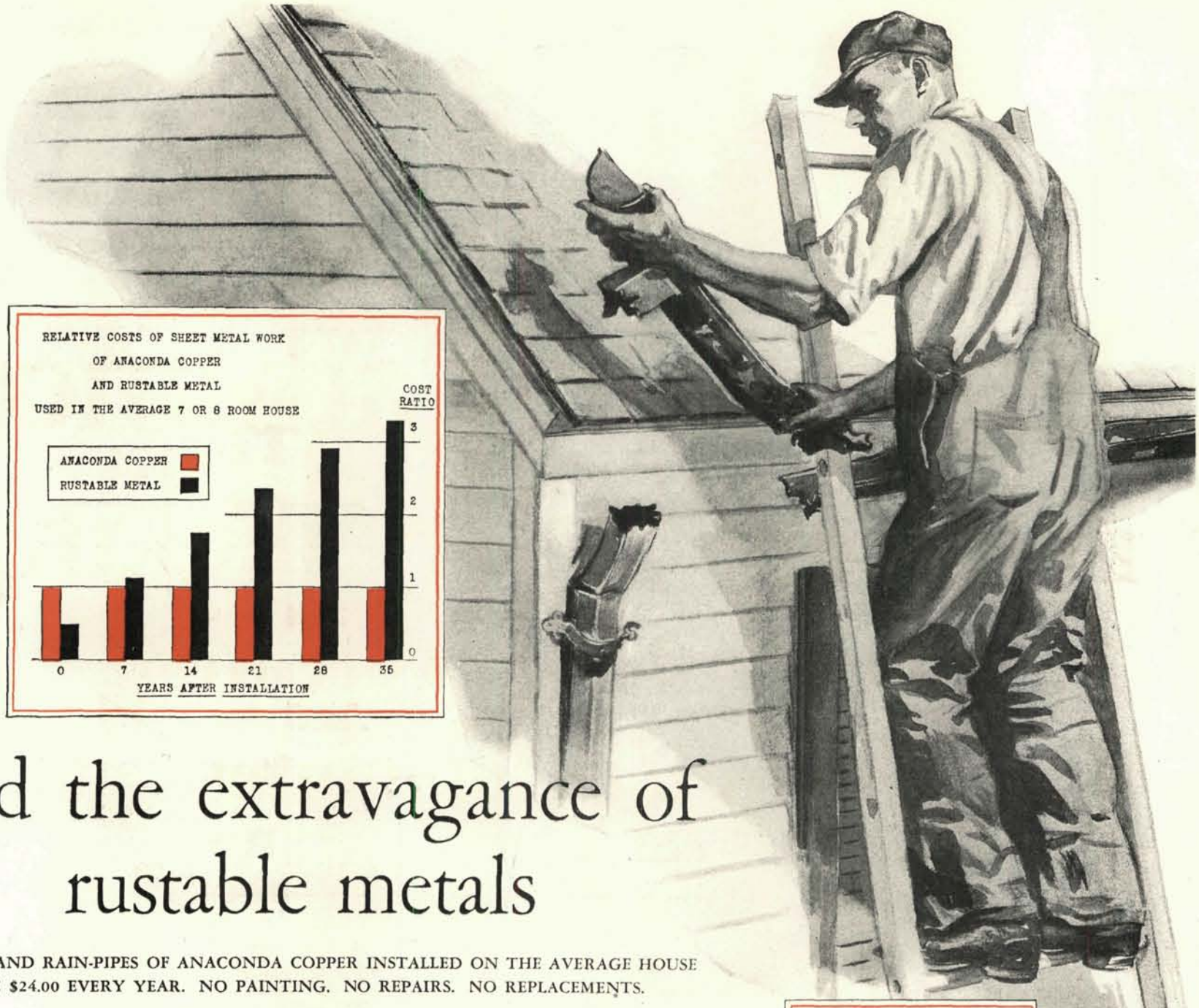

End the extravagance of rustable metals

GUTTERS AND RAIN-PIPES OF ANACONDA COPPER INSTALLED ON THE AVERAGE HOUSE SAVE $24.00 EVERY YEAR. NO PAINTING. NO REPAIRS. NO REPLACEMENTS.

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This booklet shows the folly, the extravagance, of installing short-lived rustable metals. It shows how rusting gutters and rain-pipes give way—how leaks affect the very structure and foundations of a house. How water pipes *not* made of brass rust and clog. How bronze screens—bronze is strengthened copper—outlast iron or steel.

It corrects the erroneous impression that makeshifts save by low first cost. It shows that rust-proof metals cost a little more—a fraction—when installed, but that rust-proofing pays for itself in a very short time.

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LEARN HOW TO SAVE $60 EVERY YEAR

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The greatest advance in storage battery making since batteries were first put into automobiles

USED by millions of motorists—adopted as standard equipment by leading car manufacturers—backed by more than 16,000 service stations and dealers—USL batteries have long been recognized for their sturdy construction and long, dependable service.

Now USL Battery Corporation presents a new battery, representing an amazing advance in battery building.

This new USL battery actually delivers from 20% to 30% more starting power under adverse starting conditions. These figures are very conservative, for many tests have shown as high as 54% increased starting power. USL long life and dependability have not been sacrificed in the slightest degree.

For more than two years this new USL battery has been in actual operation in test cars, under all kinds of motoring conditions. During the past few months leading motor cars have been equipped with the new USL. It has shown astonishing stamina and power in the coldest weather all through this past winter.

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Food . . . Shelter . . . Clothing . . . The soldier is *given* everything he *needs*

"Chow" three times a day. O. D.'s of the proper weight between his precious hide and old Boreas. Raincoats for wet weather, blankets for cold nights, and a roof—if it's only canvas—to sleep under.

Food . . . Clothing . . . Shelter . . . What else should any one of us want? Take a glance at the luggage of the average family that registers at the hotel for a week in town.

Do those bags bulge with the so-called necessities? Were those gaily flowered chiffons bought for protection? Were those gold-kid slippers chosen for long wear?

Was father's "Tux" brought along to guard his portly figure against the evening chill?

Was sister's embroidered silk negligee bought at the dictates of common sense—or fashion? Was Buddy's 'coonskin coat bought for warmth or scenery?

And will you listen to the order they give the waiter!

Need these things? Of course they do. They've always desired them. But now they have learned what to buy and how to buy it intelligently, largely from good printing. Leaflets have pictured what the well-dressed golfer will sport. Folders have portrayed in dancing colors what society will wear at Southampton. Good printing has opened vistas of lovely things that money can buy.

Good printing, better printing on better paper, is helping to raise the standards of American living.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

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Jock of the Dumbartons

By GUY GILPATRIC

The story of a gallant Scottie who knew a good man or a decent dog when he met one whatever the nationality

Jock kept pace with Duggan and Piper Malcolm . . . one must think about bucking up the men

JOCK and Major Duggan moved slowly along the pitch-black trench—a trench as silent as a grave, and yet tumultuous, seething with unborn sound—sound aching, straining, fighting to be uttered. In another minute the Argyll and Dumbartons would go over the top—a wave of men, with not an ounce of artillery preparation to pave their way.

And it was to be a Via Dolorosa. A brass hat in G. H. Q. had had an idea. He was trying it on the Dumbartons. . . .

Jock had been over the top many times before. He and Duggan and the two pipers had always strolled along together in front of the line—Jock taking care to set a good example to the men by barking defiantly at the shells and pausing with studied casualness to sniff at stumps and the posts which supported the barbed wire.

Almost two years had passed since he, a mere terrier puppy, had marched through the streets of Edinburgh, wearing his bonnet and tartan collar, and embarked with the regiment for Flanders and the wars. He had seen the war change from a gentleman's sport, played in the green open country, to a navvy's job, underground and in mud. But it was all in a soldier's life, and he prided himself on being a soldier. A field officer, rather, for Jock was now a major, as the inscription and the golden crown upon his collar testified. He had received the coveted rank before the entire regiment the very day he had bitten the horse of the uhlan who had attempted to ride through the street at Meaux. It had been a great day, with Colonel Cameron kneeling down to shake him by the paw and the pipers playing the *ceol mor* in his honor.

The *ceol mor*—the "great music" of Scotland! Even as he thought of it, Major Duggan pinched the arm of the shadowy piper beside him; the inspiring basso hum of the drones filled the air, and then the wild voices of the chanters tore the air apart! It was The Piper o' Kirkintilloch they were playing; and with a yell the Argyll and Dumbartons went over the top!

It was just getting light, and the rifles flashed redly. Then the enemy touched off a flare, and the world became brighter than the day, but with a brightness that was cold and nasty. Piper MacClintoch coughed and went to his knees. His lungs were punctured, but the pipebag was full; he played until the air was gone. Jock kept pace with Duggan and Piper Malcolm. Too bad about MacClintoch! But here was a stump to sniff—one must think about bucking up the men. . . .

Suddenly the enemy let loose his artillery—seventy-sevens, heavies, and all manner of hate. The ground flashed and jumped and rocked. Then it opened up in holes and leaped into the air and stood on end and behaved like a blasted fool. Piper Malcolm vanished, and in his place there was only a raw-smelling hole in the ground, with a bagpipe lying at the bottom of it. The pipe, with its gay ribbons, heaved over on its side, shrilling its song in a voice which was weary, then wearier. Then it drooped and wilted; the gay ribbons sprawled upon the earth, and the *ceol mor* died on a soul-piercing note.

Major Duggan was beating three Germans with his cane. Jock raced to his assistance, but before he could reach him there was a flash of blinding white, and Jock found himself in the middle of a dream. A nightmare, rather, in which the world was filled with mud, blood and

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shouting—a world without Major Duggan and the Argyll and Dumbarton Highlanders. He was alone. Though there were people all around him, he was horribly, achingly alone. . . .

In this dream Jock plodded along beside an endless road which every fifty yards or so detoured around fresh shell holes, and occasionally even the detours themselves detoured for like reason. There were blasted trees on either side and a flood of men and guns and trucks sweeping in the opposite direction. The men were Germans; Jock disliked the look, the sound, the very scent of them. They came in thousands, in millions, in billions, in the infinite swarms which sometimes populate our dreams. . . .

Perhaps, after all, this wasn't a dream. Jock paused, with heavy heart and tail, to think things over. His mouth was dry and hot. So acute became his physical discomfort that it pierced his mental haze and he realized that his dream was reality. He knew he was lost in the enemy's territory. He knew that Major Duggan was dead.

OFF to the right he saw a line of trees that marked a road and beside them a row of camouflaged hangars. Three airplanes droned out of the sunset behind him, swished down to the field and landed. For some reason he turned toward that field. And when he reached it, it was night, and mechanics were working by hooded lights, and only a beam or so leaked out upon the oil-soaked grass in front. But farther along, beyond the hangar line, he saw the officers' quarters. Because the night was warm, and because officers are officers, they had disdained camouflage orders, draped back the black window shrouds, and opened wide the door. The place blazed with light like the Presbyterian church of Kirkintilloch on a meeting night. Song and sounds of merriment burst from it and a popping of corks so loud that Jock concluded the German whisky must be highly explosive.

Keenly regretting his unkempt appearance, Jock threw out his chest, cocked his ears, hoisted his tail, and strutted across the doorsill. Passing through an anteroom, the walls of which were decorated with twisted machine guns, splintered propellers, and great squares of fabric bearing the insignia and numbers of British and French planes, he found himself in the mess hall.

Fourteen young men were seated around a table at the head of which sat another young man. There was nothing remarkable about any of them, and all of them looked alike. It might have been a British aviators' mess or a French aviators' mess—except, of course, for the uniforms—the uniforms and the servants. For behind each of the young men stood an older man, and each of the older men had a mustache, a beard or both. They wore black belts, with "Gott Mit Uns" on the buckles—belts supported at the back by two ridiculous coat-tail buttons. They wore clumsy, silly boots too, into which their trousers fitted bulkily.

Jock paused blinking in the doorway, trying to make up his mind to surrender.

Suddenly one of the servants saw him, stepped forward, and kicked him. He had never been kicked before. Rage overcame all other emotions, and he tore the trousers and the hide from that man in five devastating and satisfying bites. There were screams from his victim and shouts of approval from the officers. And as the wounded one limped weeping into the darkness toward the squadron infirmary, Captain Baron Haldeman von Tnurlow clasped Jock in his arms, kissed him, and suddenly recognized the regimental badge on his collar. He set Jock upon the table, and filled a glass before him.

"Gentlemen," he cried in perfect English, "Gentlemen! Our squadron has a distinguished guest—none other than Major Jock Dhu (Black Jock) o' Kirkintilloch, former regimental mascot of the Argyll and Dumbarton Highlanders. Gentlemen"—he raised his glass and the others arose—"Gentlemen, I give you Major Jock, new mascot of the 18th Jagdgeschwader of the Imperial German Army! *Bottoms up!*"

He set Jock upon the table and filled a glass before him

THEY tilted their glasses skyward, and Jock, because he needed it, lapped his dry to the bottom. It was silly, bubbly kind of stuff—quite inferior judged as whisky, but not bad in its way. Not at all bad!

He had several more before they all rolled off to bed, and when he awoke at four the next morning (the baron invited him to share his cot) he greatly respected his new master in that he was able even to see an airplane—much less to fly it as divinely as did the baron!

The 18th Hunting Squadron was a very good squadron indeed. You had to be an ace to be considered for it, and even then if you were an officer, it was almost impossible if your family wasn't in the Almanach de Gotha. Most of the young men had been cavalry officers—Baron von Thurlow, for instance, being the legendary uhlan who, in August, 1914, penetrated alone to the Bois de Vincennes, thus winning the undisputed nearest-to-Paris record.

The squadron being what it was, and its members being who they were, the High Command sat back, never interfered, and was rewarded with gratifying results in Allied planes shot down. Von Thurlow ran his squadron as though it was a club—a gun club, let us say, whose sportsmen members competed with one another in hunting the biggest of big game, their fellow men.

Among the officers there was no such thing as discipline, because there was no necessity for it. Politeness was so much pleasanter. As a rule, the patrols were so arranged that every officer went over the lines once every day. The rest of the time they read, fenced with sabers, rode horseback, and played cards. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings they got drunk.

The squadron was moved around a great deal and was kept, to its great gratification, where the fighting was liveliest. Von Thurlow, believing in comfort, always insisted on quarters as far behind the lines as possible—preferably in a château. A barracks he considered too much like camping.

While regulations specified standard camouflage and markings on all German airplanes, the 18th repainted their planes as they pleased. The result was weird and colorful. At the time of Jock's advent they had Albatros fighters. Some were painted to resemble hornets, others looked like sharks, while still others were simply indescribable riots of color. As a consequence the squadron came to be known along the front from the North Sea to Switzerland as Von Thurlow's Circus. In slightly over two years its members had run up a score of 209 victories.

For three or four days Jock was not himself, due to shell shock, fatigue and grief. The Germans, officers and men, were all very kind to him, although he became a bit fed up with having them twist his collar around to read his name and rank thereon.

It annoyed him too to be called "Yock." Most of the officers could speak an understandable English, but the noncom pilots, the mechanics and several of the other dogs were poorly educated.

There were nine dogs with the squadron, all of them belonging to the officers. Eight of them were pedigreed to the blood—veritable aristocrats of dogdom. Rotters, some of them, but gentlemen all.

The Beinecken brothers—Krum, Karl and Ludwig—were the senior dogs of the squadron. They were tan dachshunds, triplets, nine years old, and the devoted property of Lieutenant Graf von Hoppner. They were fat, lazy and genial, and they did much to console Jock in those first miserable days after the immolation of the Dumbartons. Far from resenting Jock's appointment as squadron mascot, they congratulated him on his honor and in glowing terms described the glories of his new master, Baron von Thurlow, Ace of Aces of the German Army.

The Beinecken family, it appeared, went 'way back to antiquity, and the brothers were modestly conscious of the fact. The original Beinecken, Jock was informed, was to be seen in several of Dürer's portraits of Maximilian the First. But in matters of this sort Jock was not to be outdone by any dog; according to him, one of his forebears had bitten Rizzio in the ankle, carried a billet doux to Darnley, and chewed up a garter of Mary Queen of Scots. The four of them used to loll in the sun outside the officers' mess, each day after luncheon, watching the patrol take off, bragging about their ancestry, discussing heraldry, and catching fleas.

THERE were three Doberman pinschers—Jock could never remember their names—who were athletically inclined, always in training and always complaining about the food and the tobacco smoke in the officers' mess. During the day they kept pretty much to themselves, running races with one another. The only time they fraternized with the other dogs was when a rabbit had outrun them and taken to its burrow. Then two of them would mount guard over the hole, digging frantically, while the third rushed back to the squadron for Jock and the Beinecken brothers. Being underslung, it was a simple matter for any of them to crawl down the hole and drag the rabbit out—to the hysterical cheers and cavortings of the pinschers.

Then there were two police dogs. One of them, Fifi, was a huge tan fellow; the other police dog was a dark, silent saturnine chap named Gustav.

The ninth dog—he belonged to Captain Doktor Lesser, the squadron medical officer—was a young chap named Dumas. He looked something like a police dog, and yet again he didn't. But—the Beineckens whispered it—it really wasn't the poor fellow's fault. The Doktor had picked him up—a waif—in Belgium. It was sad—yes—but, as the French so delicately put it, "C'est la guerre." Jock found him intelligent, artistically inclined, and in some respects, such as opening doors and cajoling the cook between meals, a genius.

Because Dumas had been with every combatant army except the Russian, he was an accomplished linguist, so Jock spent some time in his company every day, exchanging Gaelic for German. Jock became very fond of him, and it rankled his testy Scottish nature to see

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Illustrated by
CLARK
FAY

Rage overcame all other emotions

the slights and sneers with which the saturnine Gustav treated the unfortunate.

Gustav, it seemed, had long coveted the rank of squadron mascot, and had bitterly resented Jock's appointment to the post. He never brought up the subject directly, but had frequently hummed Deutschland Ueber Alles and Lissauer's Hymn of Hate in Jock's presence. On one occasion Jock's patience had been tried so far that he asked Krum Beinecken to wait upon Gustav, in the capacity of second, and arrange the details of a meeting. But friends intervened and the duel did not take place.

SOME weeks later (the squadron had moved clear down to Alsace, and the hangar tents were pitched on the lawn of an old château) things reached an intolerable state. Jock and Dumas were sitting beside the fountain in the shell-torn remains of a formal garden, and Jock was exercising his jaw on German verbs. The three Beinecken brothers were stretched full length on the grass, intermittently dozing and correcting Jock's pronunciation. Two thousand meters above, in the sunny blue sky, the ten airplanes of Staffel No. 1 were descending from the noon patrol in a series of loops—which, in squadron language, meant at least three Frenchmen shot down.

Now, it happened that Lieutenant Baron von Seidel was commander of No. 1. Accordingly, as was the uncanny custom in this and all other squadrons, his dog recognized his master's plane almost before it was in sight and started for the hangars to welcome it.

The dog was the saturnine Gustav.

As he trotted past Jock, Dumas and the somnolent Beineckens he sneered a nasty sneer and tossed his head aloft.

"We have knocked down three Frenchmen," he said. "If we were on a British sector, we'd have knocked down five Scotsmen."

"You are a liar," said Jock, wrinkling his eyebrows.

"You are a Schweinhund, and your friend Dumas is a—"

Before he could utter his heartless libel there was a rending crash, and the plane of the flight commander was a shapeless mass of wood, wire and fabric. Then it burst into flames and from the blazing pyre came a crackling fusillade of bullets in the ammunition boxes which caused everyone in the vicinity to take cover. Then the crackling ceased, the motor ambulance went bumping over the field, and mechanics rushed out with axes and fire extinguishers.

Gustav saw the crash and instinctively started for it. But Jock stopped him.

"Just—a—minute—Gustav—" said Jock, in cold and careful German, but avoiding irregular verbs, "you—and—I—have—something—to—settle."

"Right!" snapped Gustav. "I have only a minute. Scottish Schweinhund, prepare to die!"

He lunged at Jock—sixty pounds versus twenty. He bowled Jock over with his front paws and plunged his fangs toward the throat. But he found no throat. Instead he found a black ball of muscle protected by stump legs and a mouth like the mouth of an alligator, but with the teeth of a shark. Jock was lying on his back in his natural and formidable fighting position. And suddenly, as Gustav groped for an opening, that mouth, those shark's teeth, clamped down on his throat, and in something less than two minutes he was dead. . . .

Everyone remarked on the coincidence of dog and master dying at practically the same moment. Baron von Thurlow gave Jock a full pound of chocolates (sent him by the most beautiful chanteuse of Berlin) and—looking shudderingly at the hand with which he had stroked him—ordered the servant to bathe Jock without delay.

NEXT day Lieutenant von Seidel and Gustav were buried together.

After three or four months Jock became quite cheerful, although at times he had spells of longing for the old friends, the old life that had died around him that foggy morning in the storm of steel. Major Duggan, of course, he dared not even think about, but sometimes in his dreams he felt that familiar hand scratching his ears, and he would awake, whimpering softly. The baron would reach down sleepily and try to console him.

The baron understood. Now that Major Duggan was dead, Captain Baron von Thurlow was the greatest man in the world. . . .

His duties as squadron mascot kept Jock pretty busy. At first, whenever a visiting plane landed on the field, a mechanic was sent to whistle him up in order that the pilot might meet the 18th's new member.

And after a while Jock felt that it was his duty to welcome all visitors. At the sight of a strange plane he would drop whatever happened to occupy him and of his own accord escort the visitors to the field headquarters.

When Jock had been with the squadron for something over a year nine of the original fifteen officers had been killed and their places taken by other young men. Von Thurlow had had three planes bullet-riddled, but had never been wounded. And he had taken frightful toll of enemy fliers. The British knew and loved him as "The Ringmaster," presumably because he was the commander of the Circus and because his plane, in contrast with the rest, was painted the severe and formal black and white of a ringmaster's evening dress.

PERHAPS no one in all the world (save the American stunt flyer, the immortal Lincoln Beachey) has ever flown an airplane as skillfully as Captain Baron von Thurlow. It was his invariable custom to take off and land in a loop, and it was said—perhaps with some exaggeration—that he usually fought on his back. It was an interesting coincidence that this rumor did not become current until the baron had witnessed Jock's technique in the fight with Gustav. . . .

The day after the baron shot down two English and three French planes and three English balloons, all in the course of the morning patrol, he received a five-hundred-word telegram from the Kaiser, a thousand-word telegram from the Sultan, and some even lengthier communications from kings and emperors in the Balkans which he didn't bother to read. There was great celebration.

The young men were very headachy next morning, and only one officer from the 18th went out with the patrols all day. This plane flew eccentrically and wiped off the (*Continued on page 49*)

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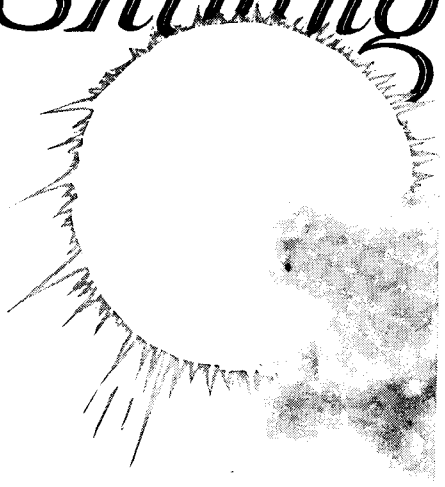
Somewhere the Sun is Shining



"I AM going to get out of this line of business just as fast as I can. For over three years I have labored and sweated without taking a cent. This business is doomed. It will never come back."

Thus spoke one of my business friends as we sat in my office discussing business conditions. His expression did not surprise me. I have heard it too often. You might just as well try to make two and two equal five as to stop the pessimistic feeling of most human beings when things go wrong. The trouble is that this man felt that he alone was being picked on, that his line of business was the only one which was not making money. What a foolish idea!

Stop for a moment and figure it out. Every year thousands of concerns lose money. I don't know one concern in this country today that can boast of continuous record earnings. It isn't to be expected. When business is good you are smiling. Yours is the best business in the world. But—a few years of depression and what happens? You lose heart, become discouraged, and look around for some industry which is doing better.

This is a great mistake, because the industry which is now depressed may at any time quickly turn the corner for a substantial recovery.

The most important economic rule for business men to remember is that the sun of prosperity is always shining on some section of the country and on some industry.

Once you grasp this economic principle you will best appreciate the meaning of that good, old-fashioned word STICK-TO-ITIVENESS.

If, after making a scientific survey, and a thorough canvass of your abilities and ambitions, you have picked out the locality or business or job which seems to offer you the best opportunity for your future career—settle down and go to work!

Presently you will run into a period of dull times. You will ask yourself: "Shall I pull up stakes and move to a locality which looks more promising?"

To young men in this situation let me give a word of earnest counsel: Most businesses and localities get their full share of sunshine—in due time. Give the old town a chance. Provided your original analysis was correct and the locality's long-pull trend is upward, don't be upset by temporary clouds, for the sun will break through again.

Meanwhile learn more about your chosen line than anybody else. That is the real meaning of "expert."

And bear in mind that the time when profits are pinching out usually affords the best opportunity to introduce labor-saving and cost-cutting methods—or to soak up those details of your boss' business that are beyond your time in the pressure of prosperity but that are essential for you to know if you are going to reach the top of your office heap.

Remember too that there seems to be an economic law of compensation through which the same trend that depresses one line of business will increase the prosperity of another line.

When people stay at home evenings, for instance, the demand for theatre tickets is less, but there is most likely an increased call upon electric-power companies for current to run the radio sets or light the reading lamps.

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

Ill Winds Boost Sporting Goods

ONCE when talking with a big city librarian I remarked that I supposed his institution ran along about the same regardless of economic conditions. He replied:

"Not at all. On the contrary we notice that during a period of quiet business people have more time to read and make increased use of the library facilities. Our busiest times in the library are when industrial and employment conditions are the dullest and our quietest times are when the outside business world is most active."

Then, a few years ago when examining the sales figures of a certain concern I was impressed with the peculiar trend of these figures. During a period of general business depression this concern's sales increased. During a period of general business activity these sales fell off. I asked the owner how he explained this paradox. He replied:

"Our line includes fishing tackle and other sporting goods. When employment conditions are quiet and people have spare time on their hands they get a chance to go fishing, and our sales pick up. We also notice an improvement in the sales of other sporting goods when people are not so fully employed and have more time for outdoor activities."

Ups and Downs Defined by Science

UPON looking into several cases of business success during hard times I have found that they were of concerns making less expensive substitutes for the costlier materials that flourish during a boom.

So many parents have come to me and said, "I don't care to have my boy or girl go into this or that line of business because it isn't doing well. My plan is to put them into some business which is riding the crest of the wave." To my mind such reasoning is a mistake. It is well to remember that each industry passes through three stages:

First: the period of initial growth, such as witnessed in the automobile, radio and other industries.

Second: the period of readjustment and shakedown to a more solid foundation.

Third: the long period of normal growth.

History shows that when an industry reaches the third stage it will frequently pass through periods of depression as well as prosperity. When a slump comes, does it mean that the leaders of this industry should give up the ship? Of course not. The law of action and reaction teaches us that it is only a question of time before an improvement will take place. THE CHANCES OF MAKING GOOD ARE AS FAVORABLE IN THE IN-

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By ROGER W. BABSON

You can make your own fair weather, in your business or job, according to this famous business prophet—who sees bright signs ahead in the national sky

DUSTRY THAT IS DEPRESSED AS THE INDUSTRY THAT IS PROSPEROUS.

One of my business friends was enthusiastically telling me recently about some of his travel adventures. I remember his remarks about the Bay of Fundy—that rough channel between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

"It is hard to believe," he said, "that everything floating in that bay rises and falls fifty feet or more twice every twenty-four hours."

Such a terrific tidal sweep aptly illustrates one of the most fundamental laws of the human race.

Ever since the beginning of time men and women have been swept forward or backward with the tide of new events and new conditions.

In business this tide is the swing from prosperity to depression and from depression back to prosperity. It has been the basis of many arguments. Many sponsor the simple cycle theory which is based on the principle that if business increases for three, five, or seven years, then the next three, five or seven years must necessarily bring depression.

Most business analysts prefer a modification of the cycle theory known as the area theory, which is based essentially on the law of action and reaction. This is simply that any INFLATION in business, prices, or interest rates must be compensated for by a corresponding area or amount of DEFLATION, after allowing for the natural growth of the country. Such inflation and deflation are measured by an area or amount, which is the product of two factors, time and intensity, rather than by mere line charts.

Suppose, for example, you are living in the Mississippi Valley or Vermont and suddenly there are terrific rains and the rivers start to swell. Waters pour in over the lowlands and surround your home. Then you begin to realize that how much you save—yes, probably your life—depends on how fast the water rises rather than the amount of water.

Business is affected the same way. If we have six years of moderate prosperity and then three years of severe depression, the two areas or amounts may be equally balanced.

Now—in proof that these business tide theories bear out my advice that the "sun is always shining somewhere"— I want to point out the important fact that every state, every business, every industry, has an action and reaction movement of its own and that these do not synchronize or keep in step.

Today the business sun is shining on New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, South Carolina, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, California and Texas. It will shine as prosperously on other states in the normal tide of things.

A year ago steel production reached a new record; but today actual output is 30 per cent under that record figure.

In 1926 the cotton textile consumption was disappointing, but the past twelve months have brought a marked improvement.

Farmers Will Soon be Optimists

A YEAR ago the great agricultural section of the Northwest—Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri—was sadly depressed. Here was a tremendous area with a population of over 12,000,000 people who had experienced hard times since the great smash of 1920. The reason was not poor crops, but a low price for the things the farmer produced and a high price for the things he bought. There was a great cry for farm relief, but little help could economically be given. Thousands of farmers gave up and came to the cities. The farmers' financial sun was behind a cloud.

A few months ago the agricultural sky began to brighten—prices of agricultural products increased. The fall weather was perfect for maturing crops. The farmer began to make more money.

Today this same area, which was crying about poor conditions a year ago, is becoming prosperous. Soon the farmer will again be happy and optimistic.

If you don't believe that farmers in general are better off, just glance over the following table, which shows the valuation of nine leading crops based on December 1st production and price. The first column represents the crop valuation of last season for these same products—that is, actual price paid to the farmer:

FARMER'S INCOME

	1926 Valuation (000 omitted)	1927 Valuation (000 omitted)	% change
Wheat ..	$ 995,954	$ 974,694	−2
Corn	1,729,457	2,014,725	+16
Oats	496,582	537,276	+8
Barley ..	106,237	180,127	+70
Rye	34,024	49,945	+47
Hay	1,314,478	1,320,524	0
Flaxseed	37,510	49,373	+32
Cotton ..	982,736	1,253,599	+28
Buckwheat	11,183	13,518	+21

Four National Commandments

FOR a long period some parts of the textile industry have been under a cloud. Even when conditions were blackest individual concerns in the industry were able to get along fairly well because of their energetic and intelligent management. There is some evidence now that the textile industry as a whole may be on the eve of more favorable conditions. This is interesting because usually the real opportunities are to be found among industries which are emerging from depression.

Yes: cycles are as permanent as humanity itself because they are an expression of human nature. But just as character has been profoundly changed with the advance of civilization, so there is hope that the business cycle can eventually be somewhat ironed out.

Engineers grade a roadbed by the cut-and-fill method. Economists and business men can grade the business cycle in the same way, rounding off the humps (the reckless inflations) and filling in the holes (the needless depression).

The method is simple and practical:

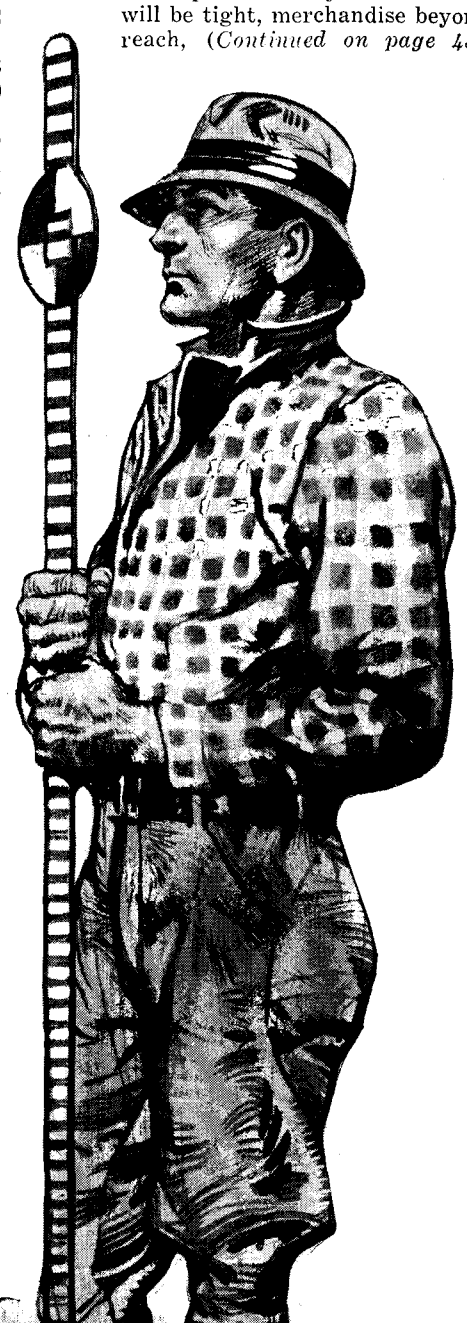
1. When business soars into what everybody knows is a speculative boom, responsible owners and leaders of enterprises can refuse to plunge into still further expansion. They can flatly say no when urged to double or triple their plants. Merchants can say no when tempted to bid up prices to ridiculous levels.

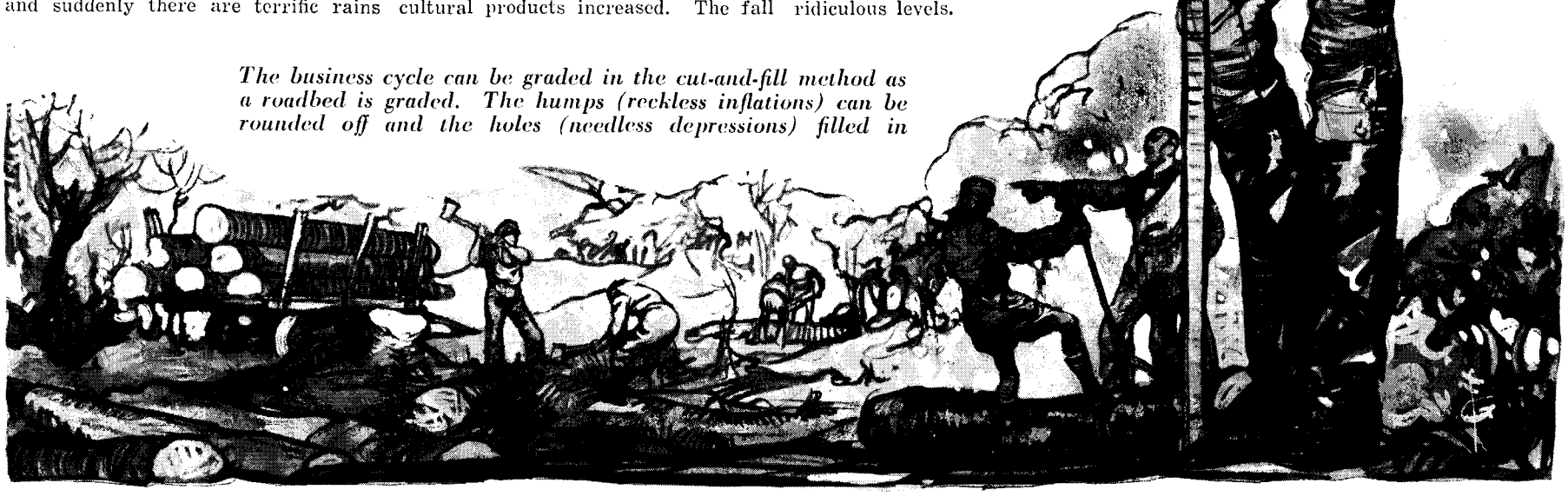
2. On the other hand, when business is flat on its back at the bottom of depressions, both manufacturers and merchants can have the courage to say: "Yes, we will go ahead. We will make and market at these bargain levels." By so doing they reap a handsome reward for the real service they have rendered.

COURAGE IS THE MOST PROFITABLE COMMODITY IN THE WORLD.

3. Eliminate waste! Temporarily, extravagance and dissipation may give business a false stimulus, but we pay the piper a terrible price. And he collects this price to the last cent in the panic and depression. Here is where every man, woman and child can help to make this a more prosperous and happy nation.

To squander money, merchandise or time is to speed the day when money will be tight, merchandise beyond reach, (*Continued on page 48*)





The business cycle can be graded in the cut-and-fill method as a roadbed is graded. The humps (reckless inflations) can be rounded off and the holes (needless depressions) filled in

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And that's Hat

Why let luck decide the success of your hat? Learn the rules!

By
ELIZABETH MACDONALD OSBORNE

Franklin Simon & Co.

An ideal fit in every way: the smart new Angora hat

ONCE, while walking up and down the platform during a five-minute stop in Omaha, I was reprimanded by a fellow passenger for not having been human enough to speak to him. I remonstrated that I hadn't even seen him, but added, "Yes, I did, too, because I remember your cap." At this he turned red and said, "I know that cap is too conspicuous, but I bought the darn thing, and now I'm going to wear it."

If men make hat mistakes occasionally, women almost invariably err in this respect. They often have odd ideas as to the duty of a hat.

On some it is like the flame on the candle. The flamboyant top piece is all you see. I think these women have a slight inferiority complex and expect the hat to make up for what they feel is their mediocrity. On others the hat is like a burnt-out wick. It is a forlorn and dejected mass of fabric which has long since served its purpose, but still survives.

The importance of a hat seems to grow in direct proportion to woman's social position. The immigrant woman may have none at all. She wears only such clothing as seems to her necessary, but as she acquires more leisure she realizes that clothes have many uses other than to provide warmth. She learns that a hat may be so designed as to give her a charm she did not know she had or a dash that she has envied in others. But few even now understand just what hat they should choose to get the effect they desire.

A large number of women depend entirely on luck. They know they've had a number of hats that were wrong, but they do not know what made them so. They may have a notion it was this or that, but all their notions about hats are of the vaguest. They hold their thumbs and hope hard that they'll come home at the end of the day with a hat that makes them look divine. But the path that leads toward that desired goal is dark. If they could get a reliable guide, that would save them. But, although guides are there in plenty, no two give the same directions, for each wishes to sell his own wares. This, anyone will admit, is confusing.

It is a situation which is really unnecessary, and it was to bring some light into this gloom that I went to a milliner who understands her field thoroughly and asked her to tell me in detail what shapes were right for the different kinds of faces which have been turned out in the human mold.

First we discussed the woman who must wear eyeglasses, for her path is particularly dangerous. Such women MUST wear a brim. The woman who wears a brim well has no difficulties except to be careful that the brim does not droop sufficiently to hit the glasses. But the small, short woman, who looks as though her light had been put out when she puts on a drooping brim, must be careful. For her the brim must be narrow and almost straight—it need not measure more than three quarters of an inch. She ought never to try on brimless hats, for human nature is so constituted as to find the "mustn't haves" more alluring because they are prohibited.

Sitting-Down Hats

BROAD faces must not wear a turban unless it grows wider at the top—which makes the face look smaller by contrast. A hat with a brim is much better. For the street the brim will probably be moderately narrow, while wide-brimmed felt hats look a bit too vagabondish for most women. A semi-dress hat may boast a brim of some four inches at the side—not more than three, however, in the front and two at the back. The brim should droop a little. Trimming should never be placed on each side equidistant from the front, for this again accentuates the breadth.

Large women are constantly being told they can wear large hats, and the pleasurable information is added that a large hat will make the hips look smaller. But don't let that catch you. A big hat makes a big woman look far too Amazonian. When she is seated in front of the milliner's dressing table the large hat may look quite enchanting, and it will grace a luncheon table equally well, or any other place where just the head and shoulders show. So, if you can afford a special hat for seated occasions, this large brim is permissible, but remember, if you are really large, that when walking and standing you will look your best in a brim that does not exceed four inches at the side.

If the face is only moderately broad, the English walking hat, which turns up at both sides and thus takes the eye up with it, will be becoming and smart. Broad faces can wear a rather high oval crown or one that is tight at the base where it hits the head and then swings out so that its diameter is wider than the face below. Square faces may wear square crowns.

A long, slender face looks smart under a small felt hat with narrow, drooping brim, for this shortens the face. Of course, when the brim is too deep it repeats and accentuates the length. The slender face looks well in a hat that is wide in back and grows still wider at the sides, thus giving a round halo which is youthful and becoming to the thin face.

Length and Girth Must Govern

YOU can easily understand that this would not be becoming to the round face. The tam and draped hat, when they are tight at the forehead and SLIGHTLY wider above, are allowable. But the tam shape is a dangerous one for a woman. It needs the jauntiness of youth or a Bohemian atmosphere to make it successful.

The very tall woman should never wear a large hat—it calls attention to her height—nor should she wear a hat whose trimming emphasizes her height. A pin worn high in front will do this.

The short woman should never wear an extremely large hat either, for in this case it cuts her off and, if it droops, shortens her that much more. The rolling brim is excellent for the short woman, since it carries the eye up and thus adds to her height. A small tricorn shape is very becoming to a petite person—and to almost any other type. It is universally becoming.

If your neck is short, don't wear a brim that droops in the back. It should turn up tight to the crown, and, by the way, do find out whether or not your neck IS short. Some short-necked women may read this line and say to themselves: "It's too bad Emily can't see this: she has such a short neck and always gets the wrong kind of hats," and then they will settle a little more comfortably into their chairs and go on reading.

Long, slender necks and the frilled throats that Rossetti liked need a background, and, if the background can't be hair or a luxurious bit of fur, it should be hat. And so in the summer let the soft, drooping horsehair hat or graceful leghorn have its full four inches in the back, and in this case the side could venture out a little farther.

I must stop right here to say that each woman ought to have a so-called picture hat. I mean by that one that suits her face and personality.

It should have a fairly large brim and be soft and feminine-looking. But there are many reasons why the picture hat is not often found today. In the first place, it usually isn't successful; perhaps because it was made to order and was ordered too fussily; perhaps because the owner does not know how to wear it, and for this reason it has not looked as it did in the shop where the clerk put it on correctly. And probably the principal reason for its disappearance is that this is the one kind of hat we can get along without, and it seems wiser to put that money into something else. It certainly is if the woman doesn't understand what she should wear.

Women with small features must choose hats with small brims and small crowns. Proportion is an important part of beauty, and anyone who is under the average in size should remember that everything she wears should also be smaller than the average. In this way she can look just as well as the so-called average woman, possibly better.

When the features are large they must be taken into consideration. A very square jaw needs a square crown with some built-up trimming at the back. If the nose is large, be sure that the profile of the hat does not repeat the slant of the nose, and avoid turbans. A prominent jaw looks far better beneath rather large hats with soft irregular lines than under a small stiff tailored hat. A receding chin is the more receding and a tip-tilted nose is the more tip-tilted (*Continued on page 46*)

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Daniels and the Lion

Reel Five of Bigger and Better, wherein a great roaring lion wanders into the wrong pew

By H. C. WITWER

"THE lion is not so fierce as they paint him!" remarked George Herbert, a prominent title writer, in 1600 A. D. (After Dinner.)

Okay, Georgie, but how is milk-fed guys like me and Jackie King to know that? When Mr. Leo Lion tosses his huge head in the air, shakes his shaggy mane, glares at the world with blood-curdling eyes and leaves forth a beller of rage which shakes the ground beneath your icy feet, he may not be as fierce as he's painted, but if he *ain't*, cheez, what a grand actor he is!

I never had the pleasures of being a professional big-game hunter which bounds around the wide open spaces of Africa, where men is dark-complexioned, wearing one of them comical hats, killing everything which can be shot at from a tree and having a lot of nude-colored gents calling me such names as "Bwana," while bare-handed they chase the game at me to slaughter. Never the less, I'll state I know my animals. I seen Jack King slay a loose lion in the far-off wilds of Hollywood, mind you, and did the admiring natives hail us as heroes? Listen—they like to run us out of the slab!

A earful? With pleasure!

In the event that my pan brings back no sweet memories to you, exhibitors, I'm Marty Evans, the boy manager, and at the time this hippodrome took place I was fronting for that tasty puncher "Gentleman Jack" King and likewise operating a class gym in Los Angeles with him. When not trying to steal the following of Richard Dix, Rod La Roque, Bill Haines and boys of that ilk, which has certainly found the movies a swell racket, Mr. King was the next thing to welterweight champion of all the world. But, alas, my battler was now striking nothing but attitudes!

SINCE tiptoeing out of the boxing pastime, Jack had got the skin he loved retouched by a plastic croaker which I'm satisfied could make a gorilla look like a second Billy Dove, with the results that he was now the handsomest thing which ever paced Hollywood Boulevard, getting mistaken for Jack Barrymore.

Speaking of liberty cabbage, my custom-built sheik had win a few decisions with Mr. Edison's clever time killer, at that. When we first crept into Movieland, Jack had sixty thousand bucks which seemed to be giving him a great deal of pain and annoyance, so for no reason at all he cast it and caution to the winds and threw a poisonous bust entitled Passion's Fools. What a photograph! Besides being the producer of that outrage, by a remarkable coincidence this master mind was likewise the star and the main reason this funny quickie was never released. Fresh from the prize ring and with no more experience as a actor than I got as Bishop of London, Jackie's maiden attempt to rock the industry as a leading man was pitiful, I wouldn't kid you!

However, I'll have you know young Mr. King had been born with a horseshoe in one hand, a rabbit's foot in the other and a four-leaf clover for a birthmark. So when the heroine of his mock movie was gave a chance by Colossal Productions and clicked, that company slipped Jack seventy-five thousand for Passion's Fools, tearing it up immediately to prevent it from being screened and ruining the girl at the box office. Thus endeth the first lesson, and here was one fool which rushed in where angels fear to tread, winning himself fifteen grand by so doing. Wouldn't that assassinate you?

Hollywood's teeming with just such examples of dumb luck, which is why the studios is far more interesting to me than any high-hat Broadway cinema palace, where a ear-splitting orchestra, a nerve-racking ballet, a blah-blah prologue and a flock of vaudeville acts drives you outdoors biting your nails and making you a radio addict from then on!

Since his uncalled-for attempt to make himself America's Sweetheart with

Monsieur Lion looks greatly astonished, shakes his head slightly and rolls over on his side

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a single film, Jack trained for his next try by working as a extra—doing types and character bits, playing a boxer, and now and then doubling for some punch-shy hero in a ring sequence.

In other words, voters, having begun at the top and worked himself down, my buddy was now doing it the other way, just for the ducks. Known and liked by nearly everybody which means anything in Celluloid Land and by twice as many which *don't* mean anything, Jack was as popular with the casting directors as prohibition is with the bootleggers, and in spite of him being a American he seldom missed a day's labor. Perfect for him, but tomato sauce to me, the guilty bystander, for while he was having his picture taken all the livelong day he was getting soft and putting on weight, with his chances of ever becoming the title holder in his division getting as slim as a jockey.

One day at our nobby gym, where a raft of the movie mob kept themselves in condition to open their fan mail, if any, I went in a huddle with Melbourne Maxim about Jack. Later to be one of the smartest directors in the pastime, Maxim had wielded the megaphone on Passion's Fools, and even though this ten-reel petting party had proved a turkey, he done a wonderful job in trying to build a house, you might say, with two bricks and a tack hammer. They didn't come more regular than this craftsman, my masters, which was a good guy to have in your corner at any time and had yet to kill a assistant by saying "No!" in his presence.

Maxim, a two-hundred-pound burly, was pulling away with a will at the heavy chest weights, two thick sweaters making the dangerous fat roll off him in streams.

"A couple more weeks and you can cope with Tunney!" I grins, as he stopped and wheezed when I come over. "This here's got golf cheated, what?"

"Golf!" he snorts, "golf should be stopped by an act of Congress! Hundreds of promising careers have been thrown away on a golf links by lazy dreamers who should have been hitting the ball at their desks. For every middle-aged golfer with an imaginary ailment cured by the game I'll show you a dozen who have lost their wives, their grip on their work and won a place in Who's Through in America by their silly addiction to golf. Marty, you'd be surprised at the number of intelligent persons to whom golf is positively idiotic!"

"And you'd be surprised at the number which is wild over it!" I says. "This cross-country pool may be as nauseating to you as a independent two-reeler, big boy, but it's made many a fellow walk himself into passing the insurance exams. Golf's part of the regular training schedule of most of the boss boxers now too—it learns 'em to keep a cool head in a tough spot, sharpens their eyes and such. Then, again, a man should never forget how to play."

"But not necessarily how to play the fool!" grunts Maxim. "Where's Jack today?"

"Over on the Elegant Feature lot acting the part of a hard-boiled top sergeant in a war snapshot with a brand-new idea—they ain't got a team of near comics in this one," I says.

"By the way," asks Maxim, "what were *you* boys in the World War?"

"Twelve years old," I answers. "Ask me another."

"GOOD heavens!" Maxim growls. "Can't a man go anywhere in this town without running into a title writer? Now on the subject of Jack King—if that boy plays his cards properly, he's going to get far in the picture business. He screens well, and he's becoming a first-rate trouper; in fact, I've seldom seen anyone take to the camera with the ease your fighter has. He never makes the same mistake twice!"

"Get him to add up a column of figures for you and you'll find out different," I sneers, one half amazed and the other half disgusted. "Looky here, brother, I wish you'd lay off my mauler and quit spraying him with that static about what a second Menjou he is. All you're doing is making clowns out of the whole two of us and you got Jack thinking that the Ten Commandments was just a movie. We're still a couple of grand on the out for this gym, and the dough we're putting under glass wouldn't pay the interest on the loan of a penny for twenty minutes. Tell Jack he's terrible and help me check him out of this burg and I can cart him back to New York, the box-fight trade and a hundred thousand the year, not counting tips!"

"I'LL do no such thing," says Maxim calmly, starting for the showers. "The boy has plenty of money and is old enough to know his own mind. Besides, I have him under consideration for a great part in my next production—a jungle story that I'm scared will make moving picture history, with Fay Daniels and Kempton Calhoun."

"But I got a contract with Jackie King!" I bawls, just fuming.

"That's just too bad," returns Maxim. "My lad, you had better put gloves on the contract and let *it* do the fighting for a few months at least. And take that pout off your ruby lips or Mae Murray will sue you for plagiarism!"

That's what I had to contend with from day to day, good people, and when I told Jack I couldn't understand why I didn't go double cuckoo, this Humpty Dumpty replied that he didn't know I hadn't!

To top off my woes, my athalete was infat—infatu—in fat you waited with Fay Daniels, which was dealing 'em off the arm in a ritzy Hollywood Boulevard food emporium till he snatched her away from the beanery's pitfalls and made her his leading lady in Passion's Fools. Though Jack's epic was a total loss, the beautiful Fay turned out to be a find and co-starred with Kempton Calhoun; she was a panic to all but those gluttons for cruel and unusual punishment—the exhibitors in the sticks. The reason the Daniels-Calhoun combination failed to set the small-town theatre owners to cheering was the same reason that a slew of other stars, including the big comics, are carbolic to 'em—viz., though their names in the lights packs the theatre to the mortgage, the proprietor drops plenty dimes on the run of the film!

Why? Because the warm-hearted producers go to work and demand so much rental that the exhibitor simply can't get a even break. If he scales his admission higher to meet the increased leasing fee, his dumfounded patrons stay home and pan him for trying to take 'em for a ride. If he stands on his feet like a man and refuses to buy the film at the furious price asked, the customers likewise stay away and squawk that he ain't got brains enough to screen the stars they worship. If he takes a chance and plays it at regular rates, he finds his gross all shot, as the dizzy censors has scissored everything gross out of the picture. In no case can the guy in these little hamlets win with his theatre—ask the man who owns one!

Why do the producers want so much sugar for their celluloid examples of moral turpitude? Well, somebody's got to put out for the costly mistakes made in filming 'em, don't they? No wonder Jack craved to eventually cuddle up to the executive end of the Bigger and Betters—that's where the pompous money is, no fooling!

As a antidote to all this hoy I was beset with, I was playing around with Queenie Davis; namely, a disturbance which understood me and had just backed out of the bathing beaut dramas and become a super in the superproductions. In the water, I hope to tell you Queenie made the seals bite their flippers with envy, and once in a while this looker doubled for Fay Daniels in daredevil swimming sequences. Hearing her delicious voice howl at me from a taxi one afternoon, I climbed in beside this eye soother.

"I'm going down to the Philharmonic and get tickets for the opera tonight, heh-heh," she tells me. "Everybody in pictures will be there, and my mother insists on dragging me along in the hope that I'll crash the newspapers. Do you want to come with us?"

"No, thanks, my pretty maid," I says. "To make a clean breast of it, grand opera gives me a horrible pain in the kneecap. It would be kayo if they only wouldn't sing!"

"That's a thought for today," laughs Queenie. "Marty, I'm afraid you have a slight touch of lowbrow in you."

"All right, sue me," I returns. "Listen, what do you know about this jungle movie of Melbourne Maxim's? He claims he's going to give Jack a job in it."

"Maxim wants me for a bit of some kind in the picture," says Queenie, "and, I suppose, to double for Fay Daniels in the long-shot stunts with the menagerie."

"THAT'S out!" I growls. "I don't wish no lions pawing over my bride-to-be. I'm in charge of that department myself."

"I love that!" remarks Queenie. "So it's come to this, has it? When did you get the crazy idea that I was your future helpmeet?"

"The minute *you* did, which was the first time I glued a eye on you," I says. "You're a lucky girl, Queenie. I'm a nice, young, good-looking, clean-cut chap, with a marvelous future and a highly interesting past. The wiles of beautiful, clever women was wasted on me till I met you, and you can bet all the linen in Ireland that at any price I'm a steal!"

"Marty, I may *never* get married."

"I wouldn't consider anything else," I says haughtily.

"Honest, you got a cruel line, Mr. Evans, and you sell it smoothly," giggles this cutey as we come to a stop. "But here's where I do a fade-out. I'll file your application and take the whole matter up with the Memphis office. I suppose I could be worse things than Mrs. Martin Evans, at that."

"I'll say you could!" I retorts. "I only hope my proposal don't go to your head and start you uptowning everybody. Here I'm asking you to wed me, and when the Queen of Rumania was in New York I was there likewise, mind you, and I never even telephoned!"

"You wouldn't fool me, would you?" laughs Queenie, stepping to the pavement. "So *that's* why she hurried home?"

Shoving off alone in the taxi, folks, I burned a bit over Queenie's mother hauling her to the opera that night when I might have staged a pungent conference with my fiancée myself. I knew full well my heavy girl friend's female parent liked me and a broken arm the same way and would be the baby I'd have to outsmart before I got Queenie's (*Continued on page 51*)

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

"You'd be surprised at the number of persons to whom golf is idiotic"

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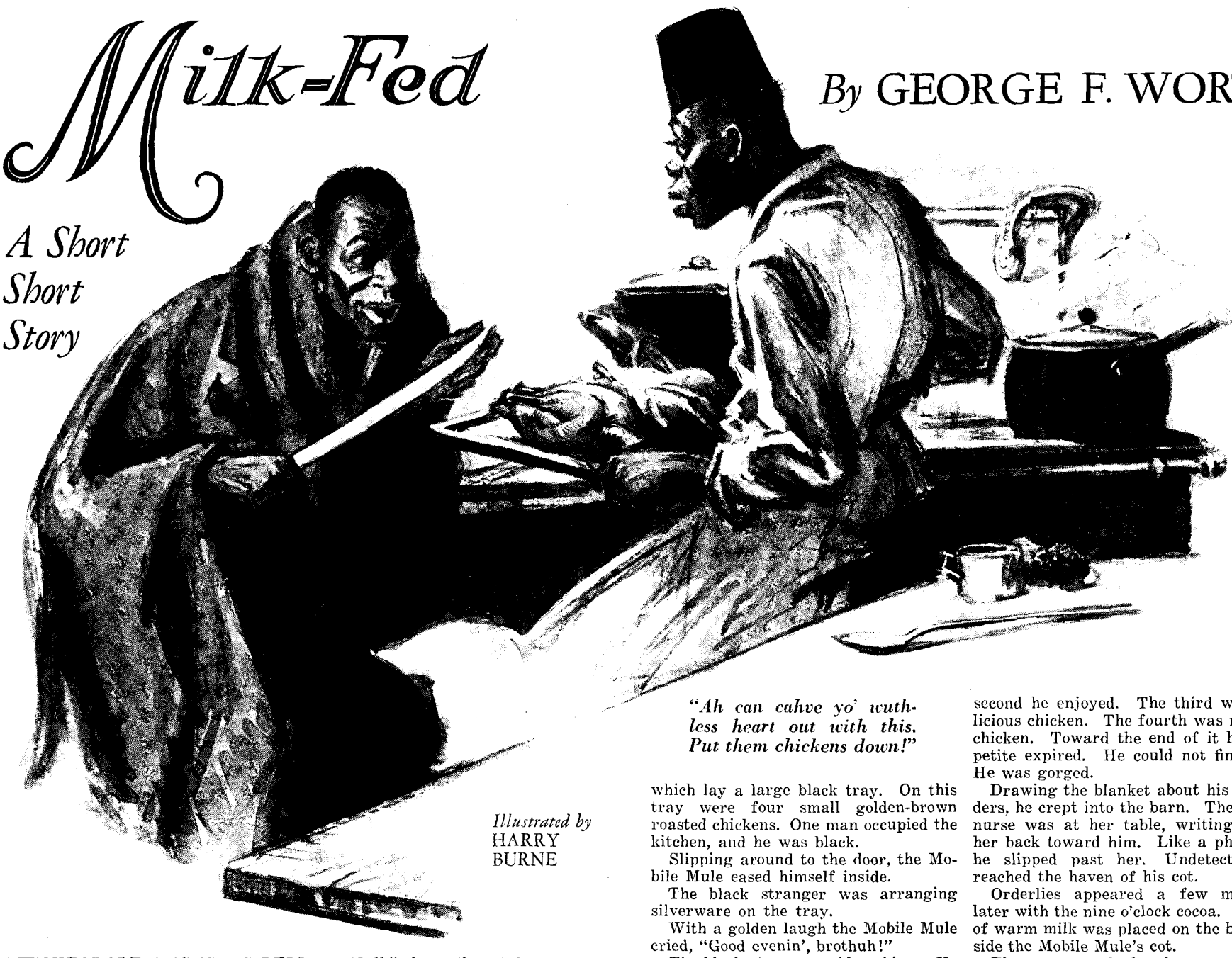
Milk-Fed

A Short Short Story

By GEORGE F. WORTS



Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

THEODORE AUGUSTUS BELL, better known to the officers of his regiment as the Mobile Mule, because of the balky streak with which Nature had, in one of her more prodigal moments, endowed him, raised his wasted torso on spindling black arms and pushed back the coarse brown army blanket. His face was that of a skull on which skin is pasted. His unusual blue eyes had changed to the likeness of a trout's and were arrestingly large and shiny.

In a voice as deep and mournful as an echo from an empty cistern he proclaimed: "Ah wants some chicken!"

The lanky marine in the cot on his right growled: "Say! I get so sick and tired of listening to you yell for chicken I could crown you!"

A pretty, gray-eyed nurse came bustling over. "Bell, you know you can't have chicken," she scolded. "You're on a strict milk diet."

"Ah wants to go home."

"Oh, my Gawd!" groaned the marine. "There he goes on that one!"

"Bell," said the nurse, "you mustn't excite yourself so. As soon as you're well enough your name will go on the home list."

Outwardly the Mobile Mule subsided, but within him surged rebellion. Supper came in—trays of solid food. With moist eyes he followed a plate of breast meat. A red-haired orderly brought him a small pitcher of warm milk and a clean tin cup.

"Get busy and drink this," he ordered.

"Not me," said the Mobile Mule. "Ah ain't hongry."

The nurse came over. The mutiny was on.

"Bell," she wailed, "what am I going to do with you?"

"Nurse, lady, jes' gimme some chicken."

"Leave the milk there," the nurse directed. "Bell, if the milk isn't gone in half an hour, I'll have to report you."

A plump black cat presently came in, carrying a plump black kitten. She vanished under the Mobile Mule's cot.

When the nurse returned the Mobile Mule was apparently asleep. Pitcher and cup were empty.

The raw, greasy light disappeared from the windows. The barn became quiet. Sévigny was settling down for the night. Far away a locomotive softly tooted. Something in that brassy voice, mellowed by distance, reminded the Mobile Mule of a steamer that came to Mobile from New Orleans. It had a sad, beautiful whistle.

HIS heart was sad and his stomach was empty, but he would never again drink milk. He wanted chicken. He could smell chicken. He could taste the firm, juicy flesh. It presently occurred to him that he was not dreaming this tantalizing smell.

Pushing himself up, he peered about him. The light was dim. The nurse was not in sight. An inch at a time, he pulled the blanket off and wrapped it about himself. He advanced on weak, trembling legs toward the door and tottered out into the cold night. Like an Arab in his burnoose, he crept through the mud to the lighted windows of the hospital kitchen and looked in.

At the back of the stoves stood large cans which he knew contained cocoa. Beside the nearest stove was a table on

"Ah can cahve yo' wuthless heart out with this. Put them chickens down!"

which lay a large black tray. On this tray were four small golden-brown roasted chickens. One man occupied the kitchen, and he was black.

Slipping around to the door, the Mobile Mule eased himself inside.

The black stranger was arranging silverware on the tray.

With a golden laugh the Mobile Mule cried, "Good evenin', brothuh!"

The black stranger said nothing. He merely glanced up with dark, cynical eyes.

Still chuckling with good humor, the Mobile Mule affably declared:

"Dem chickens sho' looks lak food to dis boy! Who's dem fo'? Some big fat gin'ral?"

The uncommunicative stranger folded his arms and looked proud.

"Whaffo you so uppety about, nigger?" the Mobile Mule sharply inquired. "Ah done ask you, who's dem chickens fo'?" And, unable to restrain himself, he reached out a bony, clutching hand.

"Non! Non! Non!" exclaimed the Senegalese. "Touche pas!"

The Mobile Mule lifted his eyes from the chickens to the scowling black face and reluctantly drew back his talons. "Whut you say?"

"Ces poulets sont pas à toi. Va-t-en!"

The Senegalese started to pick up the tray. The Mobile Mule picked up a long carving knife and thumbed its edge.

"De razors dey give away in dis army ain't no 'count," he informed his alarmed enemy. "But Ah can cahve yo' wuthless heart out wid dis! Put dem chickens down! Put dem down befo' Ah shows you whut a mess dis wah is!"

The Senegalese put the tray down and disgorged French in a high key. He backed away from this drooling, trout-eyed apparition in the old army blanket. With a frenzied sob he turned about and fled.

At his leisure the Mobile Mule retreated, bearing by their hot legs the four roasted chickens. In the security of darkness he squatted down and began his feast. The first chicken was hardly more than an appetizer. The second he enjoyed. The third was delicious chicken. The fourth was merely chicken. Toward the end of it his appetite expired. He could not finish it. He was gorged.

Drawing the blanket about his shoulders, he crept into the barn. The night nurse was at her table, writing, with her back toward him. Like a phantom he slipped past her. Undetected he reached the haven of his cot.

Orderlies appeared a few minutes later with the nine o'clock cocoa. A cup of warm milk was placed on the box beside the Mobile Mule's cot.

The nurse and the doctor, making their rounds, presently reached him. The nurse said, "Bell, drink your milk. It will be cold."

"Nurse, lady," he replied, "Ah cain't drink mah milk tonight."

THE nurse turned to the doctor. "Major," she said, "this man is becoming more and more of a problem. He's on a straight milk diet for enteric, and he detests it. He's constantly begging for chicken, and when he isn't begging for chicken he's begging to be sent home."

The doctor looked down at the man.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Boss man, Ah feels homesick. Ah wants to go home."

"Tired of milk?"

"Yassuh: Ah sho' am."

"Crazy for some chicken, are you?"

The Mobile Mule did not answer, but his eyes grew moist.

"Orderly!" called the doctor. And when an orderly came trotting up he said briskly: "In the oven in my kitchen you'll find two small broilers. Bring one of them to this man. I don't think he's well enough to eat it, but we'll see. If he can, his name is to go on tomorrow's home list. If he can't, there's to be no more talk about chicken or going home for another month."

The orderly departed. He returned presently with a tiny golden-brown broiled chicken. With a moan the Mobile Mule averted his face.

"Don't you want it?" the orderly exclaimed. There was no answer.

"You mean to say you ain't gonna eat this milk-fed broiler?"

"Ah jes' cain't," mourned the Mobile Mule.

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A Million in Gold

The real story of a crime that was too perfect to be true and of the detective who discovered it

By
ALFRED
LESTER

ARMED police guarded the gangplank of the S. S. Norfolk, Red Banner liner sailing from New York to Buenos Aires. Even ship-news reporters could not break past. There was an air of important secrecy about the departure, as if a high diplomatic personage were embarking. With reason. Bullion to the value of $1,000,000 in gold was being shipped to the Argentine capital, a loan from one of the largest international banks in the United States.

Richards, dapper vice president of the Red Banner line, led a uniformed squad of bank messengers who hauled hand trucks from the ship company's dock-side offices. With him was Jordan, the line's head detective, a burly man with slowly sliding eyes, who seemed to be more brawn than brains, but whose crisp directions to messengers and police marked him a leader.

As Richards conferred at the head of the gangplank with the captain of the vessel, a gaunt naturalized Scot named Henderson, and two bank officials, Jordan supervised the transfer of canvas-covered blocks to iron-bound boxes. The ship's purser and his assistants checked each block, and a saturnine foreigner, representative of the Argentine Government, made a second check, following each box as it was trundled by ship hands to the strong steel well specially constructed beneath the safe in the purser's office.

UNTIL the last bar was placed the police guard remained obdurate against pleas of camera men to be permitted to photograph a cold million of dollars in one spot.

Jordan's heavy brows shielded his eyes with an inscrutable frown which lifted only when the precious cargo was safely delivered. He was introduced to the sallow Argentine by Richards. The detective gripped a cold, slippery hand, and glanced for a second into dark, challenging eyes. Richards had a farewell word with him as the ship's siren screamed, and he and Jordan passed down the gangplank through the still-resolute police.

They entered Richards' dock office and sat down for a chat.

"Something about that Argentine I don't quite like," Richards volunteered.

"His hand's bad, and his eyes don't suit me," said Jordan.

"Well, that's their funeral," Richards mused. "We've got our receipt from him, and nobody can open that box until the boat reaches Buenos Aires."

Jordan smoked in silence.

Fourteen days later he sat with Richards in the same office. The vice president of the Red Banner Line was pale with excitement. A newspaper trembled in his hands. Jordan watched his bloodless lips travel over a dispatch from Buenos Aires, brief and startling, every word of it etched in the detective's mind after he had read and reread it since breakfast time.

It reported an amazing case of barratry on the high seas. Captain Henderson had steamed the Norfolk into the Argentine port sixteen hours overdue, to give a sensational account of robbery by force almost within sight of the Argentine shore. Everything had gone well on the Norfolk for twelve long days and nights until, off Uruguay, the Maldonado light was sighted. Henderson swung his ship into the gaping mouth of the River Plate when with startling suddenness the ship became a darkened madhouse. An explosion was followed by the switching off of all lights. He signaled the engine-room, but the engines choked and silenced, and the ship, shaking with the force of the explosion, wallowed heavily, then drifted.

He sprang from the bridge to go below, when the sailor at the wheel seized him and a blinding light shut off consciousness.

WHEN he recovered it was to find himself bound to his berth, but ungagged. He shouted and gradually realized that the night had passed and dawn was paling the porthole of his cabin. A lascar slashed his bonds of ropes improvised from a life belt. Arming himself, he instantly explored the upper part of the ship. His first and second officers had been similarly bound, while the third officer was swearing, locked in his room.

Below the chief engineer was still senseless. His assistant was found trussed and thrown back of a coal chute. Captain Henderson sounded the alarm. Eight of the crew were missing, also the representative of the Argentine Government. Further investigation revealed the fact that the purser had been bound and gagged and nearly suffocated, while the steel compartment had been blown open, and most of the bullion removed.

Evidently the thieves had been short of time or space or all would have been stolen.

At first it seemed impossible that anything so bulky and heavy could have been hauled to the boat deck and lowered in two sail-equipped lifeboats that were missing. But a check-up of the crew showed that the boatswain had

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Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

Each box was trundled by ship hands to the strong steel well especially made for it

vanished. Illiterate Argentine seamen, interrogated en masse, stammered that they had been cowed by the swiftness of the attack, which the boatswain led, and, panic-stricken, herded in forecastle quarters. In smooth water, only twelve miles from a wild and deserted shore, Captain Henderson realized that a group of desperadoes, able-bodied and armed and guided by a native familiar with the coast and interior country, could evade pursuit and resist capture. He tried to wireless an alarm, but the mutineers had wrecked the wireless-room. So he ordered full speed ahead to port, thankful that he and his subordinate officers had not been murdered outright.

A LATER dispatch added that the Argentine police had been supplied with descriptions of the looters and identified the treacherous government representative as one Da Vila, an inspector of the Argentine Treasury.

Richards dropped the newspaper, hands still trembling, to find the detective's gaze fixed questioningly on him. "I knew," he faltered, "that Dago was crooked."

Jordan lit a cigar and proffered his light to Richards, who was still so unstrung that his fingers had difficulty in focusing the cigar tip.

"I'd like to get my hands on that bird," said Jordan, teeth biting significantly into tobacco. He laughed—a short, ugly laugh. "To think I stood guard over that bird when he was checking that stuff in your office here before we went on the ship—and I wasn't wise."

"You're usually smart at spotting crooks," said Richards, regaining composure as he smoked. "But we couldn't have stopped him with a crooked crew lined up like that. Henderson shouldn't pick cutthroats in a foreign port."

"This racket was cooked up here, not in Buenos Aires," said Jordan, and although Richards leaned forward, eager to hear more from the detective, Jordan clamped his boxlike mouth. After a silence Richards sighed: "Thank God, the robbery wasn't committed here. It's their funeral now."

When Richards had passed through the half-deserted outer office of the pier-shed to go to the Red Banner Company's main building, Detective Jordan sat a long time smoking and thinking. He reasoned that since the sailing of the Norfolk no other company ship had left from that pier, so the private rear room, where specially valuable shipments were checked before being loaded aboard ship, would be the same as it had been left after the Argentine, Da Vila, had made his count of the bullion bars. He decided to examine the room. He was surprised to find the door locked. He was rummaging at the desk in the ship officials' office, searching for the door key, when Richards returned.

"What's on your mind?" he asked Jordan, a sharp touch to his tone.

"A lot of things," said Jordan. The detective observed that Richards had grown suddenly haggard. "I was thinking that we ought to examine that private room—that Dago might have left a few fingerprints around."

"That won't do us any good," said Richards. In answer to Jordan's questioning glance he threw a cablegram on the desk.

"That's the latest message from Henderson," he said. "Da Vila has been found—killed. Four of the other conspirators have been captured. They claim he tried to trick them by getting away with the gold and leaving them junk metal for their share of the loot."

"Is Henderson a crook?" Jordan asked suddenly.

"What!" gasped Richards. "Man, you're crazy!"

"No," said Jordan quietly, twisting the cigar between his teeth. "I'm just beginning to get suspicious that this crime is too perfect to be true."

"How would you like to go to Buenos Aires and dig to the bottom of this thing?" Richards asked.

Jordan chewed his cigar thoughtfully.

"I'm going to dig to the bottom of it," he said.

"Then we'll put you on the Colombo of the Cuban Line tomorrow," said Richards. "That will get you there before one of our boats."

"That's fast work," Jordan said, "but I'll do it."

Richards smiled eagerly.

"Good," he said, a glad note in his voice. "Go to the main office, and while you're on your way there I'll telephone them to begin making arrangements. We'll have to hustle."

As the detective's bulk moved slowly through the outer office Richards reached for the telephone, but before calling the main office he gave the number of a private detective agency. Jordan was out of hearing by the time he got it.

THOSE were the days before passports became an irritation to honest travelers and a minor obstacle to resourceful crooks. Jordan had only to pack and obtain passage and expense money to be ready for sailing. Which left him an evening and night for his own diversions. He chose to spend the time on the Red Banner pier. But when he arrived there he found the usual night watchman replaced by a man in the gray uniform of a private detective service who declared that his orders were to bar everybody. Jordan walked away, as if not greatly concerned. In half an hour he returned. With him were two men from the East River fire squad.

Jordan spoke quietly and firmly.

"We're going into this office," he said, "to see how they've stocked that film for shipment."

"How do you know there's film here?"

"Never mind," said Jordan.

Intimidated by the firemen, the guard offered no resistance. He wanted to telephone.

"Who?" asked Jordan.

"Mr. Richards, the vice president, left orders to telephone him when anybody tried to get in here."

"You can tell him all about it in the morning," said Jordan.

He pushed the guard before him as he led the firemen through the outer office into the officials' room. By his orders the door of the private inner room was forced. Jordan switched on the lights. He strode about the room as the firemen and the guard looked on. He tapped walls and threw open the doors of side cupboards. He went to a long checking table in the center of the room, and to the firemen's surprise got down on hands and knees and crawled under it. Stripping oilcloth from the floor, he pulled out a jackknife and inserted a blunt steel digger between two floor boards. One of the boards loosened.

Jordan pulled it out, and the light dropped into a gap on irregularly stacked blocks in canvas bags, stencil-marked.

Jordan put back the board and crawled from under the table.

"Everything's all right, boys," he said.

IN THE morning Jordan was sitting, tired but vigilant, at the desk in the officials' room when Richards entered, brisk and dapper.

"All ready, Jordan?" he asked cheerily. "Let's see, the Colombo sails at eleven."

Then Richards observed the glum look on the guard seated in a chair behind Jordan.

"I'm not going," said the detective quietly.

Richards' face fell. His glance was swiftly suspicious.

"We've made arrangements," he snapped. "You've got to go now."

"It isn't necessary," said Jordan quietly. "I've found out who stole that gold from the Norfolk."

Richards glanced over his shoulder at the door behind him. As he did so Jordan moved with surprising speed for a man of his bulk. He pinned Richards to the chair while the guard, at his orders, telephoned.

"If I went away for a month," said Jordan quietly when he had reduced his superior to helpless submission, "you'd have ample time to move that stuff. And maybe I wouldn't come back." He grinned and lit a fresh cigar to await the coming of the regular police. His tired eyes glinted, but there were grim lines of triumph about his boxlike mouth.

"Smart idea, Mr. Richards," he said. "You could get the Argentine to work with you and O. K. the junk you had concealed here to switch for the real stuff. I trusted you. The bank trusted both of you. We didn't dream of crookedness. But you forgot one thing," he added, as Richards cowed in his chair. "I talk a little Spanish, enough to understand your last words to that crook Da Vila before the Norfolk sailed. You told him to come back by way of England. Why should you have been interested in his coming back? Or how he came back?

"Pretty clumsy, Mr. Richards."

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The old familiar Faces

By GRANTLAND RICE

Well, well! Here we are again with baseball chatter in the wind. Hasn't it been a short winter?

YOU can't get away from personalities. The training season in two big-league races is now swinging under way from Florida to California, in preparation for the fight for two flags, and the melodramatic October battle for the championship of all lands where a baseball is thrown and hit. The finish of the two pennant races is seven months away, but the personalities of the game are close at hand. They are now hard at it where the sun is warm and the sky is blue and the winds are soft.

For example, there is Max Carey of Brooklyn. Max started out to be a minister and switched to baseball. He broke into the show in 1909—nineteen years ago! And yet when the parade starts this spring he will be close to the fastest in baseball and one of the star base runners. Long service has taken no speed from Carey's flying feet. Last season with Brooklyn he was second to Frank Frisch among the base runners, and with a pennant-contending club he might have led the league again.

Here is a record no National Leaguer or any other leaguer has ever touched: In his last fourteen years of big-league play Carey has led all base runners ten seasons and has finished second on the other four occasions. That happens to be a record. And at the age of 38 after nineteen seasons Carey will again be one of the stars in traveling from base to base.

I asked the Brooklyn flyer recently how he kept his legs in such fine condition. "It's simple enough," he said. "Simply by using them. Too much rest and rust are worse than overwork."

The comparative cases of Carey and Dempsey prove this. Dempsey had a great pair of legs until he decided to retire for nearly three years. Then, at the age of 31, he suddenly discovered that his old speed of foot or leg had gone where the woodbine twineth.

Brains Outlast Speed

CAREY, seven years older than Dempsey, is about as fast as ever. He is still good for 35 or 40 bases a season, still a streak around the paths. He plays golf and hunts through the winter and now and then takes a light workout up and down the Florida turf.

Then there is a young fellow named Babe Ruth, also up in the thirties. Ruth whacked out 59 home runs seven years ago, and that was placed as the human limit. Last fall he ran the mark up to 60.

When he poled out 59 home runs in 1921 the prediction was made that his massive frame would soon wear out a pair of thin ankles, acting as body support; 1927 was supposed to be his final year, but 1927 was his best year, and

Baseball's kings are the embodiment of speed, power and smartness

now he is facing 1928 with the growing hope of making this his best. And Ruth has been around for a matter of sixteen seasons. The odds are strong that he will never slug out 60 homers again, but it will be no great surprise to see him flirting with 50.

The Yankees are picked to win the American League flag again, but they will hardly have such heavy leeway as they had in 1927, and if the race is closer rival pitchers will be more careful in giving the big Babe a chance to tear the hide off the ball. As long as he has Lou Gehrig in the next stall there will be no great tendency to peel off free passes indiscriminately.

Ruth will always be a great hitter. As long as he uses that big body pivot, which is no small part of his power and control he'll line 'em out. Watch that big turn on the part of the right shoulder, almost the same type of pivoting Abe Mitchell uses in golf, only Mitchell is a right-hander.

Who is the smartest pitcher now in baseball? And who is the fastest? I put these queries to a flock of ball players, and they had one answer: Grover Cleveland Alexander and Dazzy Vance.

"I consider Alexander the smartest pitcher I ever faced," one veteran remarked, "and I put Christy Mathewson in second place, just back of old Alex.

"For example, last season Alexander had no great speed and not so much of a curve. We kept figuring to beat him every game, but almost before we knew it the game was over with Alex winning 2-1 or 3-2. He has a change of pace that murders anybody's timing.

"If he happens to get in a pinch, he will carry you on to 3 and 2 and then feed up a ball that looks like a fast one coming over. But somehow you swing just a foot too soon. It seems to hang in the air by a string. As far as you can see he has put everything he has into that pitch, but it is just two or three feet slower than the ball he threw before.

"I remember once when Alex pitched against a picked team of American League stars out West in an exhibition game—his first start against American Leaguers. He struck out twenty-one and held them to three hits.

"That's how good the old boy was at his best, and he will be a great pitcher as long as he can throw a ball as far as the home plate. In my opinion he can come closer to outguessing a batter than any other pitcher that ever lived. He can throw that ball into a tin cup; he can put it just where you don't want it; he can mix up the pace with the same delivery until you get dizzy."

So far as speed goes the vote drifts to Dazzy Vance of Brooklyn.

"I've batted against Johnson and Vance," says Max Carey, "and I believe Vance is as fast as Johnson. His fast ball may not be quite as fast as Johnson's, but his curve ball is much faster.

"Vance has the fastest curve ball I've seen in baseball. I've heard a lot about Rusie's fast curve, but the bunch playing today will back up Vance."

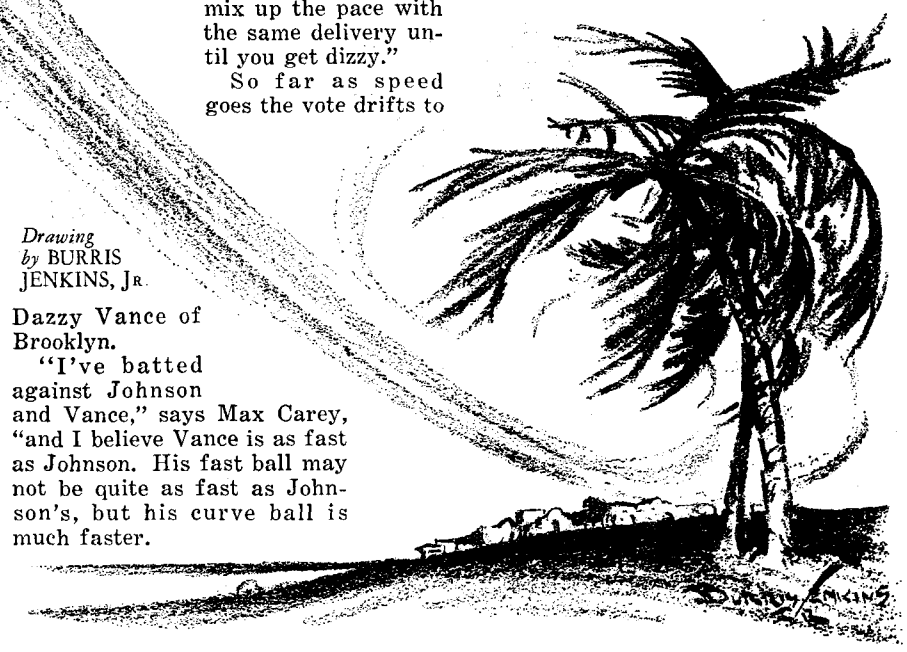
The insiders, old and young ball players alike, have another pitching entry to place among the smartest of the lot. His name is Herb Pennock, one of the greatest of baseball's left-handers. There is none better, and even old man Alexander will have to think fast to outthink Pennock far.

The youngsters are already crowding many great names back. One is Paul Waner of Pittsburgh, one of the greatest natural hitters; another is Lloyd, Paul's younger brother. They are Pittsburgh's leading hopes.

Then there is Red Lucas of Cincinnati, a fine pitcher, a great hitter, a star ball player, no matter where he is used. He has a way of hitting the ball that reminds one of Babe Ruth. And the great Rogers Hornsby, now of Boston, stormy petrel of the game! The Giants were rated as the most formidable club in the National League with Hornsby at second, but they take a flop in the early dope, which has again shifted Pittsburgh's way, where it is largely a matter of Pirate pitching. With Adams at second Donie Bush has a better club now. But even after the mysterious tranfer of Hornsby the Giants are strong enough to go far.

And no one yet has come on fast enough to displace the Yankees. Not with that terrific hitting strength they can send into action, with Ruth, Gehrig, Combs, Meusel, Lazzeri, Koenig and the others waiting for a blow.

There is a good chance that it will again be New York and Pittsburgh, just as it was last fall. The New York guess looks safe enough. And Pittsburgh is now as good a tip as any National League club.



Drawing by BURRIS JENKINS, JR.

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Cautious Cinderella

By POLLY WALKER
as told to
CHARLES B. PARMER

Broadway's newest Cinderella, a trouper born, knows the creed: marry in the clan. So she puts her millionaire suitors to a pretty severe test: "One doesn't want to come a cropper in love at eighteen, you know"

Polly as "Molly Malone," her first star part

Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE newspapers call me Broadway's newest Cinderella, and it is true that I have many Princes Charming knocking at my door. But none has scored 100 per cent in the Prince Test for Millionaires which I give each suitor. And the test is so easy too!

Many of these men of wealth flunk on the same point—they fail to respect the snake charmers and the sword swallowers, the bagpipers and the clowns who are my nearest ancestors. For generations my people traveled with side-show caravans. When I was a baby my crib hung from a sword stuck in the center pole of the dressing tent. Sister Valerie, when she was a child, was put in a lions' den twelve times a week as the towners gasped. My father was killed under canvas after he had blown his bagpipes at a great performance. And Mother—well, she's the best jig dancer west of Ireland, I think.

I am proud of all these, even though I am George M. Cohan's leading woman on Broadway at eighteen years of age. Love me, love my ancestors!

Of course I haven't had gold-spoon chaps around me all the time. Just a few months ago, when Mother and I together were living on fifty cents' worth of food a day, those nice ones who trailed me at Palm Beach last winter when I was a Ziegfeld principal did the Arab stunt—just faded away. They forgot my New York address — they said. But how they came back, trying to say it with diamonds, when George M. Cohan started me toward stardom!

So many boys, who are going to inherit real wealth some day, began proposing last fall that I had to invent a system of handling them; a chance for each one to show whether he was the real Prince Charming with a slipper for me. One doesn't want to come a cropper in love at eighteen, you know.

I bought a little notebook—I call it my Book of Hope—in which I write the name of each man as he proposes to me. And when he finishes my Prince Test, down goes his mark beside his name. You'd be surprised how many of them fail to make even a passing grade.

Now, I know what you are going to say—what does a child of eighteen know about judging men!

Don't forget that I'm a trouper! You see me from out front, and you think, "She's just a darling, adorable child" (at least I hope you think that, for I do try to make my audiences love me). But don't forget that I've been meeting men with the bloom of courtesy rubbed off ever since I was a baby.

There's the lot of the girl who is a trouper, you know. The average man will play square with the girls in his own class—but we show folk are human prey, and we are taught that from childhood. To beware of you towners, to marry in our own clan—that's the creed of the side show. And I come from side-show stock.

When Father was killed Mother took the three of us children to Chicago to live. For ten years I dodged the inspectors from the Gerry Society, who objected to my dancing in cabarets and men's smokers as a child. And what you can't learn about men when they have left their wives at home!

Kitty needs no eightfold test of love

Many a time I've gone creeping down the back alley as the Gerry Society man knocked on the front door—we wanted to eat, you know, and Mother couldn't make enough for us. I had to help.

When I wasn't going to school, or had no engagement for dancing, I played child bits in the movies.

You just love Tom Mix, don't you? Well, do you remember me in his Kentucky Pioneer? Of course you haven't forgotten Wally Reid. I was on the lot the day he came begging for any sort of work. I think he was hungry. They told him:

"All we have is an extra bit in Samson and Delilah. You'll have to jump into a fiery pool."

He did it.

And I played with Kathryn Williams and Gloria Swanson too. I made five, eight, ten, and once sixteen dollars a day. That was when I was with Selig. A big roll of carpet was always placed near the camera when I played. Then, when the Gerry Society man came after me, the word would be passed from the outside gate:

"Gerry man's coming!"

I would be rolled up in that carpet and kept there until he left. Sometimes it was awfully hot, but Grandmother used to say:

"Remember, Polly, you're a trouper—you must be brave."

At last, when I was old enough to go on the speaking stage, I got a small part in a Chicago musical show. Then the millionaires started calling — and I couldn't help it. There'd be a knock on the door, and there'd stand the company manager, with a cat's grin on his face and some conceited youngster back of him.

"Polly, darling, this is my very good friend, and I want you to treat him nice."

That would be my introduction. You don't know much about show business, do you? It's just a little bit different from any other business on earth. I guess I had better tell you this little secret, so you will understand what follows.

I Didn't "Treat Them Nice"

MANY a girl show is financed by the admirers of the girls in it! And if you want to keep butter on your bread, it isn't a bad idea to "treat him nice"—unless you can go without butter, as I've done many a time. Of course there are exceptions to that little secret. Try to put money in a George M. Cohan show because you love a girl in the chorus and you'll pick yourself out of the gutter after he knocks you there.

Because I didn't want to "treat them nice," I had a hard time landing a job in New York two years ago. Finally Florenz Ziegfeld took me, and I played in his Palm Beach Nights in Florida.

Ever been to Palm Beach? It seems as if the wealth of the world gathers there each winter, and a great deal of it is in young hands too. I met millionaires in the rough in Chicago and millionaires in the smooth under the palms. One of the nicest chaps I met was a grandson (*Continued on page 47*)

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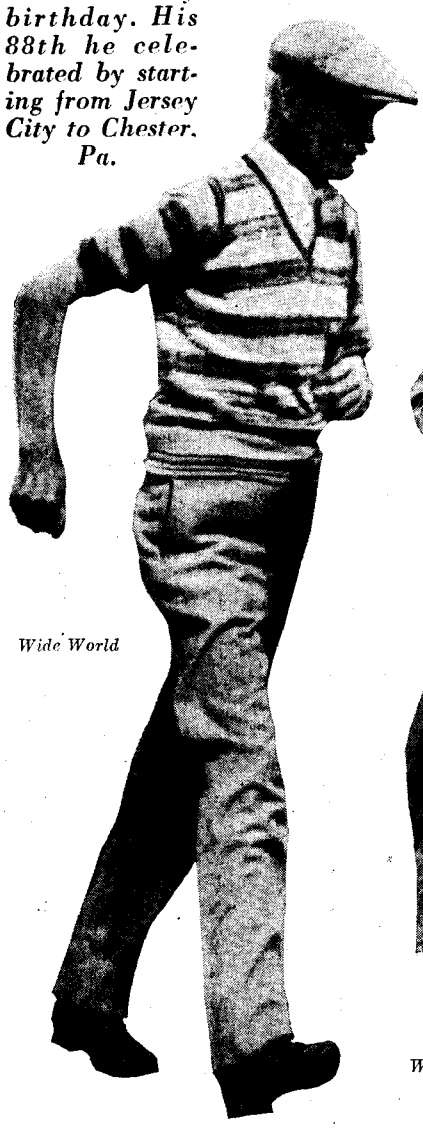
Legging It

This may be the motor age but a stout pair of limbs do help a lot, now and then

Wide World

Ewing Galloway

Below: Dan O'Leary starts a walk of at least 100 miles every birthday. His 88th he celebrated by starting from Jersey City to Chester, Pa.



Wide World

Left: Motoring tires her, so even when offered a lift Grandma Streator declines. She likes walking—which is just as well, for at 81 she recently footed it from Virginia to Oregon

Wide World

Above: This for some reason is called the sunflower exercise and it's all right with us. Anyway, it's intended to strengthen the leg muscles, so come on. Vim-and-Vigorites

Cowling, from Ewing Galloway

Below: When they make whoop-eee in Siam they call out the royal dancers, limberest leggers on earth

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Left: Ten miles with a market load like this is a mere step for trained Chinese legs. The Japanese farm lady in the circle is toting a load by means of a device that, believe it or not, is called a gigi

Salisbury, from Ewing Galloway & Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

Paramount

Left: That's a dizzy way to wait table. Still it's part of the course of a training school for waitresses. Maybe that's the stutter step they use to keep from serving your soup while it's hot

Legs, if we must mention them again, were not entirely unimportant in the earlier movie comedies. The elegant ones above belong to Gloria Swanson —now the Countess of you-know

© Keystone

Below: You have to be a mighty stepper to operate this Japanese irrigation wheel. It works on the treadmill principle. As the stationary hiker clings to the two poles and steps, the wheel tosses water from the ditch into the field. Personally, we'd rather use the old-fashioned bucket-carrying method

Salisbury, from Ewing Galloway

Wide World

Wide World

Above: "—can spring be far behind?" "Indeed, not," replied Miss Sally Finney. And bounding with her graceful albeit powerful legs she's dancing before you can stop her

Right: After severe rainstorms in Kent, England, they use stilts when they go out to repair damage in the hop-fields. And not very convincing stilts either — the wire rather gives it away

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Free, White and Female

The Story Thus Far:

MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when their sister, Martha, announces that she is going to live her own life.

The Blades, enemies of several generations' standing because Mortimer Blade's great-great-grandfather seduced the Bundy boys' great-great-grandaunt, live near the Bundys.

In New York Marty sees a good deal of Mortimer Blade and Richard Lame, whose last name translated means blade and who strongly resembles Mortimer.

Marty goes to Miss Patty's, a speak-easy, with Mortimer, and Gelon and Theron, two of the twins, arrive, beat Mortimer up and take Marty home.

The Bundy men, meantime, take out a mortgage on the estate and determine to make a million dollars on a real-estate venture. Roswell Blade buys an interest in the Bundys' bank and he and Mortimer plan to delay the Bundys' work through sabotage. Mortimer has vowed revenge. They are much upset at Richard Lame's being in America.

Marty's father comes into the city ostensibly bent on having a good time. He and Jerry start out on a large evening, leaving Marty alone.

"Did you think you could get away with it—with me? Didn't you know me better?"

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

MR. BUNDY and Jerry had not reached the ground floor of the hotel before Martha's telephone rang, and she heard Mortimer Blade's voice bidding her good morning.

"You're in luck," he said, and hesitated briefly—"if you know how to use it."

"I think I can learn," said Martha. "Give me a sketchy idea of it."

"Colburn saw you with me night before last."

"Is that luck?"

"I don't suppose there are more than a million girls who would give their eyeteeth to have it happen to them."

"And who is Colburn?"

Blade snorted. "Colburn! Ever hear of motion pictures?"

"I went to one once," said Martha. "You mean *that* Colburn."

"There isn't any other. You have him turning handsprings. Every time he thinks of you his eyes roll inside out. Called me twice. Wants me to bring you to dinner at his apartment tonight. He says you are a find."

"Just what," asked Martha, "is his idea of a find?"

"He can make you overnight," said Blade.

"Make me what?" asked Martha pertly.

"Don't be silly. You put on the old war paint and toddle along with me. Play this bird right and the film magazines'll be printing your picture on the cover in six months."

"Did he say so?" asked Martha.

"Look here, Martha, I'm not joking about this. It's the real thing. . . . You wouldn't object to being a star at ten thousand a week, would you?"

"I might," said Martha. "I suppose he could tell by the shape of my nose that I could act all over the place."

"You're a fish," Blade said disgustedly. "Most girls would be throwing fits."

"I never learned even a simple little parlor fit," said Martha. "Besides, I've heard this and that about your Mr. Colburn. He eats little girls."

"Now don't get cagy. He's not a bad egg, and I'll be along myself. He never ate any girls who didn't serve themselves up with sauce."

"Oh, I'll come. I'm that reckless. Besides, I want to see what one of these motion-picture apartments looks like. I want to see everything. You've no idea!"

"Seven-thirty, then," said Blade. "And remember I knew you when you were obscure."

"That," said Martha, "will make no difference. I shall high-hat you just the same—when I get my ten thousand a week. Seven-thirty."

She sat for half an hour after replacing the receiver, her heart beating with excitement. Blade would have been filled with satisfaction could he have made himself aware of the state of mind into which his news had thrown her. The motion pictures! What girl in New York, model, chorus beauty, stenographer, package wrapper, but has dreamed her dreams of sudden fame and fortune in Hollywood? To be discovered by the discerning eye of some magnate and elevated overnight to that golden land inhabited by motion-picture stars! The glamour of it! The satisfaction! The vindication of her headstrong course in cutting herself adrift from family and home! . . . It was that rather than the showers of money and the roseate glow of fame which excited her. She would have shown *them*. She would have made the Bundys sit up and take notice!

Life would begin then. This mere state of being would come to an end and things would happen. There was nothing—*nothing!*—that could not happen! Martha closed her eyes and tipped back her piquant face in a very ecstasy of imagination. And from it the telephone awakened her.

"How are a number of things this morning?" she heard Richard Lame's voice asking.

"Oh," she said, "I'm as happy as kings—almost."

"And hungry?"

"Been too busy to think about it."

"Then you have no luncheon engagement?"

"None."

"In which case, come down. I will buy you rich and gaudy food. I might even go ham and eggs."

"I'll come. I want to talk to someone. I'll be down in two shakes."

She had been glad to hear his voice, curiously glad.

She regarded him as a friend, and today he was especially welcome.

"The most gorgeous thing has happened," she said when they were on the street.

"Such as a proposal from a bona fide Russian count?"

"No. I've been noticed. He saw me the other night, and I'm asked to dinner."

"I CAN hardly believe it. Did he send a note by the head waiter? Or concealed in a bunch of violets?"

"And he thinks I'm a find."

"He's right. No question about it. You're not only a find, you're a discovery. You wouldn't say Columbus *found* America."

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By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"Git . . . Clear out . . . Out." Then his face changed, became flaccid, pallid

Reaching for freedom, adventure, life, Marty reaches a little too far

"Mortimer Blade is going," she said.

"Doubtless," said Lame, "at one of Colburn's many apartments. He doesn't believe in letting his Fifth Avenue apartment know what his Sixtieth Street apartment is doing. You are going?"

"Can you imagine a girl refusing?"

"I shall get at least ten thousand a week, and have my picture on the cover of a magazine."

"That," he said judicially, "smells like the movies."

"It *is* the movies."

"And the Columbus? Who owned the discerning eye?"

"I never saw him, but that man is going to have things happen to him by way of vamping that will make him think he's fallen into an ocean of ladylike charm."

"Already I hear him yell for a life preserver. Did you mention his name?"

"Colburn."

"And where," asked Lame very quietly, "did this giant in the world of creative art swing his searchlight upon you?"

"I was at dinner the other night with Mortimer Blade, and he saw me then. And he called Mr. Blade up and burbled, and asked me to dinner, and I'm going, and the Rolls-Royce is going to be pink with mauve upholstery and a Nubian chauffeur and a Russian wolfhound with a diamond collar."

THEY were opposite an entrance to the park, and he, without asking her permission, took her arm and veered her across the street and to a bench sheltered by a clump of shrubbery.

"The general idea was," he said, "that this thing requires discussion. So sit down and discuss. Colburn invited you to dinner? Alone—or a party?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"Possibly not ultimately," he said. "One never knows."

"No," he said, "and that's the devil of it."

"It's the most wonderful chance," she said.

"Yes," he answered very quietly. "I suppose it is."

"You disapprove?"

"Colburn is hardly my idea of a proper chaperon for a débutante," he answered steadily.

"What man would be? Is he any worse than a million others?"

"He's a naughty boy."

"The difference between him and almost any man I go out in the evening with," said Martha, "seems to be in the matter of achievement. He seems to have got away with about what they all would like to get away with."

"And also," said Lame, "he has acquired the belief in immunity. He's gone often to the well and never even been chipped. He believes he can't be broken.

"Therefore he makes riskier trips than most."

"Which," said Martha, "adds to the piquancy."

"Also," said Lame, "a good many men play the game—to a certain minor extent.

"Almost all of us have certain scruples and inhibitions and smothered decencies.

"Colburn rates as a moral moron. He never heard of any rules, and if he did he would enjoy evading them. I'm told he's a ruthless sort of person, who, more or less, lets 'em drop where he tires of 'em—if you follow me."

"Well," asked Martha, "what of it? All I'm doing is dining with him."

"That," said Lame, "is an idea others have had."

"You're trying," she said, "to frighten me? Why?"

"I am," he said. "I'd like to scare you almost to death. And why?" He paused and looked across the park at distant Fifth Avenue. "Why?"

"Yes," she said, a trifle acidly, "after all, what is it to you?"

"Mortimer Blade will be there too?" he asked, disregarding her humor.

"Yes."

"I didn't know Blade circulated in his orbit. . . . But he would. I might have arrived at it by pure logic. . . . Mortimer and Colburn. . . . Is it true your brothers rather mussed up Mr. Blade on an occasion?"

"Yes."

"And has Mr. Blade expressed himself as gratified?"

"He has never mentioned it to me."

"He wouldn't," said Lame. "But I can guarantee he remembers it."

"You don't like Mr. Blade either."

"I wish very much," he said gravely, "that I might admire Mortimer. . . . But you wanted to know what business it is of mine if you dine with the wolves and come out wearing tooth marks."

"I did," she said with some exasperation.

"Well," he said, "you probably wouldn't believe it if it came from a less authority than myself, but the fact is I love you."

"What?"

He nodded. "Colburn will tell you the same, doubtless. But it won't mean the same thing. On the contrary. What I mean by love and what he means by love are not to be confused. I mean the sort your father had for your mother. Which, after all, is a rather good sort. Not ultramodern, perhaps, but with points to recommend it."

Martha was staring at him big-eyed with astonishment. She could not believe her ears. Richard Lame declaring his love for her! Never by word or manner had he hinted at such a possibility.

"Are you," she demanded, "telling me seriously that you love me?"

"Exactly that," he said, "which does not, perhaps, give me the right to be interested in your affairs, but it does certainly interest me in them."

"It's absurd," she said. "You can't—not really."

"I LOVE you," he said, "and, being an old-fashioned sort of person, I accompany that with a request to marry me." He smiled gravely. "I can support a wife."

"Not this one," she said, suddenly angered, she could not have told by what. "Of course I shan't marry you—nor anyone else."

"Didn't expect it. Was just explaining my position," he said.

She stared at him. "You're quick enough to say things about other men, about Mr. Colburn and Mr. Blade. . . . But you don't do much explaining about yourself."

Lame turned his face toward Martha with a sudden tense movement. "And what," he asked, "do you mean by that?"

"I have studied French," she said.

"A not uncommon accomplishment."

"So," she said, "I know that lame means blade."

"It does, indeed."

"You hinted that Mortimer might carry a grudge against my family."

"I did."

"Might not any man whose name is Blade—whether he has translated it for purposes of his own or not—bear a grudge against any Bundy?"

"He might, I suppose."

"You are a Blade."

"Yes."

"Why did you change your name?"

"Because I felt that a rose by some other name might smell the sweeter."

"Is Mortimer Blade your brother?"

"Yes."

"I thought I remembered two boys," she said. "Well, whatever you may say against Mortimer, he doesn't live under an alias."

HE SMILED gravely. "An alias never prevented a man from loving."

"But it might prevent a girl from trusting," said Martha.

"That," he said, is certainly a point of view. However, I am glad I told you. You will remember it. It is the sort of thing no girl ever forgets. And, in spite of my alias, you will remember the time we have spent together and my manner toward you. . . . And that will argue for me. I am quite sure you will remember that I have played the game—even under the name of Lame. When you are dining with Colburn tonight I am sure you will remember me. It will be an excellent thing to be reminded of a decent sort of love at that dinner table, and who knows but it may be of general benefit?"

"What ever made you think I would marry you?"

"I didn't think so."

"Did you think for a minute I would take so much trouble to get untangled from one family just to get myself into another?"

"No."

"Then why did you tell me?"

"Because you asked me. And that's that. . . . But I do wish you would disappoint Colburn tonight."

"How silly! Of course I shan't."

"Then," he said, "when you get there remember one thing."

"What is that?"

"That you are a Bundy. There are certain traditions, you know. Even if I am a Blade under an alias, I can admire the Bundys as an institution."

"I tell you," she said, "I am through with the family—for good."

"In which case," said he, "suppose we eat."

"No," she said. "You've upset me. I don't want to eat. Please take me back to the hotel."

"Your merest wish is a command to me," he said, "and this one results in a considerable saving. I am not poor, but I welcome any reasonable economy."

They arose and recrossed the street, not speaking (*Continued on page 53*)

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Blood Money

The managers were just beginning to notice her clever dancing feet when she suddenly changed her mind

By
LLEWELLYN HUGHES

Illustrated by
R. JOHN HOLMGREN

At a quarter of one Olive had an appointment at the Waldorf

"OLIVE KAHLER? Sure—you remember? The little redhead in the chorus of Broadway Jane—a year ago. She and me were real chummy—till she up and got married. Ever notice her lashes? Honest, they was half an inch long. No kidding. Clever on her feet too. The managers was just beginning to notice her—know what I mean.

"Yeah—she quit. Went out West some place. Some hick town or other. Yeah—with that dumb-bell she was married to. Seems like he landed himself a job at last. Only a year ago she was saying she wished to Gawd she'd never laid eyes on him. Don't ask me. Something must have happened to make her change her mind, I guess. . . ."

Something? Well, let's go back a year and see. It's a Thursday night, and Broadway is an eddy of swirling humanity springing and bubbling from the various theatres. Some, riding in limousines and bedecked with sables and brilliants, are going to the night clubs to dance. Others, like you and me, forced to struggle for the bare necessities of life and make a dollar count 100 per cent, go home by bus and street car, and are buffeted about and elbowed out of the way like a lot of cattle.

Oh, you went to see Broadway Jane? What did you think of that show? There's a rumor it won't last long. Too bad. In that case the forty chorus girls will soon be back to crullers and coffee. Did you happen to notice the little auburn-haired girl at the end of the line? They say she's a Georgia society girl who ran away from home. You'd think she wouldn't need to worry—even if the show does close. She probably rides in a Rolls-Royce.

As a matter of fact, she does—sometimes. But as a general rule she goes home by subway. And as for that Georgia story—well, Atlantic City is the farthest point south Olive Kahler ever got from the city of her birth—New York.

Tonight, for example, she will walk, as usual, to Times Square, shuttle over to the Jerome Avenue line, and take a local. You'd hardly recognize her. Garbed in a shabby little coat and remodeled hat, mouth tightened to meet her environment, eyes hostile toward a cruel and sensual world, Olive's beauty seems to desert her—in the subway.

When she gets off at her station she must walk two blocks to the trolley. And when that vehicle has run its rickety course she still has three blocks east to go—and one south. Then she will be home. Except, of course, she must climb five flights of stone stairs—concave from wear and tear—until she reaches the door of her flat.

"Well, she oughtn't to have married him. The minute I heard it I told her she was nutty. A small-time hoofer—that's all he is. Hasn't done a thing since they been married. Too lazy, I guess."

"Don't I know it. Feller called Welland. Ever see him? Tall and thin and miserable-looking."

"'Olive,' I said to her only this evening, 'you're nuts; you're bughouse; you're cuckoo!' That's just what I told her. 'Why don't you leave him?' I said. 'You could grab this young McAllister—easy as pie,' I said. 'Anybody can see he's crazy about you. And he's worth millions,' I said."

"The poor little sap! What she ever see in this Welland guy—anyway?"

Charlie Welland? Didn't Charlie work in that Ryan and Co. act showing over at Proctor's some time ago? Certainly he did. Used to do that eccentric number—you remember. Always good for a hand. Maybe he should have stuck to Ryan and Co.—and gone out with them to the Coast. They made a big hit out there. Trouble was they wanted to eliminate that Gollywog dance of his, then make him sign a new contract clipping twenty-five a week off his salary. He said he wouldn't do it.

Perhaps he made a mistake by refusing. But they say he really quit Ryan and Co. on account of a girl. Apparently she was madly in love with him. Didn't want to leave New York. He married her shortly afterward and the chances are they've had a pretty hard time of it. Because he never seemed to get started again. Tried hard enough, but Ryan got the booking agents to spike his chances, or something. He took a job in a downtown restaurant for a while as a waiter. Then somebody saw him driving a delivery wagon. A quiet, soft-spoken, good-looking young chap, he was. Everybody in the profession liked him. Clever dancer too. Ought to have been a success—but, there, you never can tell in vaudeville. Likely as not the girl got over her infatuation and left him. . . .

THE knuckles under Olive's worn gloves showed up prominently as she turned the key in her door. The small, two-room apartment was in darkness. Switching on the light, she dropped into a chair, wrenched off her hat. Pitching it onto the couch, she leaned her elbow on a table littered with the unremoved dishes of a hasty makeshift breakfast, and remained very still.

Last night she had come home in a limousine. Lorne McAllister had promised her clothes and jewelry and furs. For a time they would live abroad, he said. When his affairs had been

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

Some say:

"It's light"

others say:

"It's heavy"

...so how can YOU choose oil?

When you buy merely "a quart of oil" what do you get? You don't know. The dealer may not know. Only the refiner knows. There are no fixed standards.

A recent test showed: *seven* so-called "medium" oils, well-known brands, ranged in body all the way from "light" to "heavy"!

And *six* so-called "heavy" oils, well-known brands, ranged in body all the way from "light" to "extra heavy"!

Suppose your engine is built for a "medium" oil. You may ask for "medium" and get "heavy." What happens? Your engine may waste gallons of gasoline every year to overcome piston drag. Or you may ask for "medium" and get "light." Then your engine consumes oil excessively.

In either case you get lubrication that is seriously inadequate.

In today's congested traffic, constant stops and starts put a new strain on your engine.

And today's improved highways have increased average driving speeds—and increased engine heat.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

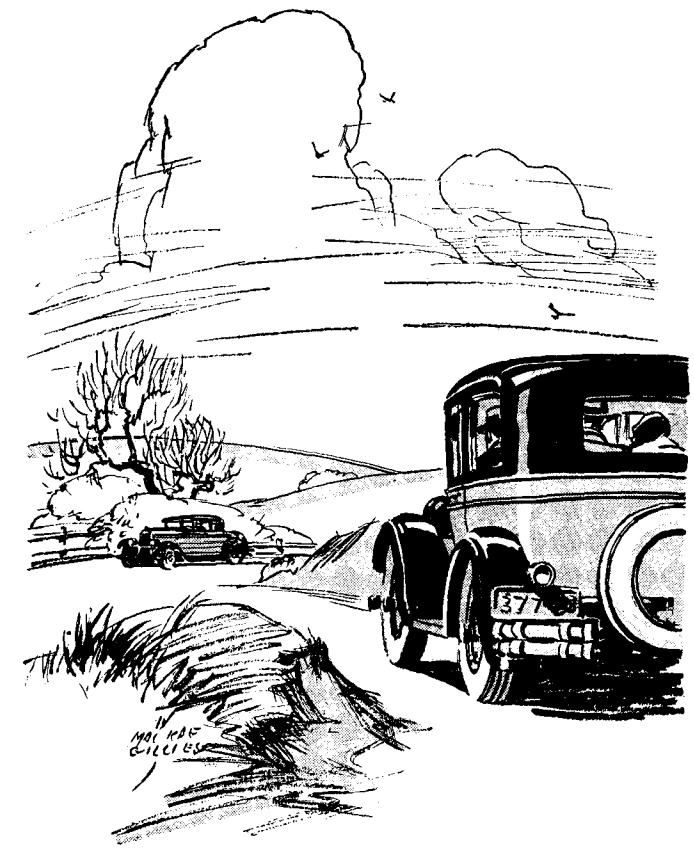
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic(except Ford Cars, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-66	...	...	A	A	A	A	...	...
" 6-63 & 8 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *(other models)*	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case Y	...	...	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" *(other models)*	...	...	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	....
" *(other models)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *(other models)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....
Cleveland 31	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....
" *(other models)*	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Diamond T	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Diana	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....
Dodge Bros. (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant Four	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elcar (4 cyl.), 6-65	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....
" *(other models)*	A	Arc.	...	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	...	....	...	...	...	...
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Falcon	A	Arc.	...	....	...	...	...	....
Federal FW, X2, X5, X6, 1, 5, 6 ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" UB6, 3-3½ ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	....
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Federal Knight 80, 2t	A	Arc.	...	....	...	...	...	...
" *(other models)*	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Flint	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
General Motors T20, T40, T50, 1, 2 ton	A	Arc.	...	....	...	...	...	...
Gardner (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....
" *(other models)*	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford 1½-1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gray	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
International S, SD, 33, 43, 63, 103	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	....
Jewett	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan Six	A	Arc.	...	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....
Kissel (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile (6 cyl. & Jr. 8)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	...	....	...	...	...	...
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	...	...	...	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McFarlan Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....	...	....
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 60, 80 and 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....	...	....
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic IIX, 19, 20, 2, 3, 5 ton	...	...	...	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 25-6, 3 ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....	...	....
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rickenbacker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	B	A
Stewart 9	...	...	...	....	Arc.	Arc.	...	....
" 21, Bud. Stewart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....	...	....
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Wills Sainte Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight (4 cyl.)	...	...	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	....
White 15, 20 & 20D, ¾ and 2 ton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" *(other models)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.



These new conditions call for a new margin of safety in lubricating oil.

You get that margin of safety when you ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil—the world's quality oil.

Mobiloil is produced from crudes chosen for their *lubricating* value and not for gasoline yield. And Mobiloil is made by the largest and most experienced specialists in lubrication.

Mobiloil was used by Col. Lindbergh on his New York-to-Paris flight and his Washington-to-Mexico City flight—by Commander Byrd on his expedition to the North Pole—by U. S. Army Round-the-World fliers throughout their trip.

It pays to be sure. Ask for Mobiloil according to the Mobiloil Chart on this page. It is the cheapest to use!

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

straightened out they'd get married.

Olive was wondering if he meant it. She didn't think so. Still, after all, what did it matter? Anything was better than a two-by-four apartment, cheerless, cold; the morning's breakfast things still unwashed; the furniture moldy; roaches—

The shuffling step lately attendant upon young Mr. Welland's succession of failures now heralded his approach up the stairs. He paused on the fourth floor to rest himself. Not so well dressed as formerly. Not so care-free as on those evenings when he might have been seen outside the stage door of the Garrick, waiting to take a little auburn-haired chorus girl over to Childs' for supper.

"What'll you have, cutie? Anything you say. Sure—I got money. How about some corned-beef hash with a poached egg? Followed by strawberries and cream. Awful good for the complexion—strawberries. Not that you need any improvement. Honest, Olive—you're the prettiest kid in New York. Say, with you on my arm I'd be a headliner at Keith's in six months! No kidding. Listen, sweetheart—did I ever tell you I was crazy about you?"

"I'm—I'm crazy about you, too, Bud." (She called him Bud in those days.)

"No fooling?"

"And I just know you'll succeed. You can't help it. That Ryan and Co. act would be an awful bust without you. I guess they know it too. That Gollywog dance you do, for instance—"

"Sure! take that out and the act's gone. That's what I was telling 'em an hour ago. Listen, Olive. Ryan wants me to sign up with him and go out to the Coast. They got bookings for a year."

"A year?"

"But I was figuring maybe I could do better right here in New York."

"Bud! you aren't—you don't mean you're thinking of—"

"I don't want to go, sweetheart. Only they made me a dandy offer—see? And I'd be a riot out on the Coast."

"A year? I'd—I'd be awful lonesome, Bud—"

"WELL, I been trying to figure it all out. I think I've got a swell idea for a new act. My own, you understand. And maybe, after I get started and everything, I could work you into it."

"Oh, Bud—I wish you would—I wish you would. Oh, I just know you can't miss, Bud. I feel it. And New York's the place to get started. Right here, Bud. Oh—I wish you would—"

"Say—listen, Olive. Nothing's going to hold me back. I'm due to reach the top. Wait till you see me two years from now."

"I know it, Bud."

"Now it may take a couple of months or so to get a tryout and all that. You know what I mean. But I got a little coin saved up—and you could keep on with your show work. Get the idea? Believe me, I'd work all the harder—getting the new act fixed up—if we were together. We'd be happy, Olive—I know we would. Gosh, we'd be awful happy together! Wouldn't we, Olive? Wouldn't we?"

"Oh, Bud—you know without asking me—"

"Hey, you! Make that *two* strawberries and cream! Sure, I'm hollering. I got a right to holler. I'm happy, and I don't care who knows it—"

"Stop, Bud—stop—"

"Gosh, Olive! You and me for the City Hall—first thing in the morning. . . ."

A fond, fond memory of the past was that. Now, a year and a month later, laughter would seem out of place on Charlie Welland's face. It was drawn white. He had just come from a hospital where he had bartered a pint of his blood for fifty dollars. He looked on the verge of collapse. A tragic expression hovered in his gray eyes, dwelt about the corners of his mouth.

"Hello, Olive," he said very softly.

She studied him.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No. Just a little tired—that's all."

"Well, if you've been staying out till I wash the dishes—you've got another guess coming. I'm tired too."

"That's all right, Olive. I'll wash them in a minute—and make you some coffee."

"Did you call for my shoes like I asked you?"

He sank into a chair. "Gosh!" he said. "I clean forgot. I'm sorry, Olive."

His phrase of regret angered her, brought to a boiling point her hostility toward the responsibilities that tied her down to a life utterly drab and monotonous. She wanted to scream.

"Forgot?" she repeated. "Yes—you would. I guess you've forgot a good many things since we've been married."

He lifted his head. "That part I went after this morning over in Brooklyn—it was filled. I got there early, but they told me—"

She received the wretched news with unconcern.

"Didn't I tell you? Well, now you know where you stand. No manager is going to engage anybody who's been idle a whole year—"

"You're talking very hard, Olive. Everybody knows the vaudeville business has been dead this last year. I'd have made a barrel of money if only I could have got bookings for that act of mine—"

"You could have found something else in the meantime."

"I've tried, Olive. You know I have. I've tried everything. I can't seem to get started here. New York's against me, I guess. I've decided to try somewhere else. Decided this afternoon. Chicago. Stand by me a little longer, Olive. I'll come through yet—see if I don't."

"Yes—you will."

To Mrs. Welland went the victory in an exchange of looks.

"I got a letter this morning, from Bennie Traub in Chicago. He says for me to come on out there. Seems there's a lot of night clubs opening up, and he thinks maybe I can—"

"Chicago? How d'you think you're ever going to get out there?"

"I've got everything planned, Olive. Leave all that to me. And as soon as I land a job I'll be sending you money."

"You will, eh? Expecting me to sit back here until you—"

"Just a couple of weeks, Olive. Maybe I'll send for you in no time. Chicago's a swell place."

"NOW, listen to me, Charlie Welland. I'm going to tell you something. Ever since we've been married you've taken me for an easy mark, haven't you? 'Long as I was working you figured you didn't have to kill yourself finding a job. Just so you got two meals a day, everything was all right."

"Olive—"

"Every penny I've earned I've had to throw into this dump just to keep things going. I haven't a dress that's fit to be seen or a pair of stockings that hasn't been mended a score of times. My shoes are a sight, and I'm still wearing that hat I bought last fall. The girls in the show tell me I'm a dumb-bell. Well, I'm all of that—and more. I was a prize dumb-bell to have married you in the first place. I've been a dumb-bell ever since, going without things just to provide you with room and board—"

"Olive," he cried piteously, "for God's sake—"

"Well, now it's come to an end. I'm through, I tell you. The show closes Saturday, and after that I don't care what happens."

"I heard about the show closing, Olive, and I'm sorry."

"Sorry," she flung at him. "That's all you've ever been in the past year. Sure, you're sorry. You're sorry you'll have to get out and find yourself a job—unless you want to starve. Because I've supported you long enough—and I'm through, I tell you—through for good!"

He hung his head. "All right, Olive—if that's the way you feel about it. Only if you think I haven't been trying, you're making a big mistake. Maybe it's been my own fault I couldn't hold anything down. I'm not saying it isn't. But I've got to thinking that New York's against me. I'll try my luck out in Chicago.

"Olive"—his head still bowed, he was stretching out his hand to her—"I know it's been tough on you. But don't—don't—"

"No. You've—you've had this coming to you for a long time." Her voice was breaking. "Why, just look at me! I'm getting thin as a rail; I haven't a thing to wear; I never go any place—"

"If you'd only stand by me a little longer—"

She burst into hot tears. "I wish I'd never met you!" she cried. "I wish I'd never laid eyes on you!"

He lifted a miserable face. "Oh, I realize (*Continued on page 40*)

"I've supported you long enough—and I'm through. I tell you—through for good!"

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IT IS TEAM WORK THAT HAS MADE AMERICA AFFLUENT

There are puzzled thinkers who would have us believe that the skillful use of machinery has made this the richest nation of all time.

But behind the machine is the man.

And united man-power has here achieved a new miracle.

American men have learned how to work together, how to cooperate wholeheartedly, in workshops and offices, in trade associations and public enterprises, as no other people have ever done.

It is not the machine, but clear-thinking manhood, the sagacity of invention, the knack of artful operation and cooperation, that have made America great.

Many of the men who are doing most in this great forward work are contributors to "Nation's Business," published by the world's largest business organization, with 260,000 interested readers. It is focusing the forces that are productive of magnificent team work.

NATION'S BUSINESS

At all newsstands—twenty-five cents a copy

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

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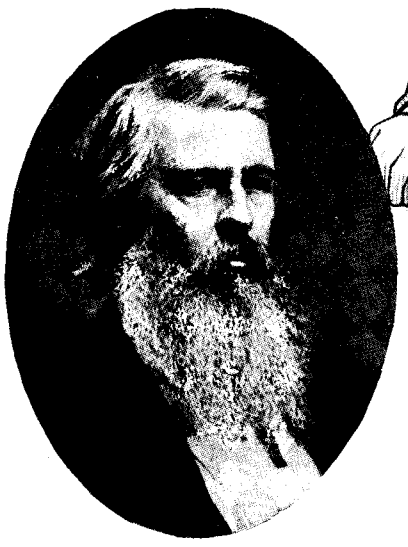
The Nickel Shocker

UNDER the protection of Tim Mooney, the Keel Layer, and a rough-and-tumble virtuoso known as Sergeant Belcher, as bodyguards, George Wilkes launched that pink journal known as the Police Gazette. It offered "a most interesting journal of horrid murders, outrageous robberies, bold forgeries, astounding burglaries, vulgar seductions" long before the tabloids had been thought of.

By WALTER DAVENPORT

An unfortunate occurrence in an Ohio household as visualized by the Gazette's artist

Mr. John B. Gough (below), the humiliated temperance advocate



IT WAS on a soft October evening in 1845 that a regular customer of Jonas Burks' saloon in Delancey Street, New York City, entered for his double noggin of gin and calamus for which Burks was so celebrated that his place was known as Gin and Calamus Hall.

In his hand he carried a four-page newspaper which bore the name of the National Police Gazette and which announced that this was its first number and that it purposed appearing once a week thereafter as long as the public was intelligent enough to support it in reasonable numbers.

This challenge to America was set forth boldly upon the front page and beside it there appeared the opening chapter of the life of Robert Sutton, famous in the prize ring, crime and politics as Bob the Wheelwright. He had likewise been the proprietor of a particularly evil groggery known as the Darby and Joan at 24 Roosevelt Street, New York. At the moment of the introduction of the National Police Gazette into Gin and Calamus Hall, Bob the Wheelwright was in jail for the murder of the brother of his fifth wife, Billie Brancher, the Dandy Diver.

The customer turned the new journal over to Mr. Burks, who at once announced his interest, although, he said in a loud voice, he doubted whether any pen could do proper justice to the low character of Bob the Wheelwright, who, he added, owed the state a hanging.

From the end of the Burks bar came a protest. The record does not disclose the name of the dissenter, but it is vigorously intimated that it was one of Bob's sons, of whom four wives had given him twelve. At any rate, the protest, a bottle, narrowly missed the head of the proprietor of Gin and Calamus Hall, but it wrecked Mr. Burks' tall beaver hat which stood on a shelf behind the bar. This so enraged Mr. Burks that he leaped upon the bar and sprang feet first upon the bottle thrower, irreparably damaging that gentleman's nose and precipitating a public mêlée in which Mr. Burks lost an ear and two fingers, and a participant known as Croucher Collins was killed.

Two weeks later the National Police Gazette recorded these facts at gory length and called the public to note the brisk effect of its first number.

"But," concluded the writer, "the editors of this weekly will not feel adequately repaid until it has irritated all of New York's vermin to public battle whereby they shall destroy themselves."

The National Police Gazette, known and perhaps dear to you of a later generation as the Police Gazette, was founded in October, 1845, by an incorrigible journalist, George Wilkes, and a lawyer, Enoch E. Camp.

Wilkes, in whom the crusader's fire burned hotly, was an amazingly versatile and sometimes brilliant literary man. His pen had led him to prison and on to the shelves of respectable libraries. Before founding the National Police Gazette he had edited and written a four-page dodger called the Subterranean, which was so frank in its treatment of politicians whose chief income was derived from vice that he was arrested six times and shot twice. How many times he was set upon by gangsters hired to discourage him may be imagined only.

That he was not murdered at least once is due perhaps to a bewhiskered giant, Tim Mooney, the Keel Layer, and a rough-and-tumble virtuoso known as Sergeant Belcher. The Keel Layer was a product of Liverpool, where, according to his biographer, he had been the death of two policemen, whom, in a single fight, he had slain with their own truncheons. The resourceful brain of George Wilkes had saved the Keel Layer from the long arm of England after his arrival in New York, and until he died in 1857 (alas, of measles!) gratitude bound him to Wilkes. He probably foraged for his victuals, because Wilkes was ever impoverished.

Of Sergeant Belcher the records offer nothing except a few glowing tributes to his prowess in a street fight which must have been enormous. He was the Keel Layer's inseparable chum, which may account for his presence at the side of the beleaguered journalist.

Wilkes frequently recounted in the Gazette the vagaries of his two knights, who were given to devoting whole afternoons and evenings to mulled shandy gaff, with disastrous consequences to the territory occupied by them at the drinking.

One Dismal Mistake

ONCE the Keel Layer and the sergeant elected to spend Sunday at Mount Morris, and hailing a stagecoach, became involved in argument with the driver, who insisted that there was but one way to enter the vehicle—by the door.

But the sergeant and the Keel Layer protested that doors were for women and clerks only, whereat they ordered the passengers out and proceeded to smash an opening in the side of the coach and were not satisfied until the breach was large enough for them to enter together arm in arm. It required all the legal sagacity and nimbleness of Enoch E. Camp to liberate the lads from the Tombs.

Mr. Wilkes' sixth arrest resulted in his imprisonment for thirty days in the Tombs, which turned out to be a dismal mistake on the part of the politicians because almost simultaneously with his release from that prison Mr. Wilkes published his own account of what he had seen and heard therein. This journal so inflamed the voters that at the ensuing election they overthrew the administration from Mayor Robert H. Morris down to the warden of the Tombs. But the Subterranean had starved to death.

It was with joy, therefore, that Mr. Wilkes heard the plan of Enoch Camp, who, too, had been a journalist but who had turned lawyer. Camp proposed an American weekly founded on the plan of England's Newgate Calendar, but fetched up to date to suit the more sophisticated literary tastes of 1845.

Camp agreed to find the money, obtain advertisements and execute the business affairs generally for the new journal; Wilkes could supply the reading matter. Wilkes likened the situa-

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"OFTEN SO TIRED I could hardly finish the program"

Philadelphia, Pa.

"In business all day—then, every evening well into the night, practising with our little orchestra . . . no wonder I began to feel continually tired!

"What sleep I could get didn't seem to do me any good. My weight dropped to 112 pounds, my face lost all its old healthy color.

"As our engagements became more frequent, matters became even worse. I was so fagged that often I wanted to drop out, but as a part of the orchestra I was forced to see it through.

"This kept up till, on the suggestion of a young man in the office, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate a cake before each meal, and in less than three months my color had come back and my weight was again normal. Today, instead of dreading our engagements I look forward to them with pleasure."

Edward T. Brown, Jr.

MR. EDWARD T. BROWN, JR., *of Philadelphia*

AS fresh as the tenderest home-grown vegetables, Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine.

Easily, naturally it cleanses the intestines of poisons—softening the intestinal contents and toning up the sluggish muscles. The result is prompter, more complete elimination—improved digestion—a clearer, healthier complexion.

Fleischmann's Yeast frees you from those common stubborn ills that rob life of all its joy. Makes you feel and look the way Nature meant you should.

Order 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep it in any cool dry place. And write for our latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. E-52, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

LEFT

Enjoying her new-found health . . . Miss Margaret Berry, of Chicago, in action on the basket-ball floor. Miss Berry writes:

"I used to be all tired out every morning before going to school. I was nervous and irritable, and even resented the fact that I had to eat.

"And I was bothered with a breaking out on my back.

"My friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and, though I doubted that it would do me any good, I began to eat it before every meal. In a very short time I began to enjoy my meals again. I now feel better in every way. And my skin is better, too."

MARGARET BERRY, Chicago, Ill.

RIGHT

"I have been a long distance runner for twenty-two years. Work hard all day, then go to the gym and run ten miles or more three times a week.

"When in training for a long run, as for my recent 70-mile endurance test, I eat several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day around mealtime or between meals.

"I have eaten Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for twelve years. I carry a little case that holds three cakes, and I defy anyone to catch me when I haven't got at least one cake on my person. Fleischmann's Yeast tones you up and makes you feel fit."

HARRY DUELL, Minneapolis, Minn.

New health, new zest in life—
this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

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The Gazette exposes the well-known "badger game"

tion to heaven itself and readily agreed to the canny Camp's chief stipulation, that here and there in opportune spots Camp's personal advertisement should appear:

ENOCH E. CAMP,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
No. 27 Centre Street, near Duane,

Respectfully informs his numerous friends in this city and elsewhere that the increase of his professional business has compelled him to engage the assistance of one of the most accurate attorneys of the New York Bar, who will always be found at his office in his absence. He therefore solicits a continuance of the favors conferred upon him in all cases where legal services are requisite, as his fees will be found to be reasonable and all business entrusted to his charge will be conducted with promptness.

The Battle of Centre Street

THIS skillful advertising, adroitly placed week after week, fetched riches to Enoch Camp, who presently retired into dull respectability, leaving the Police Gazette in the unbusinesslike but journalistically brilliant hands of George Wilkes, which made the journal a thing of sanguinary beauty.

Due to his editorial and reportorial genius, the Gazette entered its second month with a circulation of 15,000, and by way of rewarding his public he opened his columns with:

"We offer this week a most interesting record of horrid murders, outrageous robberies, bold forgeries, astounding burglaries, hideous rapes, vulgar seductions, and recent exploits of pickpockets and hotel thieves in various parts of the country."

And he set forth this delectable porridge with such skill that editorial applause came to him in volume from such conventional newspapers as the New York Herald, Horace Greeley's Tribune, the Richmond Enquirer, the New Orleans Picayune, the New York Sun and the tribute of mild imitation by such weeklies as the Clipper, the Sunday News and the New York Mercury.

Riding a success, he turned his lance at a few of his pet hates, among which were the blue laws, then being urged upon the country by a Rev. Mr. Thaddeus Bottle; prize fighting; watch-stuffing, or the sale of inferior timepieces to countrymen at superior prices; high rents; immigrant shaving, or robbing newly arrived aliens, and obscure house numbers.

He seemed particularly annoyed by the failure of house owners adequately to number their residences that the numerals might be read at night. The perils of such neglect were set forth by him in the account of what happened one night to Andrew Frost, his star reporter.

Every Tuesday night it was Mr. Frost's duty to spend an hour or two in the establishment of a lady called Big May Foley in Grand Street. Mrs. Foley held forth at No. 444, and such was her popularity that her place was a favorite rendezvous for numbers of the young bloods of the city. Never was Mr. Frost's visit to Mrs. Foley's rewarded with less than a column of aromatic news, and frequently it produced a ringing sensation. Not only was Mrs. Foley's the scene of pulse-quickening excitement, but her drawing-room was a gossip hall wherein the sprightly affairs of other places were gone over to the ultimate detail.

But on this particular February night Mr. Frost may have been a bit weary and consequently careless. Instead of entering No. 444 he walked into No. 344, which was the home of a Mr. Copperwell, a merchant of fine repute and sound social connections.

Mr. Frost got no chance to explain that there was no number over the Copperwell door, nor did they give him opportunity to ask how it was that the Copperwell door should be unlocked. Three Copperwells laid violent hands upon him—the merchant and two stout sons—and Mr. Frost was carried to the hospital, where he remained for a fortnight.

"Ergo," wrote Mr. Wilkes, "the absence of Mr. Frost's salubrious jottings for the week. Our determination that every house and home in New York shall be clearly identified by numerals is reënforced by this mishap to our devoted assistant. We pay our respects to Mr. Copperwell, but deplore his lack of perspicacity. Ordinary intelligence should have told him that our reporter had erred due to the absence of house numbers. A member of the staff of the National Police Gazette has no professional interest in the interior of any respectable home. We fill the space usually allotted to Mr. Frost, therefore, with an exposition of THE HORRIBLE FATE OF MR. BOTTOM'S NEW HIRED GIRL."

Not long after the Gazette had concluded the life story of Bob the Wheelwright that gentleman was released from jail, and, returning to the city, he called to his side Dingdong Kelly; John J. Betterton, the Blockman; James Downer, the Resurrectionist (grave robber), and three or four stalwarts of the old Darby and Joan, and descended upon the offices of the National Police Gazette, prepared to stamp it out of existence, not overlooking its editors.

The battle was a memorable one to which two columns were devoted by the New York Herald and more than one column in both the Tribune and the Sun. Three persons were killed—Downer the Resurrectionist and two lads who joined the fighting after it became general and who were, doubtless, profoundly ignorant of the cause of conflict. Quite a large number of participants landed in hospitals, because more than 200 men and women, exclusive of the police, had taken a hand before the brawl was fifteen minutes old.

Sergeant Belcher's fine, mighty arm was broken, but this was the extent of the casualties suffered by the defenders of the Police Gazette, who were barricaded in the publication's combination of editorial and press rooms, in the cellar of 27 Centre Street.

Canada Has a Joyous Hanging

BOB THE WHEELWRIGHT was sent back to jail after this riot, and with him went Grenadier Bulger, then a mere boy but later to become famous as the Goliath of the Dead Rabbits Gang or the Roach Guards, only to be killed by an undersized David, Ike Haig, a chimney filler who belonged to the Bowery Boys or Atlantic Guards.

And from that time on the National Police Gazette began to grow toward geographical justification of its name. It established agents in forty towns and cities, including such distant points as New Orleans, Quebec and St. Louis. They at once introduced it into its eternal citadel—the barber shop of America.

Its readers, increasing rapidly in numbers, were its reporters, although Wilkes refused to print stuff which lacked the imprimatur of his agent in that district or that of the local newspaper editor. Thus he was enabled to publish the remarkable story of the hanging of Charlie Coghlin in Guelph, Canada, and create thereby a journalistic sensation which fetched him more praise from Horace Greeley.

It was a public execution, and several thousand Canadians had forgathered to witness it. As an election was at hand, several office seekers made long speeches from the scaffold under which Charlie sat on a box on which the hangman's coat had (*Continued on page 38*)

The burlesque queen compliments the orchestra leader

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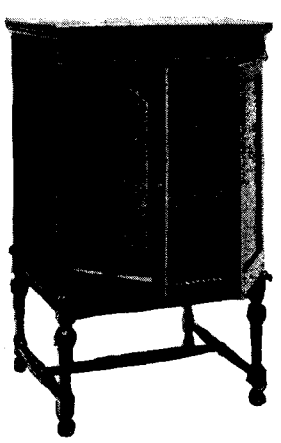
It's "Close-up" Music!

He's singing right to *you!*

WHATEVER you like in music—vocal or instrumental—can be heard at its best on the new Edisonic! "Close-up" music is Thomas A. Edison's newest gift to music lovers—it reveals a beauty, an all-pervading illusion of startling *nearness* that surpasses in naturalness anything you have ever heard before on a phonograph. It is music which floods the room—music which *is* "CLOSE-UP"!—music that surrounds you like sunlight.

Silvery tenor notes, sparkling soprano, rhythmic bass, purest piano tones—hear them on the new Edisonic! You will be fascinated by the "Close-up" illusion, at the clear relief of each voice—each orchestral instrument. No wonder musicians and critics acclaim the Edisonic a marked advance in Re-Created music! Enjoy it in your own home, ready at any time to play you the music best suited to your mood. Send for the remarkable *Tonoscope Demonstration*, free!

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, New Jersey.



The Schubert Edisonic—$135

An amazingly modest price for an instrument of such power, encased in a Cabinet of decorative excellence. The finish is two-tone English brown mahogany.

Thomas A Edison

The EDISONIC

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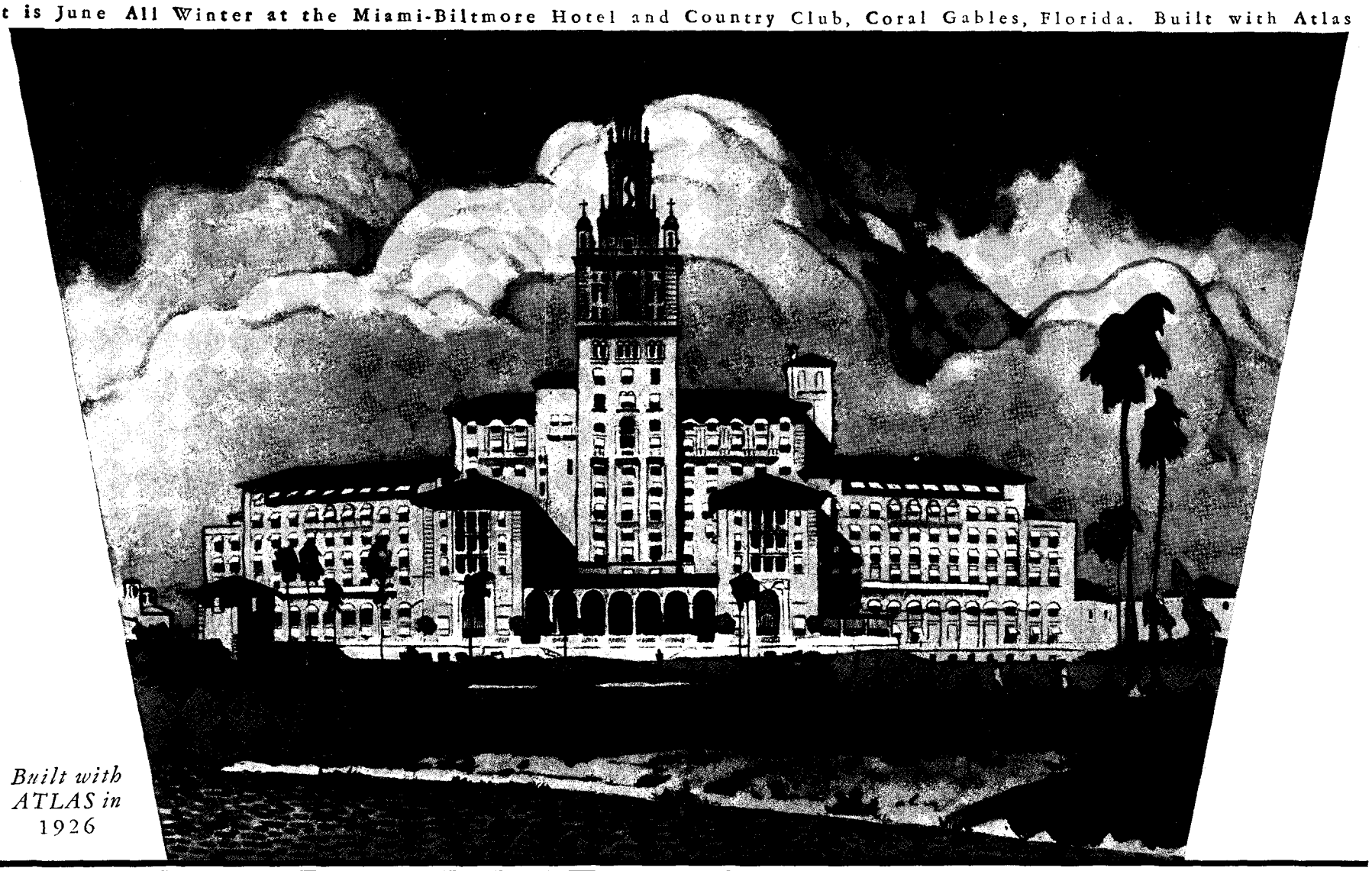
It is June All Winter at the Miami-Biltmore Hotel and Country Club, Coral Gables, Florida. Built with Atlas



Built with ATLAS in 1926

ATLAS

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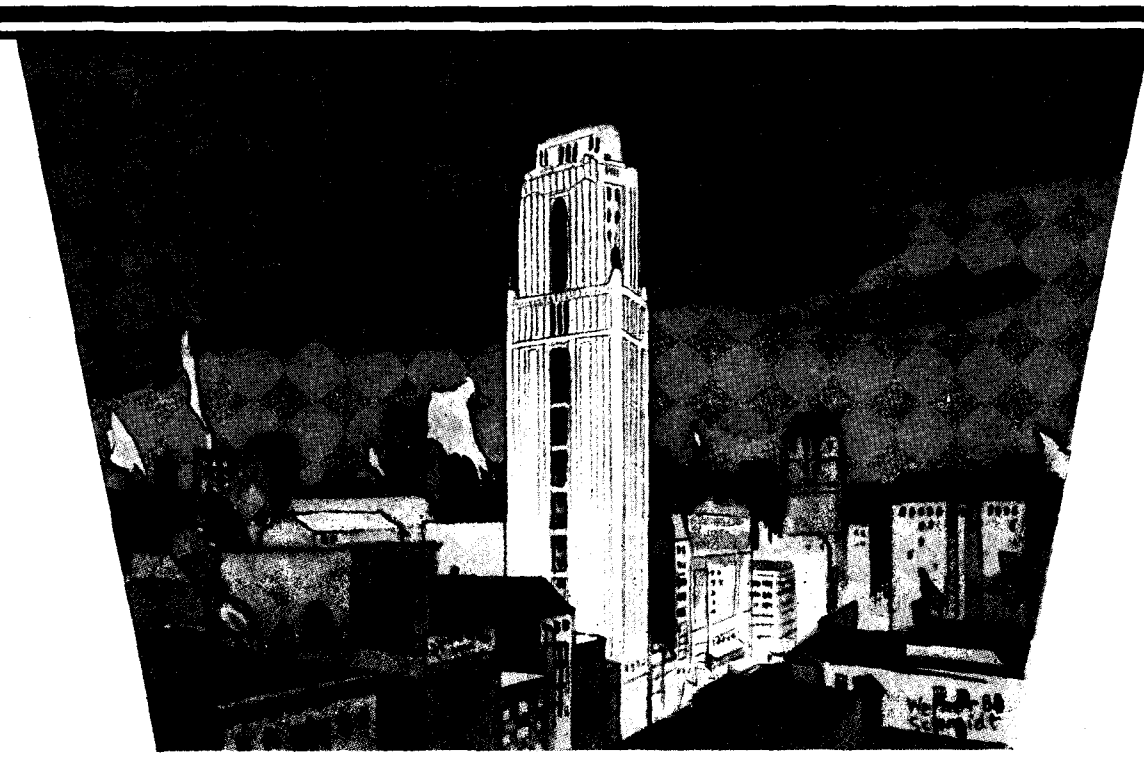

Built with ATLAS in 1916

Thirty-Five Story Bush Terminal Building, New York City. Built with Atlas

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IN NEW YORK CITY, the Bush Terminal Building, constructed in 1916. Ten years later, in Coral Gables, Florida, the Miami-Biltmore Hotel and Country Club. Both built by the same general contractors, Thompson Starrett Co. Both built with Atlas Portland Cement. ¶ More than coincidence here is significance and suggestion for every builder; cumulative evidence that Atlas possesses in high degree, that *dependability* and *permanence* which are the true measure of quality in portland cement. ¶ For great structures and small, the growing choice of Atlas advises with increasing emphasis its wider specification and use. For sign-post or silo, for culvert or column, for stucco house or skyscraper — Atlas, "The standard by which all other makes are measured."

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PORTLAND
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A survey recently completed by the Bureau of Business Research, Harvard University, indicates—among other important conclusions—the essential economic functions performed by the Building Material Dealer in the distribution of Atlas from the mill to the user. For this detailed study of the building materials trade, Atlas financial support was prompted by a broad interest in the Building Material Dealer and a desire to have an impartial and authoritative evaluation of his services to his community. *For helpful construction information on any type of concrete work, write to The Atlas Portland Cement Company, 25 Broadway, New York.*

THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL OTHER MAKES ARE MEASURED

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The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

The long arm of the law falls a little bit short

The Story Thus Far: ALLEN GORHAM, after five years' absence, returns to New York, goes to a party given by some new-rich friends, the Candaces, for their daughter, Yvonne, and overhearing Kenneth Runyon, a rotter, boast that he is out to get Yvonne and her millions, cancels his passage back to France and decides to stick around and champion the Candaces.

Ostracized from polite society because of an unfair accusation of cheating at cards and still in love with Anita Gorham, who married his cousin Fred, Allen has been earning his living at cards. Everyone thinks he is in love with Vonny Candace.

Allen tries to find out *from Morgan, a detective friend of his, in*formation about Runyon. Morgan advises him to leave the country as Runyon is out to get him. A telephone message from Vonny to meet her at a night club turns out to be a plant. He is lured to a woman's apartment and the husband and two detectives try to scare him and make him flee. He seeks out Runyon and knocks him down.

FOR a moment Runyon lay upon the floor, on his face an expression of incredulous amazement. I don't think he was hurt much, but his vanity had received a colossal shock. From all over the room came cries of that delighted alarm with which all good Americans greet a brawl. Then as Runyon began to lift himself from the floor waiters rushed between us and I felt myself being hustled backward. I broke loose from the restraining grasp of two waiters. As I did so Morgan swung the table, at which we had been sitting, around. He reached over, seized me by the arm, and dragged me behind his impromptu barricade. His voice, snarling and menacing, very different from that bluff heartiness with which I was familiar, sounded above the cries of the crowd.

"Call 'em off, Runyon, call 'em off!" he shouted.

Runyon had gained his feet now. He had pushed away an officious waiter, pushed him so savagely that the man staggered into a table, upsetting it and adding to the general confusion. There was a slight discoloration on Runyon's left cheek, and I felt an inner exultation as his hand touched the bruise.

From the table where he had been seated four men rushed toward us.

OUT of the tail of my eye I noted that they were not men whose appearance would have been reassuring under the pleasantest auspices. Now, with Runyon just risen from the floor where I had sent him, their advance was not calculated to slow down my pulse.

"I'm telling you, Runyon, call 'em off," Morgan repeated. "Keep your hands where I can see them," he added.

For the fraction of a second Runyon's eyes left mine to rest upon Morgan.

"Tomorrow morning, Morgan, you'll be looking for a job," he said.

"This is tonight," Morgan answered.

His somewhat pudgy face was set grimly. He looked as he had looked on that occasion in Paris where I had won his gratitude.

"Get out of here now," said Runyon, "and your license will be O. K. tomorrow."

"Take another step this way and you won't know anything about tomorrow," Morgan threatened.

The waiters now had scurried away from the immediate vicinity. Amateur pacifiers, who had seemed to be numerous a moment ago, had fallen back now. Even the dullest diner could guess that this was no fracas to be settled by a drink from a forbidden flask. Runyon's attitude was too sinister; the four men who were lined up with him now looked too deadly; Mack Morgan seemed too grim, and I don't believe that my own manner was anything to quiet jumpy nerves.

And if the dullest were warned that more than fisticuffs impended, be sure I knew that I had never been nearer death than now. The very quiet of Runyon's manner, the evenness of his voice as he spoke to Morgan, and the fashion in which his four companions waited for him to take the lead, were more frightening than any bluster could have been.

I was unarmed, and the fact that Morgan's right hand rested lightly in a pocket did not completely reassure me. They were five while we were only two, and I guessed that all of them had weapons. Strangely, it did not occur to me that the publicity of the quarrel would deter Runyon. I knew too much about the openness of gang warfare in New York. I knew that restaurants such as this in which I found myself make no pretense of obeying the Eighteenth Amendment, and the alliance between bootleggers and the law is well known.

If ever Runyon and his crowd came to trial for my murder here tonight, every waiter in the place would swear that I not only struck him but drew a gun upon him. Their testimony would outweigh the uncertain evidence that might be given by what respectable guests of the place might volunteer as witnesses.

I won't say that I wasn't frightened. I was as badly scared as I've ever been in my life. But above my fear, dominating it, was my rage. Also a certain not utterly unworthy pride made me want to finish what I had started and finish it without dragging into trouble anyone else.

I glanced at Morgan. "Keep out," I said. "There's no reason for you to get mixed up in this."

His merry laugh amazed me. Mack Morgan was one of those infrequently met men who reveled in physical combat. His laugh brought instant recollection of his gayety when I had saved him from the gendarmes in Paris.

"I'm in, Al, all the way," he said. He glared at Runyon. "Listen, louse," he cried, "I'm not asking you to get out of the way. I'm *telling* you. When I step from behind this table there's going to be a clear passage to the door

I had sworn it must never happen again: my lips touched the sweetest lips in all the world

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Geo. M. Cohan

Famous Author, Actor and Producer,

writes:

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for me and my pal. If there ain't one, I'll shoot one."

"Then you're coupled in the betting with Gorham," said Runyon.

"And what a field of crowbaits we're entered with!" I jeered.

For the first time Runyon spoke to me.

"I came over to your table to tell you to get out of town," he said quietly. "Now I'm telling you that you can't get out of town."

I laughed at him. "I wouldn't think of leaving until I've finished with you," I told him.

"Hitting a man who wasn't expecting it has given you a lot of confidence," he sneered.

I felt myself color at his words. For there was a certain amount of justice in his charge.

"I'll let you take a punch at me and then we start all even," I replied.

I was ashamed of my braggadocio almost before the words were uttered. The curl of his lips humiliated me because my offer savored of a cheap boasting that earned his sneer.

"I don't want to beat you up, Gorham," he retorted. "You'll wish that was all I wanted later on."

"A good threat adds years to a man's life," I said.

"This one won't add to yours," he answered. So low was his voice that his words barely carried to me, but there was no mistaking the deadly sincerity in his tone.

"Well, you'll never find a better place than this to decide how good an insurance risk Gorham is," cried Morgan. "Get this into your rat skull, Runyon: Gorham and I are leaving now. Step aside and step lively, for I'm not going to warn you again."

My blood was up. "Why not eat our dinner here, Morgan?" I asked. "The place suits me, even if the company doesn't."

He gave me a vicious dig with his elbow, "Come on, Al," he said.

HE PUSHED the table aside and advanced toward Runyon. I hated to be driven from the place, but I knew that when Mack Morgan chose the path of caution there must be good and sufficient reason for his choice. I advanced with him; Runyon and his four companions fell aside. We went by them without hindrance. As we gained the door leading to the lobby, Morgan, looking over his shoulder, held out his hand. A boy gave him his hat. I received mine in the same swift fashion. Then Morgan seized my shoulder and almost threw me out into the street. There was a taxi at the curb, and he crowded me into it.

"Central Park, anywhere, quick," he said to the driver. And with that we dashed down the street. New York taxi men need no lengthy explanations when patrons emerge hurriedly from places of public entertainment. They sense the tips that will be given for speed.

Morgan didn't say a word to me until we had rounded the second corner. Then he ceased his intent regard through the rear window and slumped comfortably down beside me.

"Al, you're a grand lad," he cried. "And what a punch! If you had landed an inch lower, he'd be asleep yet."

"And if you hadn't been there I'd be sleeping too," I said.

"Chalk it up," he laughed. "That evens me up for Paris."

"It puts me in the red ink to you," I told him. "I have a feeling that Runyon and his crowd meant business."

"You really feel that way?" he gibed. "When four of the toughest gunmen in New York line up in front of you, you really get an idea that they ain't there to ask for your autograph? Bright boy, Al."

"Would they have dared?" I knew perfectly well that they would have gone to any length, but to justify my fear I wanted to hear Morgan agree with me.

"Believe me, Al, we were lucky to bluff them."

"You weren't bluffing, and they knew it," I told him.

He was embarrassed and waved my gratitude away. "Let's not think about what's over and done with. Let's look ahead. That was a sucker play, poking Runyon."

"I know it, but I'm glad I did it. I wish we had not let them scare us away."

He looked at me wonderingly. "You're a wise guy, Al. I guessed it myself, but what I heard about you yesterday—your card record—made me sure of it. But you act surprisingly like a yap at times. Do you know what would have happened if we'd stayed five minutes longer in that restaurant?"

"Tell me," I said.

"Runyon and his four friends would have gone back to their table. But a waiter would have telephoned to someone. That someone, with plenty of assistance, would have been waiting outside the restaurant door in less time than you think possible, son, and as we walked outside we'd have been shot to pieces. What could be sweeter? Runyon and his crowd have perfect alibis. They'd be sitting inside while we got ours in the street. With Runyon's pull, plus such an alibi, I doubt if he'd even be asked to take a walk to the station house. We didn't get out one minute too soon. And we haven't any too many minutes now to plan what's next."

"I'm hungry. Let's talk it over during dinner," I suggested.

Morgan chuckled. "I like nerve better than anything in the world, Al, and you've got it."

He called to the taxi man and we alighted.

"No use leaving too straight a trail," said Morgan.

So we walked half a block before taking another taxi, which deposited us at a quiet restaurant in the Twenties. There, with dinner on the table, and the waiter out of hearing, we resumed our discussion.

"What did Runyon mean when he said you'd be looking for a job tomorrow?" I asked.

"Private detectives have licenses. He meant that he had political pull enough to get mine canceled."

"Has he?" I inquired.

"I guess so," Morgan admitted. He didn't seem much concerned, but I was.

"I landed you in a lot of trouble, didn't I?" I said.

"And in a lot of fun," he chuckled.

"But where do we go from here?" he demanded.

"I'm not going to leave New York."

"I kind of figured that out all by myself," he chuckled. "But you're not going to ask police protection, are you?"

I SHOOK my head. "I like to fight my own battles."

"Your liking hasn't much to do with it," he laughed. "You haven't got a thing on Runyon that would make the police sit up and take notice."

"Who's behind Runyon, Morgan?" I asked abruptly.

"Ever hear of Jim Calhoun?"

I shook my head.

"Not many people have," he said. "He never figures in the papers, and you never see him on the floor of a state convention. But a few people know that he's in the neighborhood, and those few people see that what he orders is usually done."

"A political boss?" I asked.

"Not the old-fashioned kind: the new kind that's come in with bootlegging and dope and that sort of thing. Calhoun has as many friends on Park Avenue as he has on Fourteenth Street."

"Is Runyon one of his friends?"

"Runyon has somthing on him. That's a whole lot better than friendship. He has enough on Calhoun to make Calhoun be on his side when it comes to Miss Candace."

I laughed in exasperation.

"But why on earth should Runyon be insane enough to think that I am important in Miss Candace's eyes?"

"Why did you want to get something on Runyon?" he countered. "Wasn't it because you wanted to shoo him off the Candace money?"

"I like and admire the Candaces, and I heard Runyon talking about her in a way I didn't like."

"And you ain't going to marry the girl?"

"I never had any such idea, and I'm positive that she has never had any such idea," I told him.

"You didn't know that this guy Runyon was setting a pretty fast pace with her last spring?" he asked.

"I didn't know the Candaces last spring. I met them in Europe this past summer. I never heard them mention Runyon's name."

"Well, Runyon has heard them mention your name all right."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Well, it looks like young Runyon has the inside track to fifty million bucks. He has an important backer. His girl—he thinks she's his girl—goes abroad. Runyon is figuring on a wedding this winter. He (*Continued on page 44*)

"Tell your client to go ahead and sue!" I told him. Mannering left hurriedly

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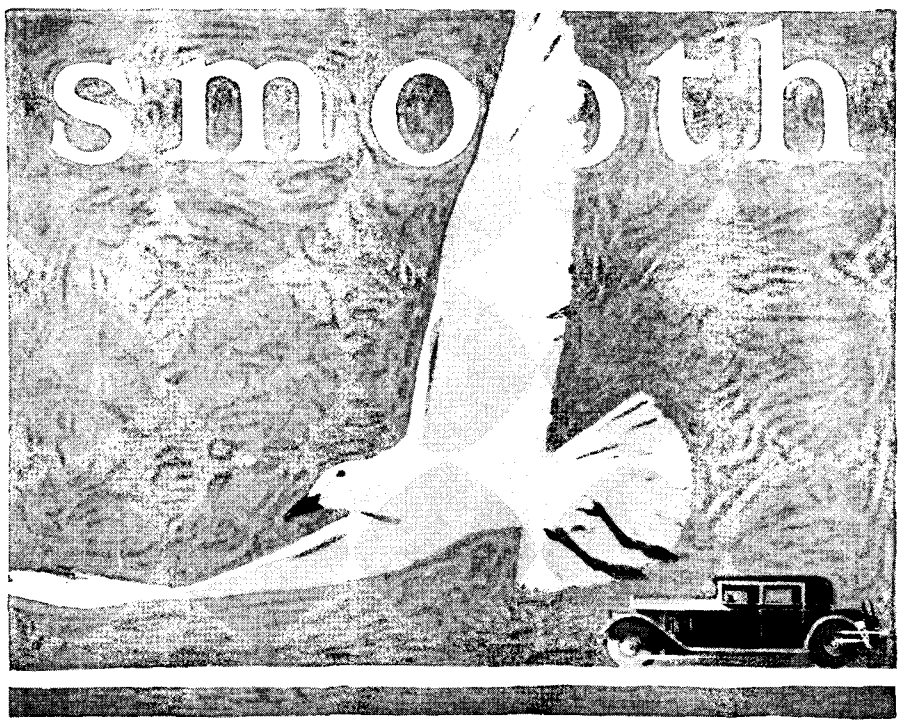

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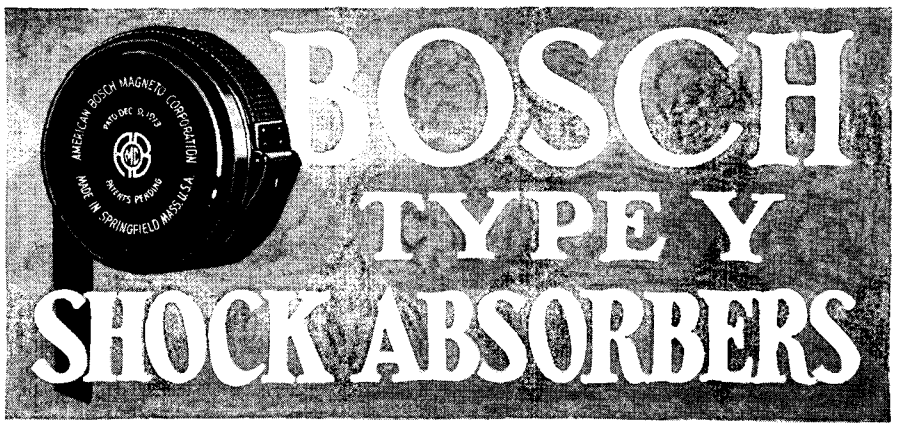

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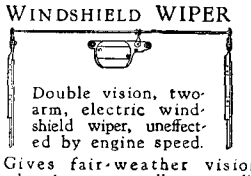

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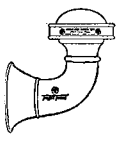

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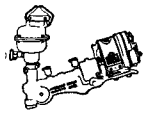

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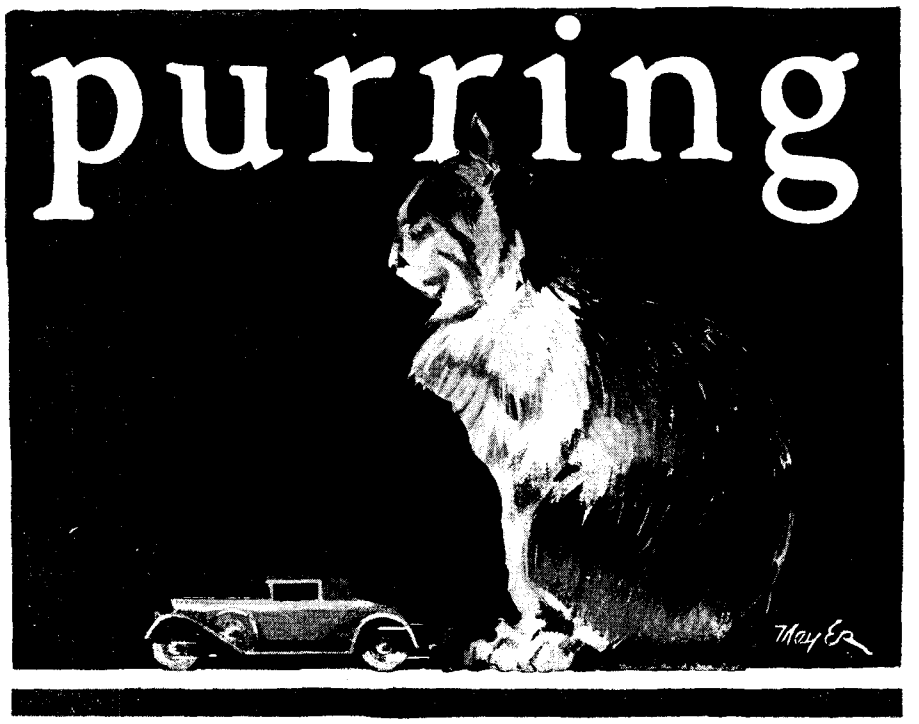

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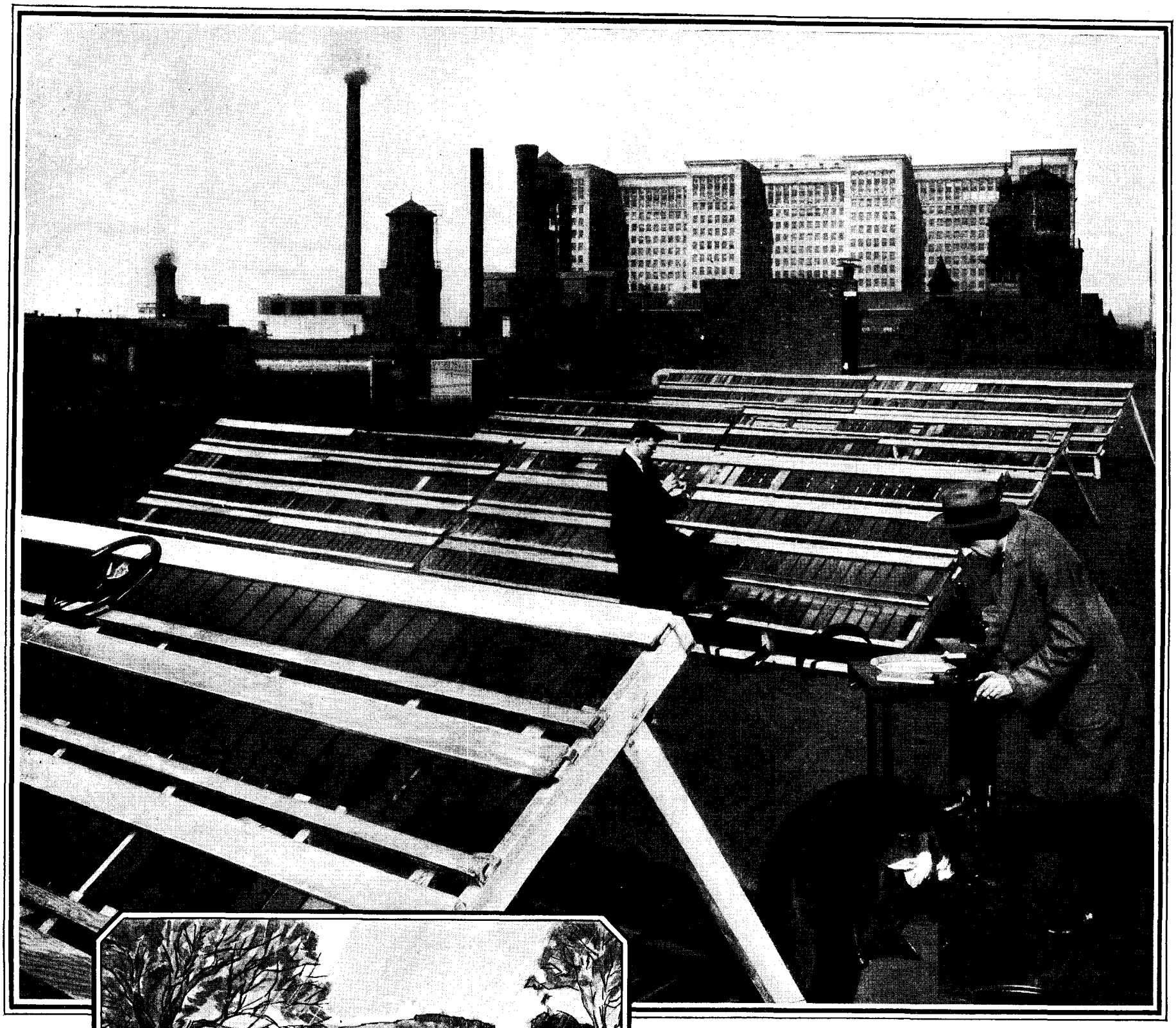

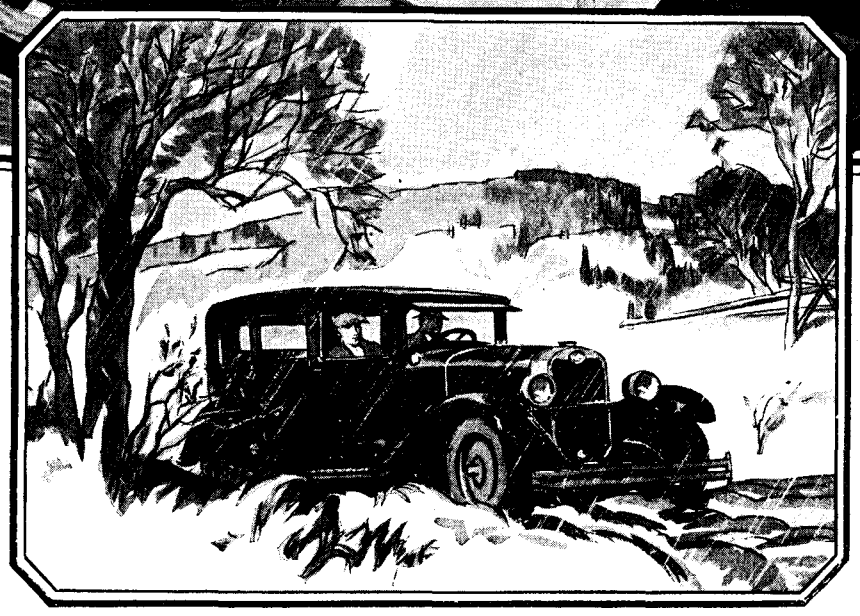

Panels finished in Duco are mounted on racks and exposed for years to the elements to find out in a practical way the durability of Duco under the action of sun, wind, and rain, hail and snow, the dirt from city streets, and the soot from nearby chimneys.

GENERAL

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DUCO – *a product of* THE OPEN MIND

TO finish a high grade automobile body used to require thirty days. The whole process of production was held up in the paint shop, increasing the cost of cars to the purchaser; and the paint finish, when completed, was easily scratched and subject to rapid deterioration by the elements.

Experts in the DuPont Company had been working long to produce a quicker drying finish of more durable beauty and longer wear.

In the manufacture of toys a finish was being sprayed onto the product, but it dried too fast for use on the large body of an automobile. Research work by paint manufacturers had shown the impossibility of achieving any decided advance through the improvement or modification of paint.

In cooperation the DuPont and General Motors engineers, after thousands of trials and failures, finally produced Duco. Oakland, a General Motors car, was the first to adopt it.

Today Duco has become an asset not merely to General Motors, but to the better grades of cars throughout the industry. The advantage to car buyers—in manufacturing savings, which can be put back into the car in increased quality, and in the more attractive and durable finish of the cars—amounts to millions of dollars a year.

The story of Duco is a striking example of what scientists can achieve when they work together with large resources—and with an open mind.

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"A car for every purse and purpose"

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PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
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All with Body by Fisher

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MOTORS

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"*The* Killing *of Jim Mann*"

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE oratorical clash between Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic leader of the Senate, and Senator Tom Heflin started reports in Washington that a physical encounter between the two was imminent. Senator Robinson is a man of physical courage and quick temper who has been known to use his fists effectively on occasions which seemed to him to warrant it. And Heflin is renowned for having shot at a "sassy" Negro on a street car, furrowing his cranium and wounding a bystander in the leg.

So some of the Democratic colleagues of the two occupied themselves with seeing to it that there should be no encounter between them at the Democratic caucus, called for the morning after.

Nothing dire happened. Heflin overslept and did not appear. He was content with putting it in the Record that 5,000 or so letter writers approved of him. The Democratic party officially washed its hands of him and left it to Alabama to finish the job three years hence.

The incident recalls what is known in local annals as "the killing of Jim Mann." This occurred when Tom Heflin was a member of the House. Jim Mann, the Republican leader, was an able but rather intolerant man, given on occasion to bitter speech. He made an attack upon Heflin which was the sensation of that day. It was personal and savage.

Heflin was then fresh from his encounter with the Negro. Congress was full of romantic Southerners who knew perfectly well what a Southern gentleman would do when subjected to such a tongue-thrashing as Jim Mann had administered. So the whisper ran around that a physical encounter was imminent, reminiscent of the days when members of House and Senate used to adjourn their debates to the Bladensburg road and poke pistols at each other's breasts.

Senator Ollie James, big and romantic, from the Dark and Bloody Ground of Kentucky, early in the evening following the passage at words in the House, called up Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty and said in an agitated voice: "Joe, I'm afraid there's going to be bloodshed. I've done what I could to prevent it. You're a friend of Tom's, and if you know Jim Mann come and help me keep these two men apart."

Mr. Tumulty thought the reports greatly exaggerated. However, he went over to the Willard Hotel, where, making the usual rounds, the two enemies were likely to meet. He sat down with Ollie James, awaiting the course of events. A few minutes later in came Jim Mann. He went to the cigar counter in the lobby and leaned over it, buying a smoke and chatting with the clerk.

"It's brave!" said Ollie, in a choking voice. "I warned him not to come here. My God, it's brave!" At that moment in walked Tom Heflin. He never even noticed the advantageously placed back of Jim Mann, but, coming directly to the two spectators, said, "Hello, Ollie! Hello, Joe! I've been looking for you. Say, I want to tell you a story."

A Sign from the South

"MY GOD, it's brave!"—Ollie James' exclamation was pretty nearly the exclamation of Washington when Senator Robinson spoke his mind. Heflin's castigation had waited a long time for two reasons: Nobody in the Senate likes to tackle Heflin. He stops at nothing.

Then too there were few senators in a position to answer him. No Catholic senator could answer him effectively, neither could any senator close politically to Governor Al Smith. And it was not any Republican funeral. Only a Southern senator opposed to Al Smith's nomination would be effective, and then only one capable of giving and receiving hard knocks. And the Southern senators had shrunk from saying what might be construed as being sympathetic to Al.

No senator in a long time has lifted himself so much in the general esteem as Mr. Robinson did by his rebuke of Heflin. There had been a disposition among critics of affairs here to sniff at Mr. Robinson. Every floor leader of the Upper House is slightly ridiculous because no one can lead the miscellaneous hosts that call themselves either Republican or Democratic. And Senator Robinson, powerful physically and having a mighty voice, is a little heavy-handed for the business of leading a party that for the most part is not easily distinguished from its rival.

To him the maintaining of Jeffersonism seems no light matter, and to cynical Washington, observing the numbers of kinds of Jeffersonians there are and how hard it is to tell some of them from the Hamiltonians, it seems slightly grotesque. But what he lacks in ease he makes up for in sincerity and courage. He rose to the one great occasion in Democratic party history in recent years, at what seemed some risk. His speech was a sign that the South is turning to Governor Smith, and it has contributed toward that inclination.

The Nickel Shocker

Continued from page 28

been folded that Charlie might be more comfortable while waiting.

More than twenty oxen and a hundred hogs had been barbecued that the throng might not suffer from hunger. It was observed that Charlie ate with high relish.

Eventually Charlie was fetched up the steps, and the office seekers respectfully withdrew, but not until each had shaken his hand and expressed profound sympathy.

"It is your turn now," said the sheriff. "Have you a speech to make?"

"I have," said Charlie, "and it will take a deal of time."

"Speak up," said the sheriff. "A man has a right to a last word."

"Aye, speak up, Charlie, me boy," yelled the crowd.

And Charlie spoke for more than half an hour, concluding with a complete confession of his crime and a fervently uttered hope that the young people present would profit by the example he was about to set.

"Now that's a brave lad for you," cried one of Charlie's brothers.

"It is that," agreed the father. "And it was no justice he got in the court."

Three Cheers for the Queen!

APPARENTLY Charlie had not thought of that, but he hastily made up for it by agreeing in a loud voice that it was no justice that he got.

"Charlie," said the hangman, fluffing the black bag and nudging the condemned, "it may be as you say, but it's a late day to be saying it. So come on now, because we've not all day to be standing here, with many of the people having a long distance to go home."

This appealed to Charlie to be reasonable, so he swelled his chest and roared:

"Three cheers for her gracious Majesty the Queen!"

They were given with great violence.

"And three cheers for Mr. Daniel O'Connell!" bellowed Charlie.

The ground rocked. (I quote the Gazette's account.)

"And three cheers for the Emerald Isle!" screamed Charlie.

"In the ensuing pandemonium, which lasted for more than a quarter of an hour," said the National Police Gazette, "Charlie Coghlin was effectively hanged. The affair bore the result of increasing the population of Guelph by several hundred because a large number of the visitors who had come to behold remained to become residents of the sprightly town."

One day in the winter of 1846 Wilkes was informed by one of his numerous volunteer tipsters that a man "of more than ordinary address" had been drunk in a house in Walker Street for two or three days. There was nothing particularly startling in this intelligence, and Mr. Wilkes explains that, after all, while such a situation was to be deplored, it was really none of his business.

But it so happened that at the same time the friends and relatives of John B. Gough, the temperance advocate, had advertised that Mr. Gough was missing and that they feared that he had been murdered by his foes, the saloon keepers.

Now, Mr. Wilkes bore Mr. Gough no love at all since the night when they had met and Mr. Gough insisted upon praying for him. Mr. Wilkes resented being prayed for, and Mr. Gough retorted that it made no difference what Mr. Wilkes desired, he was going to be prayed for.

"Pray for yourself," shouted Mr. Wilkes. "You've been a drunkard most of your life, and I've never taken a drink. Also you've been in jail more than I have."

Mr. Wilkes and his faithful reporter, Mr. Frost, put on their tall hats and greatcoats and walked around to Walker Street.

"After mounting two flights of stairs in a rickety rear building," wrote Mr. Wilkes in the issue of the following week, "we followed the first passage that offered, to a back bedroom, and there found him, the mere shadow of a man, pacing the floor with tottering and uncertain steps.

"He was as pale as ashes; his eyes glared with a preternatural luster, his limbs trembled and his fitful and wandering stare evinced that his mind was as much shattered as his body. Beside him stood two terror-stricken wretches in the shape of women, and on the table of this den of infamy sat the curse of the inebriate. The pompous horror had dissolved from its huge proportions and had shrunk into a very vulgar and revolting commonplace.

"In fine, the man was drunk!"

And so on for columns. For a few days the daily newspapers avoided the sensation, but eventually they were compelled to take it up when Gough, goaded to desperation, confessed that it was all true, but added that he had been drugged. Further egged on to defend himself, the temperance advocate made a stammering threat to sue the National Police Gazette for libel.

"Mr. John B. Gough," wrote Mr. Wilkes, "threatens us. So be it. He has fetched upon his own head this new calamity. We give him one month to file his case in the courts. If he does not do so in that time, we shall speak again."

A month elapsed, and Mr. Gough had failed to file suit.

"We shall be fair, even to Mr. Gough," said the Gazette. "We generously extend the time for filing the suit another week. Hurry, Mr. Gough!"

But Mr. Gough was still reluctant, and Mr. Wilkes spoke.

"Mr. John B. Gough," he wrote, "ignores our generosity. He has not filed his case against us, if, indeed, it may be a case. Therefore we take action. We have today instructed our lawyer, Mr. Enoch E. Camp, to file suit against Mr. Gough for slander. He has nominated us as a liar. We wish to be rid of the imputation. Unless Mr. Gough waits upon us and apologizes, we shall proceed with our suit."

Mr. Gough did not quite apologize, but he was sufficiently humble to suit Mr. Wilkes, whereupon the National Police Gazette dropped him except for occasional references to Goughiana and Goughing.

This spirited foray into the very heart of the temperance movement fetched upon the Police Gazette the accusation of being the organ of the underworld, but Wilkes replied to this with a series of crusades against the bagnio, the river pirates, the divers or street bandits, the resurrectionists or grave robbers, the knucks or pickpockets and the immigrant shavers. He published a dozen scalding articles demanding that the city abolish all alleys, particularly Murder Alley, Dutch Mary Alley, Blood Alley and Midnight Alley.

"Our city," wrote he, "festers with rapes and seductions, almost all of which occur in alleys. Therefore abolish the alleys and safeguard our womanhood."

Wrath Abounds!

THE Gazette's terrific attacks so enraged the pirates, the thieves, the resurrectionists and other tough elements that the cellar wherefrom the weekly was issued was almost constantly in a state of siege.

But rioting did not take a serious form until one night in 1850, when the wrath of the united criminal underworld was brought to a head by an item published on the third page and which, of itself, was quite innocuous.

"Thirty dollars reward is offered by the mayor of Baltimore for information of the murderers of Jason Johnson," it read. "This must be a political gesture or else a distortion of fact. The reward should go to those public benefactors who removed Jason Johnson."

(*Continued on page 40*)

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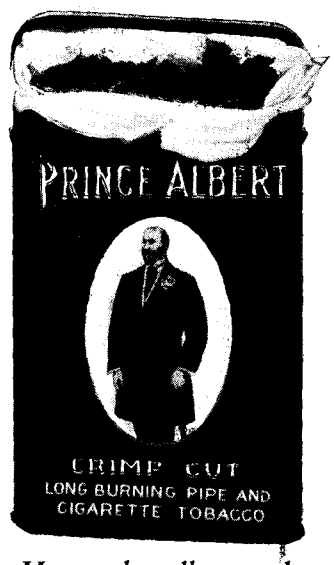
P. A. hits me right where I live

COME to think of it, I've been smoking Prince Albert for so many years, I couldn't say just *when* I started. P. A. is as much a part of my day as a good breakfast. I'd as lief go without one as the other. Open a tidy red tin and you'll know how I get that way.

Fragrant, I hope to tell you. Then you chute a load into your old pipe and apply the match. Cool as a landlord demanding the rent. Sweet as the proof that you've already paid. Mellow and mild and long-burning . . . it seems like you never *could* get enough of such tobacco.

No wonder this friendly brand outsells every other on the market. No wonder one pipe-smoker tells another about the National Joy Smoke. If you don't know Prince Albert by personal pipe-experience, it's high time you got together. Millions of contented pipe-smokers will say the same thing.



More value all around —TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

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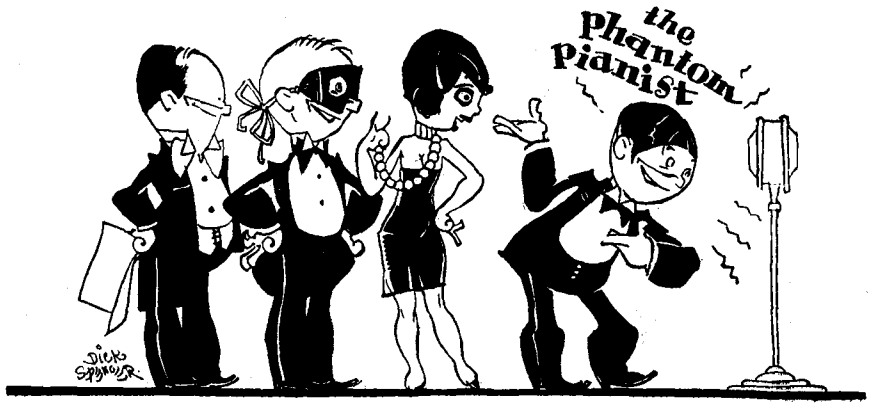


The Aureate Songster

By JACK BINNS

"THE Baritone with the Golden Voice will now sing. . . . " That announcement over the air is but an example of the fact that one of the most successful tricks in the art of showmanship is a mantle of mystery cast around the personality of a performer. It invariably arouses curiosity and then interest proportionate to the ability of the artist. That is why we have had Silver-Masked Tenors, Phantom Pianists and other unnamed stars who have won a place in the ethereal Hall of Acclaim.

The Golden-Voiced Baritone is a Blue Network star who is one of the band of pioneers laying the foundation for a permanent broadcasting technique distinct from that of older forms of musical entertainment. In fact he is quite an old-timer as time goes in radio.

He first sang to radio fans in the dim and distant past of broadcasting when WJZ was struggling along on the roof of an industrial plant at Newark, N. J. A little later he became one of the first regular radio artists by joining the original Eveready group. A couple of years ago he cast his lot definitely with radio by signing an exclusive contract, and thereby became a member of the National Grand Opera Quartette.

In private life this baritone with the golden voice is known as Theodore Webb—but after all what is a name when a fine voice is lulling to contentment the vagrant thoughts that would otherwise obsess a listening mind?

Martial Midgets

IT SEEMS quite possible that in the very near future a great deal of man's work will be done for him by vast armies of invisible particles waging a war upon one another.

A young German scientist has developed a three-element tube in which positive ions move steadily but irresistibly through the phalanxes of electrons and by their conflict cause the tube to deliver more work in the form of greater amplification. That is the actual result, yet there is no eye known to science through which we can see these mighty mites warring upon one another.

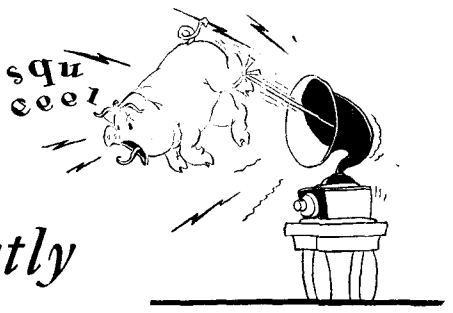
Eric Says It Isn't Bull

ERIC PALMER, who runs a most engaging column in the Brooklyn Times, declares that with the aid of Kenneth Lindsay Allardyce Arnott, one of his Scottish pals, he has discovered the radio Eden. This ethereal Garden of Receptive Delight is located on the British Riviera where the waters of the Atlantic lave the Cornish Coast. At this charming spot it is possible to pick out of the air the entertainment of four continents, while but a scant fifteen miles away the natives wear out their ears listening for ethereal waves that never come. The enchanting paradise for radio fans is Buh in Cornwall.

Somehow the name of that town doesn't look just right, and I can't help wondering whether or not it was the victim of a compositor's whim or just a plain typographical error.

The Modern Horror

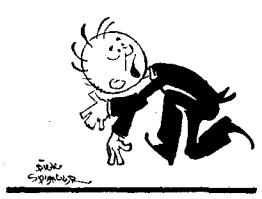
THE greatest horror in history was the Black Hole of Calcutta, where the Nawab Surajah Dowlah jammed 146 people into a small guardroom. Now comes the attempt of the Federal Radio Commission to force six hundred broadcast stations into space for no more than one hundred. Twenty millions are beginning to feel the pressure and they'll soon be yelling blue murder.



Done Too Neatly

SOME little time ago I was asked by a friend to take a look at his radio set, which had acquired the most pernicious habit of squealing since he had moved it from one part of the room to another. A quick examination revealed the cause.

In shifting it to the new position my friend had very carefully brought the antenna wire around the back of the cabinet in order to keep it out of the way and make a neat-looking job. The cause of his trouble lay right there. The aërial was very effectively coupling the different coils together and causing the set to squeal. By the simple process of bringing the antenna direct to the set and clearly away from the back of the cabinet the trouble was eliminated and the set worked properly once more.



The Nickel Shocker

Continued from page 33

Friends of Mr. Johnson resented this and came from some distance to force the editors of the Police Gazette to eat their words. Four of them entered the cellar where the editors held forth, and two left under their own power, but with sundry dents in their anatomies. The others were carried out with bashed-in skulls.

The Panic All But Stopped It

THAT started it! Led by Boss Harrington of the Washington Market Gang, about fifty mobsmen, including such celebrities as Nobby McChester, Country McCloskey, Deaf Martin, Stewart Sharpless of Albany and three celebrated Amazons (Lizzie the Poor Beauty, Donkey Dora Cole and a particularly ferocious female who was respectfully called Mrs. Annie Speight), literally flattened the place.

Sergeant Belcher, Editor Wilkes and Reporter Frost were sent to the hospital, where the latter died. There was a brief pause in the progress of the National Police Gazette, and the records are contradictory, but it is clear that five of the attackers were killed in the street fighting which followed the demolishing of the Gazette's plant.

The panic of 1857 all but stopped the National Police Gazette while Wilkes was exposing the Dead Rabbit Riots as politically inspired to divert the public's attention from municipal frauds.

The sheriff descended upon him for debt, and he surrendered the Gazette to George W. Matsell, one time chief of police for New York City, who was a dull and uninspired man under whom the Police Gazette lost character, prestige and circulation.

Mr. Matsell disposed of the bedeviled journal in 1872 to two engravers to whom he was in debt and who installed an Englishman, Herbert R. Mooney, as editor. But Mr. Mooney could not stop the decay. In 1877 it seemed inevitable that the Police Gazette should expire.

And along came a debonair, electric young Irishman, Richard Kyle Fox!

Magically the National Police Gazette arose from its own ashes. With a sixteen-page roar it swept America with pictorial and written sensation. All pretense of crusading was abandoned. Mr. Fox aimed to please, and he did so.

For more than thirty years thereafter the National Police Gazette was the arbiter of the masses in sports and the gay life. Mr. Fox was a business man. He died worth two million dollars. And he took the Police Gazette over when he was as poor as George Wilkes.

Another article by Walter Davenport about the Police Gazette will appear in an early issue

Blood Money

Continued from page 24

you haven't had much use for me, Olive—I know that. But right now you're all upset—the show closing, and everything. There's lots of new productions, Olive. You oughtn't to have much difficulty—"

"Think so? Well, maybe you'll get a surprise about that. Maybe I'll do something else."

He looked at her. "I guess I know what you mean," he said very quietly. "And believe me, dear, I—I won't stand in your way if you want to ditch me. He's rich and—and—"

He stopped, fidgeted a moment, then took the fifty dollars out of his pocket. From it he peeled a five-dollar bill, then laid the rest on the table.

She didn't speak.

"I'm leaving you a little money. It's fifty dollars, all but five. I need that to see me to Chicago."

Olive looked up. The money on the table riveted her attention.

"Fifty dollars?"

"Yes, Olive. I heard that Broadway Jane was closing—so I didn't want you to be broke with me out in Chicago. It'll help tide you over till you get into a new show."

"Where'd you get all this money?" she asked.

"That's all right. I earned it. Don't worry about that. I earned it. You ask Harry Stevens about it if ever you see him. Maybe he'll tell you. Good-by, Olive. I won't ever bother you any more—unless—unless you want me for something. Don't forget. General Delivery, Chicago, will reach me."

She said nothing. She didn't believe he was going. Even when the door closed she didn't turn her head. She heard his footsteps descending the stone stairs. All right—let him go. He'd be back in an hour or so, anyway. Well, it wouldn't make any difference. She was through. She had made up her mind about that. She'd leave him—run away—enjoy life while she was still young—

Charlie Welland stopped at a lunch-counter. He ate a good meal, bought some sandwiches, then lit out for the freight yards. Back in the two-by-four apartment the hands of the cheap clock on the dresser pointed to 1:30 A. M. Olive was standing by the table, looking down at something. At length she turned and walked swiftly to the door. There she hesitated and stared fixedly at an old overcoat hanging from a nail. Suddenly she grasped it in her fingers, and with a convulsive sob buried her face in its folds.

So it goes.

Twelve hours after the final curtain had descended on Broadway Jane, Olive was studying herself in the tilted mirror of her lopsided and wormy bureau. A full and complete effect was denied her. First she sat down, then she stood up; then she got on a chair to view the reflected high heels, the slim and graceful ankles. The conclusion was that the new dress, the new hat, the new shoes and the new silk stockings became her exceedingly well.

At a quarter of one she had an appointment at the Waldorf. Olive's heart palpitated a little as she noted the nearness of that hour. What would it result in? Last night he had seemed to take everything for granted. She was a bit afraid of him. Not that he had ever annoyed her. Lorne McAllister wasn't that sort. But somehow—when he got talking and started telling her things about what he could do for her and where they'd go and all that—she felt weak, unable to decide, and—afraid of herself.

The girls had told her not to be silly. It wasn't every day that a Lorne McAllister came along. "Don't be a nut, Olive! You get outa it—while you can. Them looks you got ain't gonna last forever. If Santa Claus brings you an apartment on Riverside Drive with a grand piano in it and all the fixin's—just you grab it and hold on for dear life. Wring every nickel outa the guy—and you'll be a lady. Stay in the show business and ten years from now you'll be peddling peanuts down at the Battery. Believe me, kid—I'm telling you something." (*Continued on page 42*)

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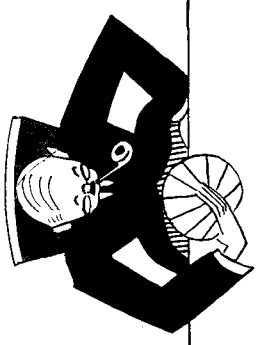
How would you play it?

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

No. 18



North

♠ 9-6-4 ♢ A-Q-J-10-8-7-4-2
♡ 10-2 ♣ None

West

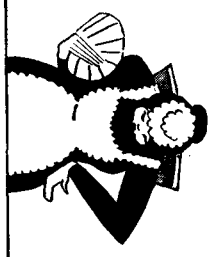
♠ 7
♡ A-K-Q-J-8-6-5
♢ 9-5-3
♣ 7-4

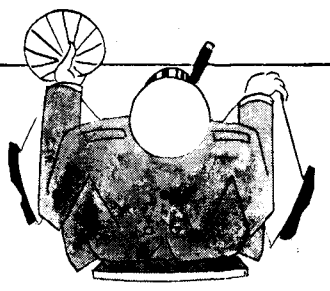
East

♠ A-K-10-2
♡ 9-7
♢ K-6
♣ A-10-9-5-2

South

♠ Q-J-8-5-3 ♢ None
♡ 4-3 ♣ K-Q-J-8-6-3





THESE hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, February 28th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

The Auction

THERE were two close decisions to be made in the auction of the above hand. The first was allotted to the Dealer when he made his first declaration; whether he should pass or, as he did, bid one Club. The second open question was whether West should bid three Hearts or one.

Five-card K-Q-J suits are bid with a King as a side strength, and a Q-J is generally regarded as about the equivalent of a King, and the Club suit is a six-carder. The fact that a suit contains six cards instead of five is not in itself a sufficient reason to justify bidding it, but as the hand is a two-suiter there is so much to be said in favor of the Club bid with this hand that it seems to have the better of the argument over the pass.

West's choice was between a bid of one Heart and three Hearts. The hand would have justified a preëmptive bid of three as an initial declaration, but after an adverse bid preëmption is not so important, nor is it as apt to be successful. However, in this case West bid three because the extreme weakness in Spades and the four top honors in Hearts justified an attempt, which, however, did not accomplish its purpose.

North, with his extraordinary Diamond suit and facing a partner strong enough to bid, called four Diamonds.

East was too strong to think of passing. And with a three-bid made by West when a one-bid would have overcalled South, it would have been bad teamwork for her to make any declaration other than a raise of her partner's suit.

The Play

WITH West, the Declarer, playing a contract of four Hearts, North was somewhat put to it for a lead. With two worthless trumps, a trump lead was not to be considered; and being without a card of his partner's suit, having a major tenace in his own suit and a partner who had declined to raise it, and having a worthless trebleton in the remaining suit, he had quite a problem placed before him. When deciding between the tenace of his own suit and the worthless trebleton, he was guessing; but leading the Ace would at least give him a look at the Dummy before determining whether to continue; it might show that he could give his partner a ruff, or it might make a shift to Spades advisable. North accordingly selected as his initial lead the Ace of Diamonds.

The exposure of East's Dummy furnished South with important information. South could see in his own hand and Dummy every Spade and Club honor and a total of nine Spades and eleven Clubs. West's high bid in Hearts and North's in Diamonds (both hands being weak in the black suits) indicated terrific Heart strength with West and Diamond strength with North; the corollary being, weak Diamonds and Hearts with West and North respectively. To have bid three Hearts on nothing but Hearts, West must have a tremendous Heart suit, which, coupled with Dummy's exposed strength, made it look like an easy game for East and West.

In seeking for a loophole of escape, South made the following deductions respecting his partner's hand: (*a*) long Diamonds including all the honors except the King (in Dummy); (*b*) no Clubs or he would have led a Club in response to South's bid so that South could lead toward his (North's) Diamond tenace.

Apparently North could cash his Ace of Diamonds and South could ruff Dummy's King on the second round without being overruffed by West, as West probably had two Diamonds; then a Club lead to trick 3 would permit North to ruff. In that way three tricks would be gathered, but how could any more be accumulated? If West had eight or nine trumps (a possibility) saving game was impossible. South's scheme, which unquestionably was sound, was to trump his partner's Ace of Diamonds on trick 1, and then to lead a Club, staking all his hopes on the assumption that North had no Clubs and two trumps (the former practically sure; the latter probable). Played this way, North would trump trick 2, lead a second Diamond to trick 3 for South to trump; then South would lead a second Club to trick 4 for North to trump.

Had South permitted the Ace of Diamonds to win and trumped Dummy's King, he could then have led a Club which North could have trumped; but that procedure would have permitted Declarer to take the remaining ten tricks and go game, as he could have ruffed his losing Diamond in Dummy or discarded it on one of Dummy's winning Spades.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, March 6th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

Blood Money

Continued from page 40

There was a knock at the door. Olive, standing on the chair in front of the mirror, turned pale and almost fell. Regaining the floor, she pressed herself against the bureau in an attitude of defiance. *He* had returned. He had come back—just as she knew he would. All right. He might as well know it now as later. She'd tell him. Tell him straight.

"Come."

The man who peeped in was Harry Stevens; a song and dance man; another of Ryan and Co.'s cast-offs.

"Hello, Olive," he breezed; "how's tricks? Say! you're looking like a million dollars. Where'd you get the new scenery? Where's Charlie?"

"How should I know where he is?"

"Well, now—you don't need to get sore about it. Just tell him I called, will you? Tell him I'd have been round on Friday—only I couldn't make it. Say! how'd he feel when he come out of the hospital? Kind of weak, wasn't he?"

"What hospital?"

"Hey," said Harry Stevens, "what's wrong with you? Got a hangover, or something? I'm talking about Thursday night. No guy can afford to give a pint of blood away without suffering—even if they do pay him fifty bucks. That's what I'm talking about."

"Did Charlie—" She was grasping the edge of the door. "Did he— You say he sold a pint of his blood—for fifty dollars?"

"Well, I guess you wouldn't have got them swell duds if—" He leaned forward. "Listen, Olive!" he said. "Didn't you know about it? Mean to say that Charlie didn't tell you? Gee! I guess I've made a break, haven't I? Gee, Olive, I'm awful sorry. Why, I thought sure he'd have told you about it—"

She closed the door on him. For a while she leaned against it, trying with numbed fingers to turn the safety latch. Finally it clicked into place. That done, she staggered into the tiny bedroom and pitched on the soiled covers of a crumpled, unmade bed. There she stayed for hours.

Lorne McAllister never knew why Olive didn't keep her appointment; and not having her address he never saw her again. He sailed for Cherbourg the following Tuesday; sailed rather hurriedly to avoid a real-estate scandal. The stateroom he had painstakingly engaged for a young lady whom he had planned to take with him was empty.

FIVE months later, the New York musical-comedy season opened with Ask Me Again. Olive Kahler was one of twenty girls selected out of two hundred applicants for the chorus.

The day after the opening the box office began selling seats eight weeks in advance. Olive, however, stayed with the show only a week. A director named George Budd happened to see her, liked her looks, and offered her a small part in Racetrack Molly. Racetrack Molly opened in Long Branch, came into town, and lasted exactly ten days.

That was time in plenty for Olive to register. From then on she never earned less than fifty a week when she was working. Thereafter her problems consisted of picking a production liable to stay on the boards and finding a room where a director named George Budd—a gentleman used to getting his own way—could not trace her.

"Now take Olive Kahler, for instance. There's a kid that's getting all sorts a chances—if she'd only play her cards right. George Budd wanted her in his new show, but she preferred to go out to Chicago with that revue. Can you beat that for dumbness? Why, she was back here in three weeks—looking for something new."

"What does George Budd see in her, anyway?"

"Married, ain't she? I thought I heard something—"

"Naw, he left her. They say he's behind bars. Maybe she drove him nutty. . . ."

Charlie Welland wasn't behind bars. He was behind the green curtains of a Pullman coach that was bringing him East again. Fate may have played a hand in his never having reached Chicago. When he left New York, over a year ago, he got within a hundred miles of his destination. Then a brakeman threw him off the milk special he was riding. The resulting leg injury ended his vaudeville dreams forever.

Perhaps it was just as well. Compelled to depend on his brain rather than on his feet, Charlie Welland took a part-time job in a lumber yard. At the end of a year it was paying him four hundred a month. On his first vacation they gave him a bonus and promised him an increase in salary when he returned.

NOBODY welcomed him back to New York. The theatrical season was over. Most of his friends had drifted out of sight. None the less, his ten days' vacation passed all too rapidly. He found out that Olive had done well for herself—without the aid of a man called McAllister.

As time grew short he searched more frantically.

On the afternoon of his last day in town—with his limp a little more noticeable from ceaseless tramping about the city—he went up the steps of a rooming-house on West Seventy-fourth Street and rang the bell. A sour-visaged landlady opened the door.

"I'd like to speak to Miss Kahler for a moment."

The woman eyed him suspiciously.

"What's the name?"

He swallowed. His throat was dry. He was very nervous.

"Just say it's—it's Bud."

The woman turned and went up the stairs. In no time at all she was down again.

"She says she don't wish to talk to you."

He remained very still; stricken by the news.

"Very well," he said softly, "I'll go. I'm sorry, ma'am. I'd have given anything to see her again—just to—just to tell her how well I've done out West. You see, I've been looking for her these last ten days. Ever since I've been here. You see, I came all the way East—just to see her, ma'am."

"She says you've *been* annoying her."

Charles Welland bowed his head.

"There must be some mistake, ma'am," he said very quietly. "I haven't seen her in over a year. You see, ma'am—she's my wife. I went out West over a year ago—and we haven't seen each other since then. Won't you please tell her it's—it's Bud? I'll only keep her a minute. I want to tell her about the success I've made. I've got to return West in a few hours—and I'd give anything in the world just to see her, ma'am. Won't you please ask her again? Tell her it's Bud."

"Well now—just you wait. Maybe there's some mistake."

The landlady went up the stairs again. There was a silence—and then the sound of startled feet broke it. A girl came running down the stairs. She was partly hysterical. Laughing and crying, she threw herself into Charlie Welland's arms.

"Oh, God!—oh, God! I wrote and wrote to you. I never got a reply. Oh, God! and I thought sure you were dead. I've tried every way I could think of to find you. I went out to Chicago just to— All this time I've been thinking only of you, Bud—only of you—and what you did for me a year ago. I was scared you were somebody else. That's why I didn't come down. Oh, dear God! Just to feel you near me again. Hold me, Bud! Hold me close—and never—never—never let go of me—"

Suddenly, she went limp in his arms.

Charlie Welland began to shout.

"Ma'am! Quick! Get some water! She's—she's fainted!"

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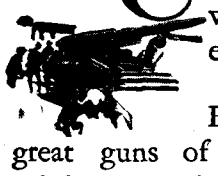
The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security

PROTECTION

COLLECTIVELY our interests are protected by the finest and bravest groups of men in the world . . . and with the last word in defensive equipment. But individually?



For our collective protection great guns of the Coast Defense thunder mighty practice salvos to the rising and setting sun. Wherever trouble even hints its presence Devil Dogs take pride in landing first. Navy . . . Army . . . Militia . . . State Troopers . . . Police — fearless, unflinching, ever alert and ready. Collective protection that could be surpassed only with great numbers. But individually?

1. *The revolver has a place in the hands of the law-abiding public.*
2. *A thug would rather attack an unarmed pedestrian, motorist or householder than an armed one.*
3. *To prohibit the manufacture and sale of revolvers in order to prevent crime would be equivalent to prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles to put an end to automobile accidents.*
4. *The use of a revolver or any form of concealed weapon in committing a crime should demand an increased sentence, with no possibility of probation or suspended sentence.*
5. *A swift, sure punishment for crime is the only proper means for reducing crime.*
6. *The 2nd Amendment to the Constitution of the United States means just what it says: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."*

That is why we are proud of the high traditions of public service that have been handed down from generation to generation in this Company. In times of national danger it has enabled us to do our part in protecting the Nation as a whole, and in times of peace it has enabled us to assist the individual in protecting himself.

Your individual possessions—you've toiled for them individually. One of the greatest arguments in the world for the possession of the means of protecting them individually is the fact that possession alone is usually sufficient. Today's thieves and scoundrels are fiendishly clever and usually know, and avoid, the man who is known to be armed.

With the 32 and 38 calibre Smith & Wesson Safety Revolvers accidental discharge by adult or child is absolutely impossible. The S & W Safety is a dependable desk drawer ally to peace of mind. Why not consult your nearest reliable dealer now instead of "waiting"?

Our Descriptive Booklet C-6 will interest you — Sent free upon request

SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

THE · REVOLVER MANUFACTURER

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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 34

thinks he's got the girl hypnotized, and Calhoun has boosted him with her father. Then, the Candaces come back from Europe, and Runyon finds out that Miss Candace has another beau and that she's going to marry this other beau."

"Well, where on earth did he learn that?" I inquired.

"From old man Candace," was Morgan's surprising reply.

I stared at him. "That is the silliest, craziest statement you ever made, Morgan," I said.

"Don't get excited," he replied. "It isn't my statement; I'm only repeating what I've been told."

"Who told you?" I demanded.

"Nobody you know but I assure you that Runyon knows he said it."

"But I barely know them. Candace certainly never made any such remark as that."

"I'm not going to argue it with you," grinned Morgan. "Take it or leave it."

OF ALL the strange things that had happened to me in the past twenty-four hours, this seemed the most incredible. Yet, somehow, despite my denials, I believed what Morgan said. Sometimes, against all the evidence of our common sense, we know that the incredible is true.

And if it was true that Candace had said that I was to marry Vonny, then many things became clear. Anita's raillery on the night of the Candace party became reasonable. Candace's amazingly generous offer to take me into business became understandable.

Only, no matter what Candace may have said, he knew that it wasn't true. Then why had he said it? It was easy now to furnish an explanation for Anita's coupling my name and Vonny's; it was easy to understand why Runyon should entertain no high regard for me, but it wasn't easy to comprehend the motive that lay behind Candace's statement.

I suppose I have a normal amount of vanity, but my conceit does not lie in the direction of women. Apparently they neither like nor dislike me; they are indifferent. I knew better than to flatter myself that Vonny Candace had acquired a passion for me. She had not told her father that she loved me and caused him to assume that our marriage would be arranged.

Nor, despite the fact that Candace evidently liked me well enough to want me in his business, did it follow that his interest in me extended to the point where he looked favorably upon me as a prospective son-in-law. At least, if he did consider me in that possible relation, he would certainly say something to me about it before he made such an announcement as had aroused Runyon's ire.

"I guess I'll leave it, Morgan," I said.

"Fifty million is a load of dough to leave on the table when all you have to do is stick it in the oven and let it bake," he said. "Besides, from what I hear, the little Candace gal is pretty enough to grab off any man she wants without using Papa's bank roll as bait. Counting grocery stores is a whole lot better than counting poker chips."

"Let's not talk about it," I said shortly.

"Now don't high-hat me, Al. I've got your number. You ain't a Runyon out to make your money like him. But, just the same, if her daddy is for you—"

"He isn't," I interrupted.

"Then why does he broadcast the news?" he asked.

"I don't know that he did. I know you think he did, but it's too ridiculous to discuss."

"It would stop this Runyon bird right in his corner," said Morgan.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, if you married the girl, that would dish all Runyon's hopes, and I'll say that these Broadway sharpshooters never go gunning for a dead bird. It's an easy way out of trouble, Al."

"Morgan," I said, "I owe you a lot. I can't imagine, after what you've done tonight, my quarreling with you."

He held up a deprecatory hand.

"Sorry, Al; I won't mention the little gal's name again. Only, if you won't take that way out of trouble, what way are you going to take? For, get it in your head, Al, that this town won't hold you and Runyon at the same time."

"Then it's up to me to chase Runyon out," I said.

"Got any ideas on the subject?" he asked sardonically.

"Not yet," I replied.

"You know that slugging him every time you see him won't get you anywhere. Next time his gang will start in on you first."

"I'll be waiting for them," I answered.

"And I'll be hanging around the neighborhood," he promised.

"You've done enough, Morgan. You'd better steer clear of me from now on."

"I've done so much that if I don't see it through I'm finished in this town," he said grimly. "Only—I can't figure our next move."

"Neither can I yet," I admitted. "But after we've slept on it, maybe things will be clearer."

"And that's not a bad idea," he said.

He insisted on escorting me to the Regent, and I'll admit that I was glad to accept his companionship. Murder, in the public highways of a city like New York, which boasts ten thousand policemen, would seem, if not an impossibility, at least an improbability. At least it would have seemed so a few years ago, but an age of violence has come upon the world, and I didn't need my own recent experiences to know that life is not sacred any longer.

But we arrived at the Regent without incident. I bade Mack Morgan good night and ascended peacefully in the elevator to my room. I locked my door, and, as an added precaution, bolted it. I smiled at my own caution. Then, as I remember the four men who had lined up with Runyon, I ceased to smile.

"I went to sleep unsmiling, and I woke up serious. I reviewed, over my coffee, every action and word of the last thirty-six hours or so. Morgan had told me that assaulting Runyon every time I saw him might not prove profitable. I was going to have it out with Runyon once again; that was an idea fixed so firmly in my mind that it could never be dislodged. But, aside from the gratification such an action would give me, Morgan was right.

But I couldn't wait idly for Runyon to take whatever measures against me that he might think advisable. It was up to me to make a move and make it quickly, and I thought of Jim Calhoun.

Behind Runyon, so Mack Morgan said, was the figure of Calhoun. Well, it would not be difficult to locate Calhoun. I didn't know what I would say to him when I met him, but I would let speech wait upon the event. And while I was arriving at this decision my telephone rang, and the clerk downstairs informed me that a gentleman named Mannering was calling.

It was hardly probable that a would-be murderer would announce himself brazenly, so I told the clerk to send him up. I knew no Mr. Mannering, but I looked forward interestedly to making his acquaintance.

But no hard-faced gunman introduced himself five minutes later. On the contrary, an alert, businesslike, well-dressed man, whose atmosphere suggested country clubs and yachts and polo, presented himself to me. He had that air of respectability combined with hardness that seems so dominant a characteristic in successful men.

I looked at the card he gave me. There were three names besides his own on it, and the address was on Broad Street. Mannering, Braintree, Smith & Tennant, attorneys at law, was the firm which had sent its senior member to call on me thus early in the day. I had heard of the firm, knew that they were leading exponents of that modern practice of the law which is more than half high finance.

"SORRY to disturb you so early," Mannering said.

I made no answer. I didn't know what he was here for and decided to let him make the first move.

"I represent Mr. Randolph Bleakie, Mr. Gorham," he announced.

I nodded politely.

"Mr. Bleakie has given our firm an account to collect," he went on.

I tried to don an expression of polite surprise.

"From me?" I asked.

"From you," said Mannering. "A matter of sixteen thousand dollars."

"Mr. Bleakie says that I owe him that sum?" I inquired.

"He does," asserted Mannering.

I smiled. "And of course your firm would not undertake collection of the amount unless your client had shown you proof of the justice of his claim?"

He had the grace to color slightly at my tone.

"We are Mr. Bleakie's financial advisers as well as his attorneys," he told me. His voice took on an edge. "The check which Mr. Bleakie gave to you last spring came to us from the bank. The amount seemed rather large, and we asked our client about it."

"And you found that he lost it in a game of chemin de fer to me," I said brusquely.

"Exactly," he said.

"Perhaps Mr. Bleakie mentioned to you the fact that he lost the money in France, which would tend to put the matter outside the jurisdiction of an American court, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"I'm not sure of that," he retorted. "At any rate, my client insists on suit being brought."

"On what grounds?" I demanded.

"On the ground that the game was dishonest," he answered.

"I suppose that if I threw you out of here you'd call the police," I said.

"I'd have a warrant for your arrest in thirty minutes," he said. "Always provided"—and his smile was wintry—"that you succeeded in throwing me out."

"Don't worry. I'd rather hear what you have to say. I'd like to know on what basis a firm of supposedly reputable lawyers can bring a suit to recover money lost in France?"

"Mr. Bleakie paid you with a New York check. That check was deposited to your account in a New York bank. There is nothing on the check to indicate that the money ever went to France or was ever lost there. The transaction is, on the face of it, a matter for the courts of New York to adjudicate."

"Will Bleakie try to maintain that the game occurred in this country?" I asked.

"WHAT my client's testimony on the stand will be doesn't matter just now," he replied. "He maintains that you cheated. We have reason to believe that this is not the first time that you have won money dishonestly. A cousin of yours, Mr. Fred Gorham, is prepared to supply us with an affidavit relative to a card game in which you took part some five years ago."

"Extremely interesting," I said. "And if I don't settle on the spot a lot of nasty scandal will be brought into evidence?"

"You have expressed it more clearly than I could myself," he said.

"Oh, well, you probably haven't been taking on blackmail as a side line until recently," I told him. "You could hardly be expected to know all the technique. By and by, when you've done a lot of it, you'll be able to express yourself with perfect clarity."

His color was pronounced now. He didn't like his errand, and I began to wonder at the pressure that had been brought upon him to bring him here.

"Of course, Mr. Bleakie would rather hush the matter up, wouldn't he?" I jeered. "If I'd leave town right away, he'd probably not even bring suit, eh?"

"Mr. Bleakie," he stammered, "did say something to that effect."

"I rather thought he did," I sneered. "Now, Mr. Mannering, you tell your client to go ahead and sue. That will be about all."

He was hard, this Mannering, but hard in ways that were not extralegal. He left hurriedly, in an embarrassment such as he had not probably felt before in his life. And he left me still further convinced that arrayed against me were people whose power I had not yet begun to comprehend. If they could bend a firm like Mannering's to their will, then they were indeed important.

I felt pretty certain that my analysis of the legal status of Bleakie's claim was correct. Of course Bleakie had lost his money fairly and knew that it had been so lost. Were things a little different with me now, I would simply laugh off the threat of a lawsuit.

But Erica Loosich had welcomed me

(*Continued on page 46*)

Don't blame the news dealer

SOME of our readers write that they have been unable to buy Collier's on the news stands because the dealer's supply has been exhausted.

Of course, it is irritating to skip a chapter of Arthur Somers Roche's exciting story or to miss a part of Clarence Budington Kelland's gay novel, but please don't blame the news dealer. It isn't his fault.

Collier's now comes out on Friday—and the demand is so great that very often the news dealer is completely sold out by Monday or Tuesday.

In fact Collier's circulation is increasing so rapidly that we find it almost impossible to forecast the demand accurately. Statistics make dull reading so we confine ourselves to saying that Collier's now has more than 650,000 news stand circulation—a gain of 181,000 since last June—and we must revise our figures upward almost every week.

Therefore when you go to your news stand and find that Collier's is sold out, please write us, give us the name of your dealer and we shall endeavor to see that you get your copy.

THE EDITOR.

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When Business Checks
The Advertising Results

HIGH SPEED ADVERTISING must do its share in taking care of high speed production—or profits begin to sink. In these days of keen competition manufacturers demand a quick return on their advertising investments.

How do you check your advertising results?

One manufacturer of a three dollar article, who keeps a careful record of his advertising income, writes us as follows: "Our full page advertisement in the December 24th issue (of Collier's) was one of the most successful we have ever run . . . We have already received enough business—in less than three weeks—to cover all our costs. And as orders are still pouring in, the direct profit will be quite substantial."

Another advertiser tells us that a page in Collier's brought in $10,186.50 worth of cash orders on a $5.50 product in equally fast time.

This is one way to check advertising results—and it's a valuable one. But what of the manufacturers whose advertisements are not designed to pull enquiries or direct orders?

For them there is the most truthful and fundamental measurement of all—the test of editorial interest and response.

Applying this test to Collier's you find, for example, that in 17 weeks a single editorial feature brought in more than 201,000 letters from readers.

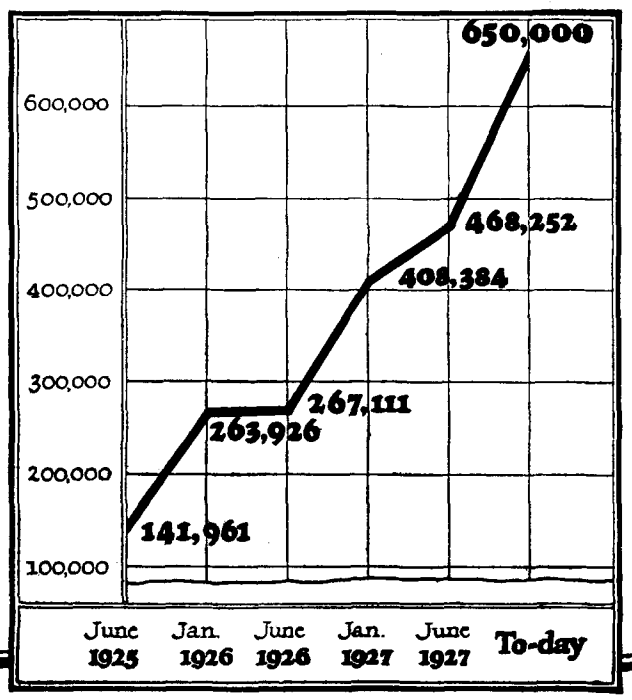
And that a recent Collier's article by Roger W. Babson struck such a responsive business chord that in six days manufacturers and advertising agents telegraphed and wrote for 103,359 reprints of it.

Such facts as these show the thoroughness and interest with which Collier's is read—and therefore they write a guarantee of quick and substantial return into every advertising investment in Collier's. Furthermore they have put a new phrase into sales conversation—"Use COLLIER'S for Action!"

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK

Today Collier's offers advertisers a total circulation of more than 1,600,000 with over 650,000 on the newsstands. Advertisers who ordered 1928 space—last year—are getting a circulation bonus of a quarter million to a half million families per issue.

Collier's Newsstand Growth



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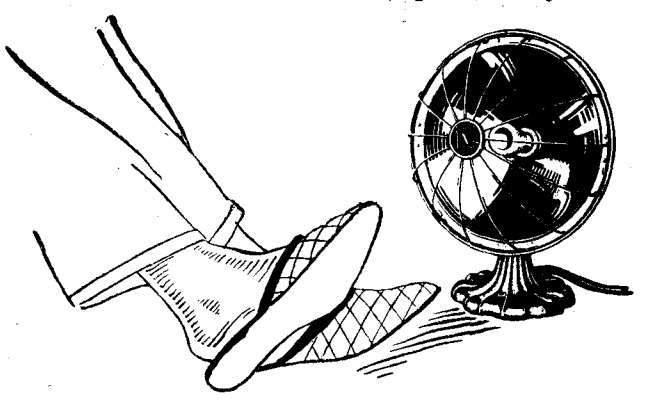
You can enjoy your electric heater an hour or two at the price of a lead pencil.



Isn't it worth a lead pencil?

IT IS remarkable that electricity buys so much for so little.

Remarkable, but by no means accidental.

Years of planned persistence alone could have wrested from materials and machinery that last full measure of economy that your power and light company has achieved.

No complaisant, intermittent struggle, this; but a steady, unceasing attack under fire of rising costs of materials and labor. Coal has gone up. Oil has gone up. *Electricity has not.*

The victory is yours. Your power plant engineers only planned it and won it for you. You may enjoy it.

Published in the interest of electrical development. No. 131

GraybaR

ELECTRIC COMPANY
SUCCESSOR TO SUPPLY DEPT.
· Western Electric ·

Executive Offices:
Graybar Building, Lexington Avenue and 43rd Street, New York

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 44

back most impressively to New York. I had half determined to stay here. Certainly I would not leave until the Runyon menace was abated. Pride would keep me in America until it could no longer be said that I had been frightened away. And, though I had no intention of accepting Candace's offer, it might be that, reinstated with those old friends who had so long ignored me, I would find some occupation in New York.

BUT if Bleakie brought a suit against me, no matter how ridiculous that suit was, the introduction of an affidavit by Fred Gorham would absolutely demolish my hopes of ever establishing myself in New York. The hint of crookedness on my part had been enough to ruin me five years ago. If that hint took on the dignity of a sworn declaration, my reputation would be utterly blasted. For I could not disprove my cousin's statement. True, he could not prove his charge, but the mere fact that he, my own cousin, made it under oath would be sufficient to damn me.

Well, I could at least ascertain his intention. I looked him up in the telephone book and called his office. A clerk told me that Mr. Gorham was not expected downtown today, but could be found at his home.

So I telephoned his house and asked for him. A moment later I heard the one voice in the world that could thrill me.

"This is Mrs. Gorham," said Anita.

"This is Allen," I told her. "I want to see Fred. Can I come up now?"

"Why, yes," she replied.

I hung up abruptly, angry at myself because her mere voice across a telephone wire had power to make my heart beat faster.

I had received Mannering in the pajamas and dressing gown which I had worn while I breakfasted, and now I dressed rapidly for the street. Within fifteen minutes I was ringing the bell of the Gorham house, and two minutes later Anita entered the room where I stood awaiting her husband.

"This is a welcome visit, although the hour is a bit unusual for a call," she greeted me.

"It's an unusual hour. Will Fred be down soon?" I asked.

She smiled mischievously at me.

"Fred isn't here. He went to Boston last night on some business."

"But you told me he was here," I expostulated.

Her eyes danced. Have I said that they were of deepest blue with glints in them that promised raillery and gayety?

"You sounded so earnest over the phone that I was afraid, if I told you Fred wasn't here, you wouldn't come. And I wanted to see you."

Then it happened, the thing that I had sworn five years ago would never happen, that I had told myself again two days ago must never happen. The softest arms in all the world were around me; the loveliest body in all the world was pressed to mine, and my lips touched the sweetest lips in all the world.

(*To be continued next week*)

And That's Hat

Continued from page 10

when framed by a brim that turns up away from the face. Angular features always look best with a slightly drooping brim and an irregular line. A mouth that droops at the corners is woefully accentuated by a brim that droops at the sides and is almost as bad in one that shoots up in the opposite direction. A straight brim is the right choice for such a mouth.

The general rule is that when the face and features are averagely good the lines of the crown follow and repeat the lower lines of the face. But when there is any unfortunate irregularity in the features or contour, lines in the hat that either repeat or contradict are alike bad. Also an irregular brim is always less trying than a regular one.

Hats for platform use are better small and almost brimless, for the expression of the speaker's face is a great aid in holding the attention of the audience, and a brim of any size throws a concealing shadow.

The fit of the hat is very important. The base of the crown must grip the head somewhere. The exact location changes each year and is dependent on the whims of the hat makers of Paris. This season the band takes its hold very low, well down on the nape of the neck in back and across the middle of the forehead in front. And it hangs on tight.

Don't get caught by that old trick of the saleswoman who answers your objection that it is too big with the suggestion, "We will put a soft fold in, and madame will see that the hat will fit perfectly." When the fold is inserted, sure enough the hat feels snug on the head, but the crown is exactly the same size that it was, and it is important that the base of the crown should hug the head if you wish a smart effect. When the line which the observer sees at the base of the crown stands away from the head, the effect is gauche. Remember, then, that the curve of the cheek should continue in an unbroken line up through the brim into the lower part of the crown, and all the soft folds in the world won't effect this.

Large knots of hair at the base of the neck are hopeless from the milliner's point of view. If a woman wishes to look smart, she cannot afford heavy strands of hair. She will have it thinned and shortened so that it can be twisted into a graceful loose arrangement which neither distorts the shape of her hat nor pulls back her scalp and gives a strained expression.

The bob, I firmly believe, is on the wane, and so milliners will have to take account of some form of small knot in the future.

A hat, especially a felt hat, has to fit the head tightly or it will have no swagger. A good pull is required to adjust it, and there is no danger of its coming off. Michael Arlen was more dramatic than exact when he made someone find Iris' hat before Iris. Any green felt hat worn as I am sure Iris would wear it would stick to the owner's head throughout any disaster.

Beware of Bright Colors

THE wearing of a hat is very important. It should never be worn on the slant. It may be made on the slant, but the base of the crown must be worn parallel with the eyebrows. The exception is the straight-brim sailor hats as the Spanish wear them. There is no excuse for wearing the hat on the back of the head, as some of the young things do. The head must be IN the hat and the base of the crown watched in adjusting it.

A hat is smartest when it is either neutral or dark in color. Black, dark brown, dark blue, dark green, wood brown, buff, beige and gray are correct and becoming. A hat of any bright color for universal wear is always a mistake.

Above all, remember that a hat is not a unity in itself. It is, or should be, part of a costume.

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Cautious Cinderella

Continued from page 17

of an Archbishop of Canterbury, a crack aviator and a charming chap. He first noticed me one night when I took Edna Leedom's part. Through him I met many millionaires, the type more interested in searching for an unusual wife than merely in financing a show. Know what I mean?

That's why I went flying with them, sailing with them, dancing with them—they were square-shooters who came backstage at Palm Beach Nights.

Oh, yes, more than one wanted to marry me. But you get awfully tired hearing "will you marry me?" every few minutes, even if the words are served on a golden platter.

Thank goodness, I have a mother who is a trouper—a mother who learned men in the tanbark days. She told me:

"Wait, Polly, till you get back in New York and see if these same men will want to marry you when you live in a walk-up apartment."

I took her advice—I know now!

When we came back north Mr. Ziegfeld made me the prima donna of the road version of The Follies, the one which closed in St. Louis in February, 1927. When we returned to Manhattan my millionaires had forgotten all about me—or else had mislaid my address!

A Lucky Day

FOR months I walked the streets looking for work. Max Hart, one of New York's theatrical agents, represented me, but he couldn't place me anywhere. Finally a boy in his office—Dick is his real name—took an interest in me. One day he called me aside and whispered:

"Listen, dear, George M. Cohan is casting for a new musical show he's going to produce. It's The Merry Malones. You run right home and put on that dress with the red spots in it, and meet me on the stage at the Fulton Theatre. I'm going to get you that leading part."

When I reached the Fulton Theatre I found more than 150 leading women there ahead of me. I was unknown! One after another they passed in review on the stage—none seemed to please Mr. Cohan. Finally all had passed before him except me—and Mr. Cohan wasn't going to wait for me. I was unknown. He put on his hat and went off the stage.

Jack Mason, who staged the dances for the show, saw me standing there ready to weep.

"Come on, girlie, we'll give you a chance, anyway," he said, and so I waltzed with him while a man at the piano thumped a tune. Suddenly Jack Mason gripped me tight, lowered his head, and whispered:

"Dance as you never danced before, girlie—you don't know it, but you've got the chance of a lifetime."

As we whirled around I saw what he had seen—the face of George M. Cohan, peering at me through the curtains of a box!

For the next five minutes I danced in a daze—more scared than if I had been before a queen. Finally I heard these words come from that box:

"Can you dance the Black Bottom?"

I had never done a Black Bottom in my life, but I danced the Black Bottom.

"Hum-m! Come back tomorrow."

The next day Mr. Cohan shoved a part in my hands, commanding, "Now read that just as you talk—be natural, yourself."

I did.

He leaned back in a chair, pulled his derby over his nose, crossed his knees, and seemed to fall asleep. Finally he raised one eyebrow and drawled:

"I wish you'd walk back and forth across the stage, Miss Walker."

I did.

Thump! Down came that chair, and he walked over to me, shook my hands, and said, "I'm mighty glad to meet you, Molly Malone. I hope you have a charming winter."

Molly Malone, you know, is the rôle I play today.

And did my millionaire friends of my Palm Beach days remember my address at last? They did. So many of them, and so many new ones too, that, as I said, I had to invent my system of handling them.

You don't think me egotistical when I say that, do you?

Remember this: the girl who is merely passably pretty offstage often becomes ravishingly beautiful behind the footlights. The make-up, the skillful lighting effects and the costumes—all these stress what charms you have. And those charms are stressed all the more if you have a lovely, sympathetic part, such as I have.

Now you wonder why I mention none but millionaire suitors. Do you realize that they are the only ones who have the time to court a stage girl—that is, the only ones save those connected with the theatre or some other odd occupation where the hours of work are similar?

I have the chance to meet only my own kind, the troupers and those men with leisure to make their play hours fit in with mine.

"Now you can find out if he really loves you and if you will be happy with him."

Mother said that to me the opening night of our show when a huge bouquet of orchids came through the stage door for me, with the card of my favorite Palm Beach millionaire attached to it. The second night he was banging on the stage door, and I was ready for him. I had mapped out my little Prince Test for Millionaires, and he was the first to take it.

"Of course you are going to let me take you home, aren't you?" he asked sweetly as he stood at the stage entrance.

"Why, certainly! Come back at 11:35 and bring twenty cents in your pocket," I told him.

"Twenty cents! What's that for?"

"That will pay the subway fare home for you and Mother and me and leave you five cents to ride to your home," I told him.

"I say, but I have my car, you know, and we're going to Tex Guinan's Club—"

I had to leave him then to answer my cue. Poor boy! He thought that I, who danced in Chicago night clubs and cabarets as soon as I was able to toddle, would be interested in going to a night club. What I wanted to do was to walk out in a park, under the stars.

The three of us swung on straps all the way over to Brooklyn, for the subway train was terribly crowded that night. Those Palm Beach nights were ever so far away!

Few Get By

DURING one of the stops, when she could be heard, Mother said to my Prince-Charming-That-Would-Be:

"I'm going to ask Mr. Cohan to let me dance a jig in one of the scenes. Don't you think it would add to the show?"

That poor chap's jaw dropped in horror.

"You mean—you, Polly's mother, dancing a jig on the stage?"

I spoke next:

"I think it would be lovely, don't you? As it is now, Mother is going to have a long, long winter just waiting in my dressing-room to take me home."

I said that, and I meant it too! Why shouldn't my mother dance a jig on the stage with me if it can be arranged? But he thought it would be horrible.

At another stop, when the sound of the wheels ceased for an instant, I spoke of my greatuncle, L. Armer, who was one of the greatest knife throwers and all-around clowns that a side show ever had. I told him:

"I have a picture of Uncle, and I want you to see it. The greatest knife thrower of them all." He was too.

That chap never came back again. He

(*Continued on page 48*)

Two Famous Cruise Ships Scythia and Laconia now in Cabin Service at rates from $152.50

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Cautious Cinderella

Continued from page 47

didn't pass Lesson No. 1 successfully, and there are eight in my tests.

Others, of course, have gone through more lessons, and quite a few have finished the course, after a fashion. It just seems as though the supply of millionaires is unlimited, for they keep coming from the Yale Club, the Harvard Club, the University Club—all well vouched for: Mother sees to that.

If a boy can stand going home in the subway with Mother and me (and I won't go in a private car or a taxicab) and listening to our trouper talk, I invite him to—take me to church (Lesson No. 2).

Don't laugh, please! We've been Scotch for centuries on Father's side, and the kirk means a great deal to us.

He goes to church alone with me. If he's just his natural self, and not stiff like a tent pole, I ask him to come in and stay for dinner. That's Lesson No. 3. Generally, some time during the meal, Mother or I say something about one of my grandfathers who was a great snake charmer. Eighteen out of twenty have dropped either knife or fork when that was said. That shows—well, lack of self-control, don't you think? If you want to know it, the two who didn't forget themselves were West Point graduates! Harvard, Yale, Missouri and Dartmouth busted there.

Ranks Begin to Thin

LESSON No. 4 is easy: he is invited to come over to Brooklyn and climb the steps to my apartment and just sit there with my parrots and birds and me and talk. Does he interest me? All of them try to.

But the ranks begin to thin a bit by Lesson No. 5. I won't go to cabarets; I won't go riding with them, and I don't drink! Life was different at Palm Beach, where there was the ocean to swim in and sail on, the beaches to stroll, and the parties at the Casino. But what diversion is there in New York, save night clubs, at the hours of rest I have?

The afternoons, of course! I'm trying to catch up with my education, you know, and I do love to paint. So we go to the Metropolitan Museum, where I'm trying to copy one of Degas' dancing girls. Let me tell you, a man must love you an awful lot to wait in that museum three hours for you while you paint in silence. But some have done it.

For No. 6 we merely take an afternoon's walk in Prospect Park and generally stop by a soda fountain for a chocolate nut sundae. By this time I'm beginning to know my man fairly well. He doesn't know it, but I watch him especially as I talk of my showfolk ancestors.

Only one man—and he turned out to be a chaser, a bloomin' bounder—ever spoke outright against them. No, he didn't wear a monocle. I found out later he was descended from a Civil War deserter. Talk about ancestors!

The seventh part of my test is really a judgment of temper. I have to tell him, "You can't come for a week or so, as I have several other boy friends I want to give a bit of time to." If he gets huffy, and jealous—*good night!*

The last test—oh, this is where every man has failed!—consists merely of this question:

"Why haven't you asked me to meet your mother? You've met mine, you know."

When I see the faces of some of these chaps turn brick-red at that question, I think of some of "my boys," as I call the chorus men in my show. They may be a bit tough, but seven of them have brought their mothers backstage to meet *me*.

Now, you want to know what do I honestly think of young millionaires, don't you? Here goes! As a class—

They would rather wear the peacock's feathers than marry her.

When they do marry, they wish wives as ornaments, not as keepers of the home.

They are dangerously jealous.

They are supremely selfish.

They are snobbish about trifles.

They lead such narrow lives that they fail to comprehend the viewpoint of someone living in another world.

Remember, I say this after seeing them at their best and their worst and in Palm Beach and New York.

I know that any of them would love me ACCORDING TO HIS OWN FASHION.

I've told you why I've played with them, and now that I've told the world of my Prince Test for Millionaires, I may find the man I want. You see, I am very feminine. I want—I want my mate some day. I want a man for whom I can keep a home. And of course I want babies—babies who will learn all about ancestors on both sides of the family.

But I'm afraid this prince chap won't be a millionaire. I want happiness, not just gold dust in my eyes.

Somewhere the Sun is Shining

Continued from page 9

and time consumed in grinding labor. Waste is the shortest road to woe and want—and there are no detours.

4. Keep your eye on your business' individual trend. Know definitely what is happening, and thus be able to act intelligently instead of blindly. Don't get the wrong idea that economic data and statistics need be highbrow and theoretical.

In studying this economic principle, that the sun is always shining somewhere, business men should be very careful to keep an active attitude and not to fall into a passive attitude. Do not be a fatalist! Do not idly wait for the sun to break through the clouds; instead, punch a hole through the clouds to let the sunlight through.

If you are an employer, remember that many corporations and businesses which have not found a way to avail themselves of the power of national advertising have been working amid clouds, rains and storms. But at the same time the business sun has been shining brightly for the big national advertisers.

If you are an employee, remember that there are real opportunities today for the young man who will set out to become a "doer" instead of a "teller." Business needs fewer buck-passers and more buck-catchers.

Make All Business Good

NO BUSINESS man reaches a pinnacle so lofty that he cannot profitably at times do a job as well as give an order. We are veering back somewhat toward the old days when men in business were not too proud to push and pull sometimes as well as ride and drive.

Therefore, my message to you business men—from presidents to office boys—is as follows: Never think of business merely in total or say, "Business is good" or "Business is bad." Rather, single out the industries which are active and emphasize the fact that "those lines are enjoying good times." The truly big business man is not necessarily the fellow with the biggest balance sheet and income statement but the one with vision broad enough to see the bright spots and with courage keen enough to convert such activity into assets and these local sunbeams into the glorious sunshine of national prosperity.

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Jock of the Dumbartons

Continued from page 7

landing gear when it returned. But the Higher Command, knowing its business, winked its eye, chuckled, and said nothing. Would that the German Air Service had more 18ths—more von Thurlows—for all their faults.

A few days later the baron told Jock that they were going to Berlin on leave to receive numerous decorations, including the order Pour le Merite. It would, confided the baron, be an awful bore: he would much prefer staying at the front with his squadron, but, after all—war was war.

SO NEXT morning the mechanics wheeled out the squadron's joy-ride plane—a Hannover two-seater, painted and polished like the tender of a yacht. The baron's suit cases were strapped in the rear cockpit, Jock sat tethered with them in the observer's seat, and the baron was at the controls up front. They took off and headed for Berlin.

ROARK BRADFORD

writes another sensationally funny story of Negro life on the Mississippi.

The Old He-Coon of the

JOHN D. GRACE

In next week's COLLIER'S

Now it happened that the lines curved inward in a deep salient a few miles from the field, and the baron, who flew like a crow, headed straight across in a short cut. The anti-aircraft fire was about as usual, which is to say, a good-sized fortune was tossed up at them in the form of shells which said *whoff*, made great cottony puffs of smoke, and did no damage whatsoever. Jock stood with his forefeet on the edge of the cockpit, barking at them for a while, but the breeze got down the collar of his field-gray flying tunic and made his six captured Croix de Guerre rattle, so he gave it up in boredom and went to sleep.

He was awakened by a savage ripping sound, as though someone had plunged a blunt spike through the fuselage near his head. Then he heard a machine gun stuttering above him, and saw blinding streaks of white cutting through the air, through the wings, and all around him. As he stuck his head out of the cockpit a little brown biplane dived from a cloud above their tail, and from its nose poured tracer bullets like drops of water flying through sunlight.

Jock barked excitedly at the baron, who, he saw, was twisted around looking at the attacker, a broad grin on his face. He was biding his time. . . .

It was the baron's fighting style to stand fire until just the proper second. Like most aces, he knew that in air fighting the chance of being hit by the average antagonist was one in a thousand. So he let the attacker come on—he dived and swung his plane in faithful simulation of panic—and then suddenly he opened the engine wide, executed a vertically banked turn which put him with his back to the sun, and squeezed the machine-gun trigger. Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut, said the Spandau. Five shots, only five shots, but each of them went clean through the Englishman's head and right on into the petrol tank.

The S. E. 5 pointed straight up, burst into flames, hung hovering for a moment like a helicopter, and then plunged earthward. It spiraled a little, for those two sickening miles, and Jock became dizzy as he watched the smoky black trail. It was something like looking down the tower staircase at Kirkintilloch. . . . The baron grinned and waved his hand.

Tut-tut-tut! Tutter-tut-tut-tutter-tut!—out of the clouds came three of them as alike one another as the three Beineckens. They banked as one, dived as one, fired as one. They were flown, evidently, by three highly talented young men.

"Well," thought Jock, shuddering a trifle and seeing visions of his youth in the kennels of Kirkintilloch, "even though I am about to die, hurrah for the English!"

Again he glanced at the baron. Again he saw that confident smile—why, the fellow was twisted around so far that he had even hooked his right arm comfortably over the rear cowl and was flying with his left hand! But—it was so subtle—all the time that left hand was pushing forward just a trifle on the stick—all the time their speed was increasing, until—*zip!*—the plane was on its back, flying upside down straight for the three attackers, its gun spraying them with white-hot tracer bullets!

The maneuver was perfect. The surprise was complete. But the baron was unused to the two-seater, had only one gun instead of his usual two, and he had forgotten all about the luggage. For as soon as the plane was on its back Jock and the suit cases worked loose in their lashings and became hopelessly wedged in the emergency control in the rear cockpit. Jock, in his frantic scrambles, was caught between the left pedal of the rudder bar and the floor board. Suit case No. 4, which contained the baron's perfume case and fur-trimmed leave pajamas, slid beneath the elevator rod. And, to make matters worse, the machine gun jammed.

The baron—his sang froid was irritating—was yanking at the Spandau's cocking lever with one hand and at the elevator controls with the other. He was kicking the rudder bar in between times . . . greatly to Jock's discomfort, as the controls were interconnected and each kick pinched him grievously. And, still upside down, they were falling, falling, falling. . . .

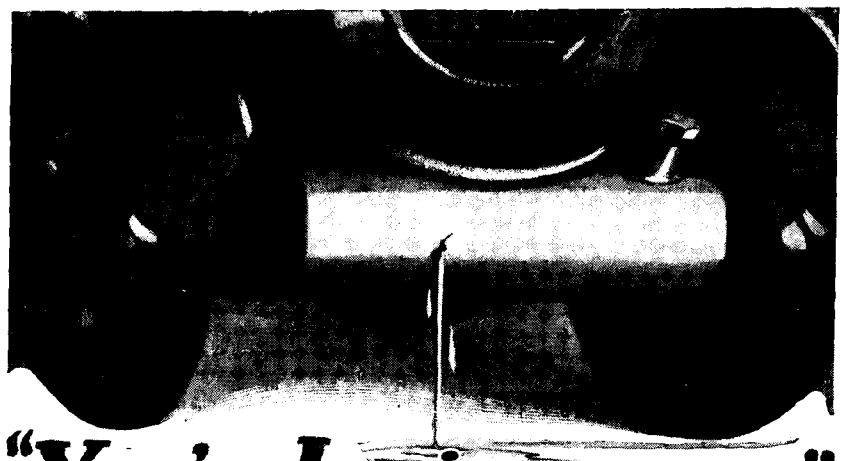
Suddenly Jock felt an icy spray, and his eyes smarted. It was gasoline—the tank was punctured. A few more shots, and they would be aflame. . . .

THE baron throttled the motor, then cut it dead with the switch. The Englishmen, believing that their antagonist was dead or disabled, ceased firing and dived down. Only about a thousand feet now. The three S. E.'s were circling around, waiting to see the crash . . .

Suddenly suit case No. 4 became dislodged from behind the joy-stick socket and fell from the cockpit. The controls were free! The baron nosed down sharply, then turned the machine right side up. And it was just in time. The undercarriage brushed through the top of a tree, but von Thurlow made one of his usual faultless landings.

Even before the machine had stopped rolling the baron tore off his straps, sprawled back along the cowl, and peered into the rear cockpit. "Jock!" he shouted joyfully, reaching down and untangling the dog from the rudder

(*Continued on page 50*)



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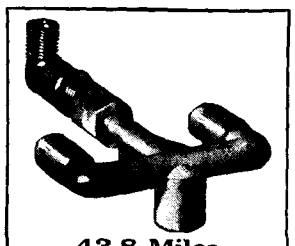

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FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

Jock of the Dumbartons

Continued from page 49

control. "Jock, I was afraid you'd fallen out with the suit case!" He slid to the ground, strode back, and seized Jock in his arms.

"Well," he said, pushing up his goggles, "I am about to be a prisoner, and you are home again. What an odd morning!" The three S. E.'s, neck and neck, made perfect side-slip landings over the trees and halted thirty feet from their quarry. Three oil-spattered and leather-coated young men hopped out and approached, smiling.

The baron drew himself up to attention and saluted. The Englishmen returned the salute.

"Good chap!" observed one of the youngsters in an undertone.

"Good dog!" replied another with his eye on Jock.

The baron unbuttoned his leather coat, took a card from his case, and presented it with a stiff bow.

The young men gathered around and studied it. They started—looked up. "My word!" exclaimed one of them, "We've knocked down the Ruddy Ringmaster!"

"Quite so," said the baron in his perfect English. "'Ruddy' now, perhaps—but a bit pale five minutes ago. It was sporting of you, gentlemen, to cease firing as you did. Damned sporting, I mean to say. I am grateful."

The three young men flushed with pleasure. Evidently they were surprised to find that the baron spoke English. "Awfully sorry about my 'Ruddy Ringmaster' remark," said one of them, extending his hand. "My name's Harkness. May I present Binyon and O'Mara—we're all sub-loots, No. 9 Squadron, R. F. C."

There was handshaking all around, and then the baron said, hesitating, "You know, gentlemen, according to orders, I really ought to burn my airplane before submitting to capture. Quite ridiculous—a formality, and all that, you know, but—"

"Oh, by all means, go ahead and burn it!" said O'Mara. "If you don't, a lot of our technical Johnnies will come and measure it and weigh it and make drawings of it and send bulletins to all our squadrons about it. No end of rot. Oh, burn it, by all means."

"Thank you," said the baron. "Perhaps we'd better push it a bit farther away from your planes." And he stooped down to grasp the tail skid.

"No, no—let me have it," insisted O'Mara. "We'll attend to this, Baron—we've caused you enough bother this morning." The three Englishmen trundled the machine a hundred feet further across the field, removed the ammunition belts and the six suit cases and stood by while the baron touched the flame of his lighter to the gasoline which trickled down the fuselage.

AS THE tongue of fire licked over the fabric, they strolled back to the S. E.'s, and sat on the grass in the shade of a wing to watch the conflagration."

"Glad you thought of it, Baron," remarked Harkness. "Burning airplanes is a pleasant way to while away an hour. Come here, Scotty"—to Jock. "Quite a pup you've got, Baron—the ilk of Kirkintilloch, or I don't know dogs."

Jock was so glad to talk to an Englishman again that he fairly wiggled. He yapped and pranced and climbed over all their laps.

"He is a very beautiful dog," said the baron slowly. "Being separated from him will be the bitterest part of my captivity. *Jocky* boy. . . !" Jock trotted to him, and the baron unbuttoned his beautifully tailored German tunic with the "18's" on the shoulder straps, and the three Croix de Guerre on either flank. "See," he said, pointing to the badges on the tartan collar, "This is Major Jock Dhu o' Kirkintilloch, mascot of the Argyll and Dumbarton Highlanders. I suppose now he will rejoin his regiment."

"I suppose he should, by rights," replied Lieutenant O'Mara. "Only, if my memory serves, most of the Dumbartons were wiped out in a scrap somewhere up in Belgium."

They sat in silence for a while, watching the smoke float up from the ruin and thinking of other burning planes they had seen, and the men who had burned with them. For the baron, of course, the war was over, but for the Englishmen, God knew what was ahead. . . .

"Well," said the baron suddenly, "what about the matter of being a prisoner?"

"Prisoner? Oh, yes, prisoner, quite so. Well, you see, you'll have to be interrogated by a lot of Bolos from the Hush-hush section, and all that sort of thing, and then you'll be sent to England for duration. But"—O'Mara looked at his wrist watch—"it's 1:30 now. You'll be guest of our squadron tonight. We'll manage things so they can't start their inquisition until the morning. Come, Binyon—hop into your flaming chariot, fly back to the squadron, and bid the O. C. come up here in his car for the most distinguished guest No. 9 has ever had. And—er—say a private word to the mess sergeant, like a good fellow. Tonight it's on me."

Jock, if you were to meet him today, would tell you of the bra, bricht nicht at No. 9 Squadron, R. F. C., the night Captain Baron Haldeman von Thurlow was captured and he himself was repatriated. They started off at six o'clock on champagne cocktails. They switched to Martinis at seven and had time for nine before dinner. During the meal there was the usual wine—until at the fish course (canned salmon) the O. C. discovered that he was the baron's second cousin, so things were speeded up. During the meal a Staffel of Germans set to bombing the airdrome, so all lights were lighted, and the young men brought their glasses and napkins out on the field to toast Baron von Thurlow and his compatriots in the air. Somehow no one was killed.

Jock, who had had two glasses of champagne, went to sleep on the chest of Captain the Honorable Cedric Hawkes, V. C., who with several others had elected to spend the night in the exact center of the airdrome.

Thus it came about that the pilots of No. 71 Squadron, flying over the airdrome at sunrise, reported heavy bombing casualties at No. 9. There were, said the pilots of the dawn patrol, dead men lying all over the field. . . .

Late next day the baron came out of the Headquarters hut surrounded by three brass hats, a civilian, and orderlies wearing sidearms, carrying his luggage and touching their caps to him. The young men of the squadron were standing outside, slapping their legs with their canes and vaguely regretting that the baron wasn't English. And Jock was there too.

The baron shook hands all round. Jock he clasped in his arms and kissed.

"Little friend," he whispered, "I'll see you again, one day. Auf Wiedersehen!"

Jock ran after the car a little way. He couldn't help it. When he gave it up he slunk back to the squadron and threw himself down on Lieutenant O'Mara's cot.

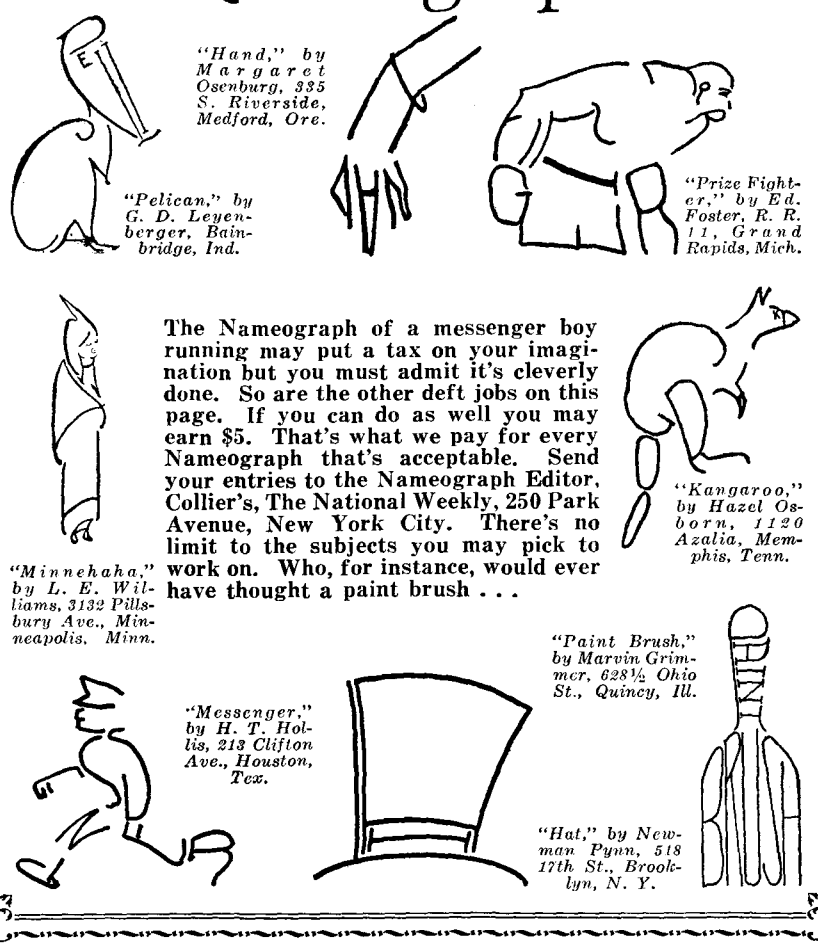
War, after all, was a rotten mess. It broke one's heart so often.

IT WAS not until the year after the war that Jock saw the baron again. He came over from Germany to try the grouse shooting—at least, that was what he said he came for, but as a matter of fact he spent the entire three weeks with Jock and Colonel Duggan. He has come over every year since.

The wooden leg which protrudes from the colonel's kilts doesn't hamper him in the least. He and Jock sit in the office all day, talking over old times, while the best talent of Kirkintilloch conducts the world-famous Duggan Distillery.

The best talent, and, of course, the ghosts. . . .

Nameographs


"Hand," by Margaret Osenburg, 335 S. Riverside, Medford, Ore.
"Pelican," by G. D. Leyenberger, Bainbridge, Ind.
"Prize Fighter," by Ed. Foster, R. R. 11, Grand Rapids, Mich.
"Minnehaha," by L. E. Williams, 3132 Pillsbury Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
"Kangaroo," by Hazel Osborn, 1120 Azalia, Memphis, Tenn.
"Messenger," by H. T. Hollis, 213 Clifton Ave., Houston, Tex.
"Paint Brush," by Marvin Grimmer, 628½ Ohio St., Quincy, Ill.
"Hat," by Newman Pynn, 518 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Nameograph of a messenger boy running may put a tax on your imagination but you must admit it's cleverly done. So are the other deft jobs on this page. If you can do as well you may earn $5. That's what we pay for every Nameograph that's acceptable. Send your entries to the Nameograph Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. There's no limit to the subjects you may pick to work on. Who, for instance, would ever have thought a paint brush . . .

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Daniels and the Lion

Continued from page 12

name on any marriage license. This good lady guarded her comely daughter like they guard losers in the pen just before the hanging—another one of these "movie mothers" which sees platinum mines in their pretty offsprings if properly handled and which is first-class toothaches to the casting directors.

With Queenie's old man I expected no furor, as Papa lived off the earnings of Oscar, his huge police-dog star, and was usually up to the hilt in what they purvey out there for gin. Queenie's mother had rapped me to Oscar, with the results that whenever I had the courage to call at the house this educated hound would get hostile and begin to rehearse his next picture on me. Queenie would go right up in flames, her father would laugh his head off and her mother would bawl out the lot of us to a fare-thee-well. No kidding, they was more battles at Queenie's drum than they was in the Civil War and far more rage on the part of the combatants, what I mean!

WHEN I strolled into our furnished bungalow, I find Jackie King in the bathroom shaving.

"Leave me snatch twenty," I says. "I got a taxi outside."

"Be yourself—they ain't a taxi in the burg worth twenty bucks," grunts my handsome scrapper. "Offer him ten, and be sure the tires is in good shape."

"Stop clownin' and slip me!" I growls. "I forgot to remember to go to the bank this morning."

"My time was took up too," says Jack. "Here's ten—all I got on me."

"Well, I'll be a vulgar name!" I yells, knowing Jack always carried a fat roll. "I got to tip the chauffeur, don't I?"

"All right," he grins. "Tip him to change his oil every eight hundred miles—it'll save him plenty of grief."

I went out and presented the guy with the three dollars due him according to his gyp meter and traded sneers with him when I added two bits he could keep for himself. I would of took a poke at this bozo, only I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. So I returned to my wise-cracking boy friend.

"And tomorrow," says Jack, rubbing the witch hazel briskly on his pan—"tomorrow we take off for Tia Juana, hey, hey!"

"Pardon you!" I scowls at him. "Where do you get that *we* stuff?"

"From Lindbergh, the boy which swum the English Channel," he answers. "Cheez, don't you ever read nothin' in the newspapers but the comic strips? Melbourne Maxim's takin' Fay Daniels and them over the border to shoot a horse-race scene and maybe we can give 'em a couple of gags. C'mon down and get some laughs—they tell me Tia Juana's a hot village."

"Yeah?" I curls a lip at him. "Well, I'll stay where it's cooler. I don't wish to get burnt!"

"That's a tough break for Queenie Davis," murmurs Jackie idly. "That pet of yours just phoned from downtown to say she wants to see you before she leaves for sweet old Mexico. She only got the office herself a few minutes ago."

"Why didn't you say Queenie was going?" I howls. "C'mon, snap into it, where's them suit cases?"

Go ahead, giggle, but get yourself in love and you'll act the same way!

Well, to make a long story excusable, the next day found us speeding along El Camino Real; to wit, the ball-room-floor auto route to Tia Juana, about six hours from Los Angeles, with the deep blue Pacific a stone's throw from your car practically all the way. What a voyage and what a country! In fact, it's these type of trips which makes everybody fall for Sunny California. Get that "trips" and "fall"? Ha, ha, I'm a punster, no less! In our vehicle was me, Queenie Davis, Fay Daniels and Jackie King, and when we stopped for lunch at San Juan Capistrano (still in America, in spite of that name), we met Melbourne Maxim, Kempton Calhoun, Eddie Yes, the assistant director, and the rest of the mob. So we had the waiters put a lot of tables together and sat down to our calories and proteins.

Opposite me was this Kempton Calhoun, the beautiful, romantical leading man of Colossal Productions and victim of a lifelong love affair; i. e., he was crazy about *himself*. Though to us Calhoun was a fearful blank cartridge, the gals from Maine to Alaska thought he was just elegant, and his pictures had broke more houses' records throughout the land than Adam would if he went on tour with the inside story of Eden!

Peter Dugan, his real name, was one of the many things Calhoun was called around the lot behind his back by actors, carpenters, electricians, extras and others he went out of his way to insult. Claiming to be a refugee from high society, this gil actually was a former summer-resort life guard, mind you, and the son of the old gateman at his own studio, which was paid less than his valet. He hated our ears for finding out that part of it, which forced him to take care of his father, but he had a yen for Fay Daniels that all his upstage manners couldn't hide. I question highly if off the screen the blood-tingling Fay would of polished her nails on his favorite vest, and I don't mean waistcoat. Fay was beautiful and cold and always looking for the best of it, but she was without a equal at the art of getting something for nothing—no mean feat in the movie game!

"What's this I hear about you makin' a special with wild animals, after you finish this flop at Tia Juana?" inquires Jack as Fay eases a come-hither smile across the table at him. No doubt about her feelings there, people, not the slightest!

"Ah," exclaims Maxim before she can reply, "the jungle saga which will set a new high-water mark."

"Oh, I'm so thrilled about this jungle stuff!" says Fay. "You know, I've never worked with wild animals."

"And they's no sense in beginnin' *now!*" Jack explodes. "Suppose one of them prancin' lions steps out of character and leaps on you? And bein' up to your neck in leopards is no laugh either! Cheez, who's the villain in this zoo opera—a Bengal tiger?"

"It's perfectly safe," remarks Calhoun, kind of sneering at him. "I've worked many times with animals without danger, but then, of course, a man's own courage has a lot to do with it. One must not let the beast know one is afraid."

"All right, Tarzan," Jack sneers. "Only, how *you* get along with the big cats is no syrup off my waffles. I'm interested in how Fay can keep from becomin' some lion's lunch!"

"Don't worry, Jack," laughs Maxim. "Queenie Davis will double for Miss Daniels in most of the—"

"Indeed she will not!" Fay rears up. "I'm never going to permit anyone to risk her life for me again. Hereafter I'll take my own chances!"

WHICH, of course, her bosses would no more leave her do than they'd discharge a relative.

"I'll see that you're not endangered, Miss Daniels," says Calhoun.

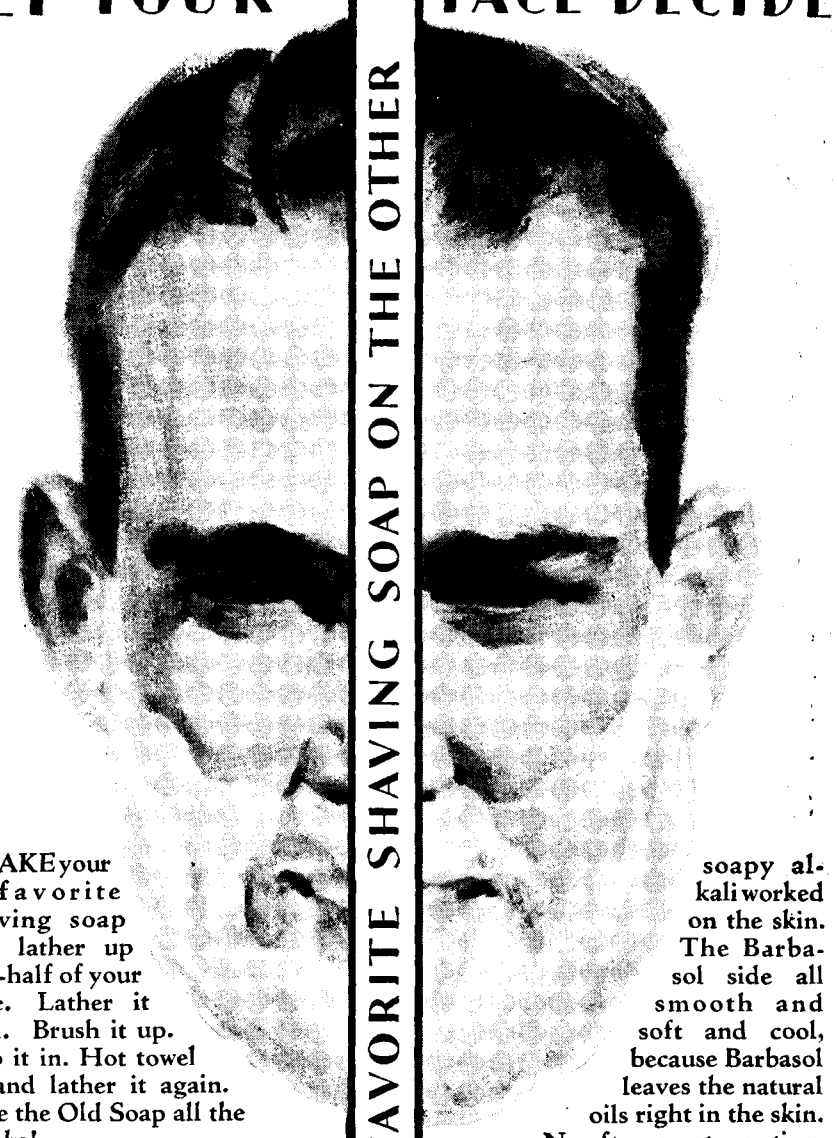
"That's what *you* think!" chirps Jack scornfully. "You just watch your close-ups, large fellow, and I'll take care of Fay. Can't you declare me in on this jungle thriller, Mr. Maxim? I know my Chaney now, and I could make up as a hippopotamus or the like with the greatest of ease."

"Jackie, my son, you were cast weeks ago," Maxim beams on him. "When we get back to the lot I'm going to have a test made of you as a high-caste native. You play the heavy's right-hand man."

Maxim rode in our car for the balance of the trip, and he presented Jack with a rough idea of just what he'd have to do as a native assistant villain.

(*Continued on page 52*)

LET YOUR FACE DECIDE



TAKE your favorite shaving soap and lather up one-half of your face. Lather it well. Brush it up. Rub it in. Hot towel it, and lather it again. Give the Old Soap all the breaks!

Now wet down the other side of your face—with hot water or cold—and leave it wet. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Shave! Like this:

1—*Wash the face (and leave it wet)*

2—*Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)*

3—*Shave*

Do this for three days in a row, and compare sides while you're shaving.

Notice the difference between shaving the soap side and the Barbasol side. On the soap side there's *pull* and *drag* and *smarting beard resistance*. On the Barbasol side, all smoothness, ease and silky coolness!

Note how *long* it took you to fix up the *soap* side for the slaughter, and how short a time on the *Barbasol* side for the shaving! That means good time saved when you *double* it for both sides of your face.

Let your face decide

You'll feel the difference. One side all hot and dry, where the soapy alkali worked on the skin. The Barbasol side all smooth and soft and cool, because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. No after-smart, no sting, no burn, no ingrowing hairs with Barbasol.

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Daniels and the Lion

Continued from page 51

Wearing nothing but swimming trunks and none too roomy at that, with the huge muscles he'd developed as a fighter rolling under his glistening skin, Jack traps Fay and Calhoun in the jungle, mind you, steals their guns, and then with his minions beats a lion out of cover toward 'em.

"In other words," Jack grumbles, "I take off the part of a dirty hound, hey?"

"Exactly!" nods Maxim, not picking language in his enthusiasm. "And I'm sure you'll make a name for yourself at it!"

Tia Juana's about eighteen miles from San Diego, right across the border, and if you never saw it allow me to congratulate you. This reservation's a terrible trap indeed, my masters—Mexicans, tourists, high-pressure crap games, faro, poker, chili, tamales, drunks, customs inspectors, bookmakers, touts, dance halls, bull fighting, tequila—a drink which tastes and acts like a four-alarm fire—and, oh, yes, the race track. What a village!

Me and Jack and the movie bunch lived at Coronado Beach (California), making the short run to Mexico daily while the end of the picture was being shot.

Coronado, which gets the class play from Los Angeles, is a marvelous place, and we sure needed the fresh breeze from the ocean to revive us at night when we scurried back from this Tia Juana place.

WELL, at last we're all home in Hollywood once again and the minute that last Calhoun-Daniels gigantic was canned and shipped to the sales force back East, Maxim begin work on his big wild-animal super de luxe special. Having no particular name for this yell to start with, the publicity department hung up a prize of five hundred bucks for the best title. The winning label was Flaming Love, sent in by the studio fireman.

Matters progressed smoothly enough as the weeks went by and Melbourne Maxim hopped hithers and yon with his company, from lot to location and back again. As the copper-colored native-collar ad in league with the dastardly villain, Jackie King carried on smartly, winning many's the kind word from the famous director and many's the laugh from me. Husky, handsome and confident of himself, the one-time welterweight flash had no trouble at all pestering Kempton Colhoun like it called for in the plot, as he hated the star the same way a turkey hates Thanksgiving Day. He didn't have to act in any way except natural, and it was only in his scenes with Fay, when he seemed much too friendly for a villain, that they was any complaint about his work. All in all, citizens, Jack found his part as easy as getting a divorce in Los Angeles, which is the easiest thing in the world!

Then came the big-punch climax—the lion sequence which Maxim claimed would make or break his movie and nobody was allowed near the big jungle set except those actually on it. Some crack rifle shots was concealed in the bushes, more to make the actors feel they was danger in the air, Maxim said, than to see that none of the lions got seized with the habit of eating between meals. Maxim was directing from a raised platform with some of his camera men and assistants, and on another raised platform was a orchestra playing soft and low to get everybody in the proper mood for what was to come. I was perched up there with 'em, right behind the guy playing the sexophone—no, I don't mean *sax*ophone: this picture was called Flaming Love!

Under the blazing batteries of lights, Fay and Calhoun stood alone in a clearing, registering their fears as they discover that their faithless native guide, Jack, has copped all their firearms and took the air, leaving 'em to the tender mercies of the wild beasts. Everybody's as tense as the spring on a good watch when a brutal-looking lion pokes his immense head from behind a tree and leaves forth a blood-curdling roar. I shivered and I want to say to you this evening they was quite a few sour notes in that orchestra when Mr. Lion slowly creeps toward our hero and heroine.

It was devoting its entire time and attention to Mr. Kempton Calhoun, and when it made a horrible face at him and roared some more, Calhoun seemed a bit put out, to say the least. He begin to sidle away from Fay, which was watching him nervously and then without no warning the big lion leaped, landing no more than a yard from 'em! The hound in Calhoun apparently rushed immediately to the surface, for, mind you, this boloney fairly dove off the set, leaving Fay Daniels about the loneliest girl in all Hollywood right at that minute. Lion and lady stared at each other—Fay hypnotized, the lion hungrily crouching and swishing his tail. Things had come to a pretty pass indeed!

Bang! Bang!

Monsieur Lion looks greatly astonished, shakes his head slowly and rolls over on his side with a thump as Jack King bounds across to Fay and throws away a rifle to catch her in his arms as she swoons.

"Cut!" bawls Maxim, his face as red as a bucket of beets. "You big idiot!" he roars at Jack. "What the Hades do you mean by firing that gun? Where do you think you are, in Chicago? How dare you clown my picture? You're supposed to be a villain, not a hero!"

"But, I—" begins my go-getter.

"Shut up!" the production supervisor bellers, suddenly appearing from no place and shaking his fist in Jackie's dumfounded pan. "You've ruined the greatest climax of the year!"

"But—he—but why did Calhoun run?" stammers Jack.

"He was supposed to run!" shouts Eddie Yes, capering around madly. "He comes back with a prop rock in his hands and knocks off the lion with that!"

"Meanwhile you guys let Fay take a chance of bein' chewed to death, hey?" hollers Jack, now as steamed up as any of 'em.

With a wild oath, Melbourne Maxim jumps down from the platform, grabs Jack by the arm and pulls him over to the prostrate lion, which is now as dead as Christopher Columbus.

"THIS poor, defenseless lion, Big Charley, was ten years older than Methuselah and hasn't got a tooth in his head!" hisses Maxim. "But it will cost Colossal Productions five thousand dollars for killing him, and the entire sequence will have to be retaken at the expenditure of thousands more!" He angrily kicked open the lion's mouth. "Look at those empty gums, fool!" he snorted.

"*What* empty gums?" roared Jack and me in chorus, for this wild animal had the most murderous-looking set of tusks I ever hope to witness!

"Why—I—there must be some mistake!" gasps Maxim, white-faced and falling back in alarm. "Where's that trainer? Oh, there you are, Smeed, eh? What does this mean? This isn't Big Charley!"

"Big Charley's sick today," says the trainer, running up. "I had to step out for a minute, and I told one of your hired men to hold everything till I got back with the bull whip, as this one's young and gets bad now and then. What's the matter—anything happen?"

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Continued from page 21

until they stood again in the lobby of Martha's hotel. There she looked up into his face, and not a little curiosity made her eyes brighter.

"Good-by," she said, "and I didn't mean to be disagreeable."

"You weren't," he said, and he handed her into the elevator.

In her room she sat on the edge of the bed without removing her hat, and stared out of the window.

"I wonder," she asked herself, "if he really meant it? Or was it just his way of talking?"

IT WAS with an attitude which bordered on bravado that Martha Bundy entered Colburn's apartment with Mortimer Blade, and yet with eagerness and an avid curiosity. At last something was going to happen; she was about to see something, experience something, and while she was not without qualms and apprehensions, she did not hold back. If there was one dominating fact in Martha's life at that time, it was her readiness to live, to face life. She had reached a point where she felt she must *know* and experience. Nor was she afraid. There was a sort of fatalism which obsessed her. What was going to occur was going to occur, and if milk were spilt she was resolute not to cry.

The apartment was not large; it occupied the half of the first floor of a small building on a street in the Fifties, a discreet house and one which might be entered and left without observation by the ever-watchful eyes of doorman or elevator operator. Once one was inside there came a feeling of seclusion, of remoteness, almost of concealment. Colburn opened the door himself.

"Ah, you are here," he exclaimed unctuously, "and the little girl! Excellent. That is very nice." He took Martha's hand in his without waiting for an introduction. "I was right. They do not say Colburn has an eye for nothing." He spoke very carefully, maintaining a manner which aimed at courtliness and barely escaped oiliness. In spite of his vigilance, idiom now and then slipped in.

"You should come in and I will take your things. I am butler, cook, everything. It is a hobby of mine—and so discreet." He laughed and rubbed his pudgy hands. "Colburn's parties are always discreet. Only the four of us, and I shall cook and serve, and you shall see! How do you like my little place?"

"It seems very pleasant," said Martha.

"See. I am making it very light, for it is lights that show up the imperfections. When I saw you the other night I said to myself that there were no imperfections, but the camera is very cruel sometimes. It reveals what the eyes do not see. But not often what Colburn's eyes do not see. . . . And this is Dicksie—Miss Vernon, Miss Bundy."

Martha acknowledged the introduction to a dark, willowy girl, beautiful but apparently in no gala humor. Her manner was not warm, and she appraised Martha icily. Colburn stared at her briefly, and his flat eyes seemed to dilate.

"Snap out of it," he said almost roughly.

"I've a headache."

"Then take an aspirin," said Colburn. He smiled with unction upon Martha. "We can have no headaches tonight, eh? Nothing but what is pleasant and agreeable. . . . Yes, yes. Tomorrow we shall make the tests, but they are unnecessary. Merely a form. I can hear them, these others. Another feather in Colburn's hat. 'How does he do it?' they will be saying. Do you know what they say of me?"

"No," said Martha.

"They say I have not only the unerring eye for beauty, but, what is better for the box office, an infallible eye for beauty the public will pay to see. The public—I know them. I have my finger on their pulse; I know what will go big and what will not go at all. These others, they say it is uncanny, but it is nothing at all. I just happen to be that way."

They sat down and Colburn disappeared, to return presently with a huge cocktail shaker. "Now we start the evening, eh? And you must not be afraid of this liquor. I do not make it in the kitchen. No, indeed. You would be surprised if I told you what I paid for this gin. Nothing but the best, eh? When you are with Colburn you get nothing but the best."

"I need about six," said Dicksie Vernon.

"And pass out cold," said Colburn.

"So much the better."

The man stood before Martha, smiling unctuously. "Another find," he said. "Wait till you see their eyes open at the studio tomorrow. You will see them whisper in corners. Colburn has dug up another star! And in the afternoon we will run off the test so you shall see how you look to the camera. And then the contracts, eh? But you need not be afraid. Colburn will protect your interests. He is a father to all his little girls, eh?"

"But," said Martha, "how do you know I can act?"

"Act! With those eyes and that face and that figure! You will act. You will be made to act. That is the director's business. Anybody can act, but not everybody has just the sort of beauty the public will fall for. . . . Would you walk across the room and back? . . . So. . . . You do not learn to walk so in a high school, nor in the kitchen of an honest washerwoman. No, there is class there. The society touch. Nobody can fool Colburn about that. I know what is what."

"When," asked Miss Vernon sullenly, "do we eat?"

Colburn glowered. "Snap out of it," he said again.

Martha, feeling very conspicuous indeed, made to walk up and down like some slave upon the block, sank into a chair flushed and resentful.

"Are you," she asked of Miss Vernon, "in the pictures?"

"Not very far in," said the girl shortly.

Mortimer Blade moved over to Dicksie's chair and bent over her. "Lay off, Dicksie," he said. "What's the use gumming the party? You'll get him sore in a minute."

"What of it?" she demanded. "He might as well be sore as the way he is."

COLBURN had seated himself beside Martha. "Ah, my dear," he said, "it was lucky for us both when I saw you. There are great things in store. Not everything comes in a minute, you understand, and it is not all so easy. But with Colburn behind you! Eh? It isn't every little girl who has Colburn behind her. . . . The Coast! They talk about the Coast. But when I pick 'em the Coast doesn't meddle. They'll be jealous of you, those other girls. Colburn's pet! But don't you mind being Colburn's pet. It gets you some place."

"I'm sure you're very kind," said Martha uneasily.

"My middle name. I'm good to 'em, believe you me. Just you play the game with Colburn and see how you come out on top of the world."

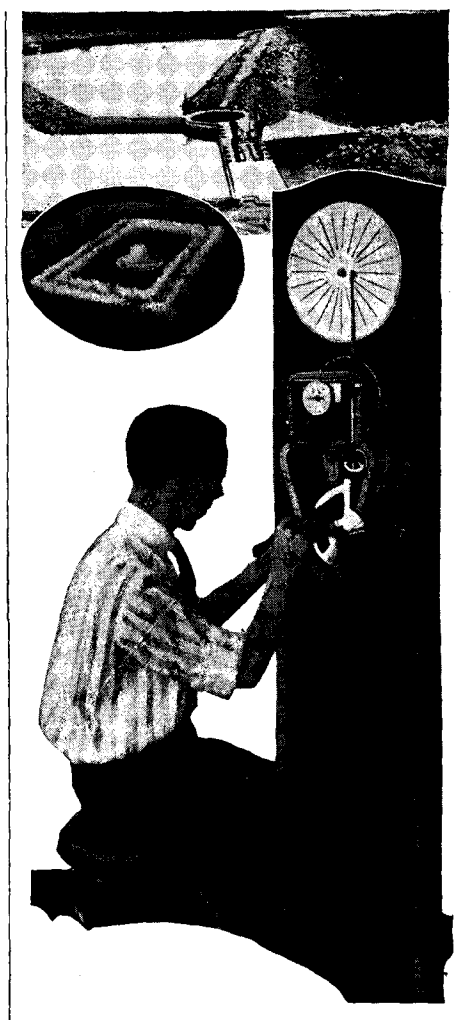
"What does one have to do to play the game?" Martha asked with that directness which sometimes made her a very disconcerting person.

"Eh? What?" Colburn swallowed. "Why, just play the game. You be square with me, and I'll be square with you. You understand. You're a smart girl. It wasn't yesterday you were born."

"No," said Martha.

He went off on a new tangent, evidently desirous of veering away from the particular phase of the conversa-

(*Continued on page 54*)



Taking the Pulse of a Gigantic Artery of Water

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In order that this ingenious mechanism may render a true account of the thousands of gallons of water rushing through the huge underground tubes, its recording cam must have a surface absolutely even and smooth. It is with a NICHOLSON File that this all important surface is obtained. The choice of a NICHOLSON File for this operation emphasizes the fitness of our tools in work where accuracy and fineness count.

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—A File for Every Purpose

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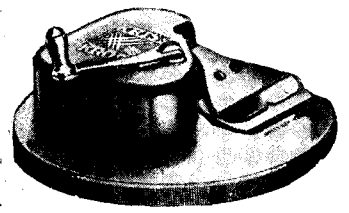
1000 Free Shaves for Mailing This Coupon



GOOD news for men who have been throwing away from one to four packages of razor blades a month! An amazing new invention now permits hundreds of keen, quick, velvety shaves without buying blades! M. T. Main reports 5 years steady shaving with one blade! T. Liddle has used but one blade since 1924! Many others also report surprising results. Mail the coupon and find out how you, too, can cut shave costs as much as 83% this new comfort way!

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KRISS-KROSS Stropper marks the end of raking and scraping tender faces with dull blades! It ends bother and expense of buying new ones! For KRISS-KROSS actually makes old blades *keener than new!* Strops *on the diagonal* with master-barber's secret stroke. Automatic pressure and reverse. Notifies you the exact moment your blade is ready *with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!* No wonder more than a million men call KRISS-KROSS "the most amazing shaving invention ever patented"! And no wonder it pays representatives clear up to $600 a month!

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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 53

tion upon which she had engaged him. "There is everything," he said. "The publicity will be a wow. . . . We have lots of society girls, if you let them tell it. But you're the real thing. I know your family. I guess maybe I've met your father. I meet a good many society people."

"My family are not society people," said Martha.

"Maybe not this cheap society around here," he said, "but they're the real thing. I know. Go back before the Revolution. It's an asset. You got no idea what an asset it will be. Honest-to-God, genuine, eighteen-carat débutante makes début in the pictures. . . . There'll be columns of it when my publicity man gets to work on it."

"My family haven't anything to do with it," said Martha. "It's none of their business. I don't want them brought into it at all."

HE LAUGHED. "You'll get over those little prejudices. Why, say, my dear, you got no idea how family helps. This country's democratic, if you listen to them tell it, but just spring a title on 'em, or drag out a real, top-notch society girl, and see them fall. It ain't New York we have to figure on with the pictures. No, ma'am, it's the sticks. In this man's town anything goes. You'd think marriage or families or anything like that was on the blink. But not out there. Say, you got no idea what prejudices they got out there and how they still fall for the good old bunk. Why, my dear, they *live* that way. There's places where hardly a woman smokes a cigarette!"

"Really?"

"And they're the folks we make pictures for. We got to be careful too. It's not so much the fool censors as it is the people themselves. They're used to living decent, and they want their families to see decent pictures. You wouldn't believe it, but a scandal'll ruin the drawing power of any star! It's bad business. The boys and girls got to play around, but I'm always telling them to keep it under cover. Happy families, that's what they like in the sticks. Say, I've printed pictures of stars and their wives or husbands, and run stories about how devoted they were, when they hadn't been living together for months. You bet you. Family stuff is sure-fire bunk."

"How interesting!" said Martha.

"Sure. It's only about 1 per cent of people that know how to get something out of life. Just the wise ones like you and me. The rest are all sewed up in the old stuff. Ten Commandments, and what have you? And so we got to give it to 'em. Hokum! But where would we be if we tried to live that way? No parties like this. Wicked. I'd be home with my wife—and you wouldn't be getting a chance to set 'em on fire. What if you hadn't walked out on your family like you did, eh? Be sitting in a drawing-room with a chaperon." He laughed. "Well, there isn't any chaperon here."

"When, I ask again, do we eat?" asked Miss Vernon.

"About now," said Colburn. "Everything's set, and I sent the Jap out for the evening. Throw a little supper together myself, and maybe you think I can't do it. . . . Prefer champagne or Burgundy?"

"I really drink very little," said Martha.

"You'll learn." Colburn's cocktails were reducing his courtly manners to a point where they were all but invisible; the real man was showing through, uncouth, overfleshed, gross. "You just sit around a couple of minutes while I boil the egg."

He disappeared toward the rear of the apartment, and a silence of some awkwardness ensued. It was broken by Miss Vernon.

"What's he up to?" she demanded of Blade.

"Nothing special."

"He acts fishy. I know when he's acting fishy. Has he said anything about me?"

"No."

"He *don't* need to," she said savagely; "I can tell. A girl can always tell. He's through with me, and out I go."

"Now, now!" cautioned Blade.

"Now, now, what? Don't you want her to hear? She might as well get used to it. It'll be coming to her one of these days. Maybe six months, maybe a year—and then *out*."

"Don't make a fool of yourself," said Blade.

Suddenly the girl was on her feet, standing before Martha.

"Do you think you're any prettier than I am?" she demanded.

"Why, why—no," Martha said.

"Any better than I am?"

"Perhaps as to manners," said Martha coldly.

Miss Vernon sneered. "Well, you won't be. Not when he gets through with you. Test at the studio tomorrow! Maybe you think I didn't have a test. He gave me the whole works from first to thirty-third degree, and I fell for it. Ever see my picture on a movie magazine?"

"No."

"And you never saw my name signed to any contract either. But here I am—and getting the gate."

"If," said Blade, "you don't shut up, I'll call Colburn. Miss Bundy is a friend of mine. Don't take out your grouch against Colburn on her."

"Friend of yours, eh? Then what's she doing here? Handing her to Colburn on a silver platter?" Suddenly her humor changed, and she threw herself into a chair and covered her face. Blade stole a glance at Martha, who was sitting stony-faced and erect.

"I *think* I want to be taken home," she said icily.

"Nonsense," Blade said in a half whisper. "Pay no attention. It's just some family row, embarrassing, but none of our business. Be a sport, Martha. Stick it out. Colburn means business with you."

"It's humiliating."

"Maybe, but you don't get something for nothing in this world."

MARTHA pondered that briefly; before she had followed to their logical conclusions the several ramifications of this truism, Colburn returned.

"This way to the festal board," he said. "The ham sandwich and the fried egg are on the platter." He paused. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"I don't think I care to stay," said Martha.

"Why?"

Dicksie Vernon sprang to her feet. "It's I, if you want to know," she said, not furiously but very quietly. "I've been saying things to her, and she's sore."

"You behave yourself," said Colburn venomously, "or you'll draw an out."

"It'll be permanent, won't it? You're through with me, aren't you? Picking the next one before I'm out of the room and making me sit to watch you do it! You like to hurt them, don't you, Sam? Always a little touch of cruelty at the wind-up. . . . Like with Gloria James. And she was in love with you too! Gave her the gate on Christmas Eve. A gorilla wouldn't have done that, Sam."

"Shut up—or out you go."

"Out I go, Sam, but not like Gloria. Carbolic for her, wasn't it? And how much did it cost you to hush it up? Think I don't know all about it? . . . And now it's my turn. Well, I'm no Gloria—and I'm not in love with you."

Colburn advanced a step, all vestiges of spurious culture evaporated. "Here, you—"

"I'm no Gloria James. . . . Imagine dying for love of you. You *pig!* You lying, cheating, double-crossing pig."

"Here," intervened Blade, "for Heaven's sake, pull yourself together."

"Keep out of this," said Miss Vernon.

Tom Masson
SAYS

We notice that tasteless castor oil was invented just about the time the younger generation got out of hand.

"No view of the famous pyramid is so striking as that from above," remarks a recent tourist to Egypt. Yes, the ambition of most of us is to view our tomb from above.

Animal trainers may have their faults, but they don't give petting parties.

Women are more powerful than men. If you lose faith in one man you still believe in others, but one woman can make you lose faith in all.

Grandma may criticize, but she generally makes up with the younger set.

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Women's hats will be larger this year, but you can still buy 98 cents' worth of material that goes into one for $18.

The girl who used to make the home bread is now going out after more dough.

The only trouble with listening to these bridge authorities over the radio is that you can't tell 'em where they might have made two more tricks if they had only known how to play the cards.

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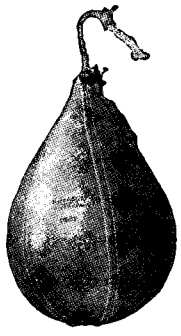

Oh, Boy

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The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Show me the way to money and prizes.

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Address_____

Town_____ State_____

"This is between Sam and me. The last scene between Sam and me. . . . Sam, you've cost me so much I haven't anything left. It isn't as if I got anything back." Her voice lifted, became thin and shrill. "When I go out there's no place to go. You've advertised me too well, Sam. . . . The family won't have me."

Sudden sympathy for the girl stirred in Martha's heart; she saw something—not everything of the tragedy—comprehended a little of what the girl was going through. She stretched out her hand to touch Dicksie's arm. "Hush," she said. "Come away with me. That will be better. . . ."

"I'm going away," said Dicksie in a reedy voice, "but I'm going alone. . . . Sam, did you think you could get away with it—with *me?* Didn't you know me better?"

Colburn mouthed in incoherent rage. "Git. . . . Clear out. . . . Out." Then his face changed, became flaccid, pallid. His eyes bulged and his mouth opened to emit a cry of fear and protest. There were two shots. . . . Martha had been watching Colburn's face and had not seen Dicksie snatch the revolver from her hand bag. . . . Two shots! . . . Colburn fumbled for the table, touched it with his fingers, clutched the embroidery which embellished it and pulled it with books and bric-à-brac to the floor. For an instant he stood swaying, then slumped to the table top limply and slid off upon the carpet.

"There," said Dicksie Vernon, and turning abruptly she walked to the front door, opened it, stepped through into the hall and disappeared.

The thing was done! The Vernon girl, who had fired the shot, was gone. Colburn lay on his face amid broken objects of virtu and, on the rug on this side of the table, the hand bag and the revolver which it had concealed. It was unreal, not to be grasped in an instant. . . . Mortimer Blade stood, clutching the back of a chair, wide of eye, motionless, and Martha did not believe.

"It's not so," she said aloud.

"My God!" said Blade hoarsely. And then both were silent and motionless again.

Martha closed her eyes, but opened them again quickly, because she saw frightful pictures against which her soul revolted. Strangely, in that first brief time, it was not shock at the death of a human being which rendered her weak, incapable of motion. It was rather astonishment—astonishment and protest—that such a thing should have happened in her presence!

"This," she told herself, "cannot have happened to me!"

Horror gripped her, not of the deed she had witnessed, but of its consequences to her. It had been her belief that the opinion of others as to herself and her conduct was without importance. What did she care what people thought? She was free, independent, possessed of a sort of divine right to do as she pleased—and public opinion was a negligible thing. . . . Now she found it was not negligible. When she shut her eyes for that brief instant she had seen headlines; she had seen flaring, pictured scandal; she had seen the ghoulish gloating of the tabloids—and her young life in ruins. Not her picture, beautiful and lauded in the motion-picture magazines, but a photograph on cheap print paper dreadfully captioned.

LIFTING herself by the arms of her chair, she stood erect and stared at Mortimer Blade. He was a man, and it was woman's right to look to man for help in emergency. But he, pallid, shaking visibly, was no strong reed upon which to lean.

"She's gone," he said, "and we're holding the bag."

"Is—is he dead?"

"I don't know. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . ."

She gripped herself; something must be done, and she must take command. She walked to the table and looked down upon Colburn, shuddering. Then, automatically, almost without realizing she did so, she stooped, picked up the revolver, dropped it in Dicksie Vernon's bag, and clung to it.

"Nobody's in the house," she said.

"Someone might have heard—the shot."

"Does anyone know that we came here?"

He stared at her, and some reason and resolution dawned in his vacant eye.

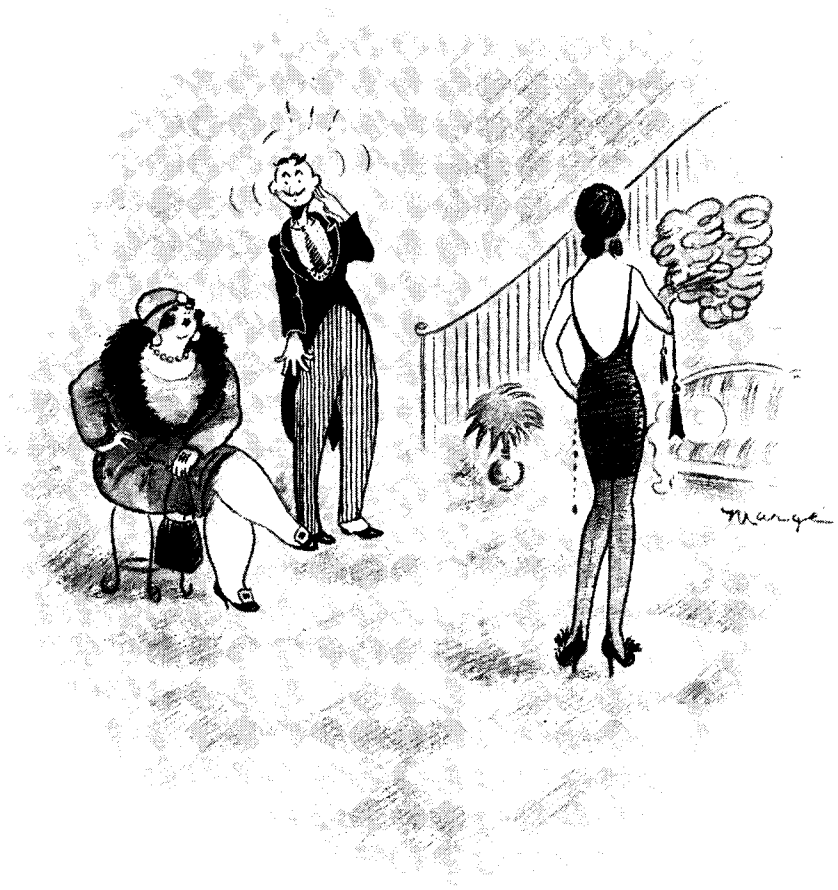
"No. . . . We've got to clear out of this."

"And leave—"

"Do you want to be found here?" he asked roughly.

That was the solution—a chance of a solution. No one knew she was dining

(*Continued on page 56*)



Customer: "Very sweet—very sweet. Now show me something snappy!"

SW

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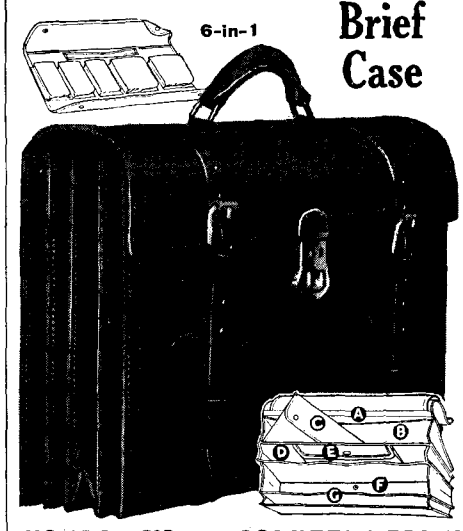

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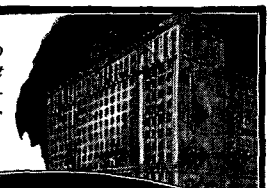

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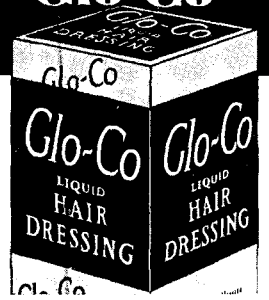
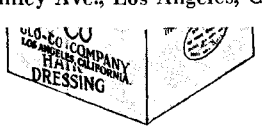


AT LAST a dressing which keeps the hair in place and *acts as a tonic too!* Even its delightful fragrance is *new*. Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



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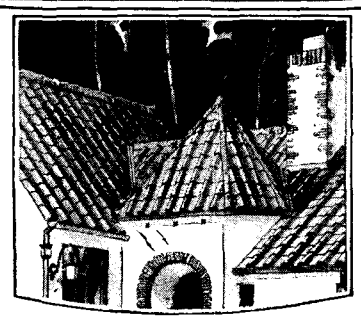

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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 55

there. It was unlikely Colburn had told anyone. If, then, they could make their escape without being seen, the fact might never be discovered.

"Hurry," she said. "Hurry."

"Your hat. Don't leave anything."

"It's in the bedroom."

Blade returned with her hat and his, making a wide circuit not to pass close to Colburn's sprawling feet—grotesquely chubby feet. He opened the door a crack and peered into the hall. It was untenanted.

"Come on," he said.

They left the apartment swiftly, closing the door behind them, and almost ran down the hall to the sidewalk, and turned to the right. Fifty feet away they met a man approaching, a Japanese, who glanced at them and passed on.

"A taxi," said Martha.

"No. Taxi men remember. We mustn't be seen in this neighborhood. We must be seen somewhere else, as far away as possible and as quickly."

"The L, then," she said, and they hastened on, mounted the stairs and entered a train which fortunately rumbled in as they arrived. They rode two stations and Blade arose.

"Where?" she asked.

"Miss Patty's," he said.

"Yes, yes. That's all right."

THEY descended the stairway, speechless, and made their way the half block to the blue door beside the garage which gave entrance to that seclusive dispensary of bootleg liquor.

"It's ten minutes past nine," said Blade.

Martha's mind operated. "When we get in," she said, "look at your watch again. Say it is a quarter to nine. Make a point of it."

"I get you," he said.

Jimmy opened the door for them, and smiled bashfully. Martha made effort to speak to him casually, playfully, as was her custom. "How's my best beau tonight?" she asked.

"I'm all right," Jimmy said, and blushed to his hair.

At the head of the stairs Katie met them with diffident courtesy, her eyes falling as they encountered Blade. She took his hat. "Miss Patty's in the back room," she said.

"Who's here?"

"Just a small party for dinner. Shall I take your bag, Miss Bundy?"

Her bag! Martha glanced down, became conscious of what she held in her hand, and her heart missed a beat. Dicksie Vernon's bag, and inside it a revolver—with two cartridges fired! She clutched it tighter. "No," she said. "No."

"Brace up," whispered Blade.

Katie disappeared with the hat. "I've got the revolver here," said Martha in a whisper. "I—I took it unconsciously."

Blade bit his lip and swore. "Then hang on to it," he said harshly. "Till you can lose it somewhere."

Miss Patty came through the door, as always, in a state of hurried enthusiasm. She paused and clasped her hands. "My dear!" she exclaimed. "Where *have* you been all these days? Why, *why* didn't you come in to dinner? I've a new chef. . . . And Mr. Blade, *too*. We're always glad to see you, even if you do get a little rough sometimes."

Blade compressed his lips at this arch but tactless reference.

"We're early," said Martha. "What time *is* it, Mortimer?"

He looked at his watch. "Ten minutes of nine," he said. "Earlier than I thought."

"Ten minutes of nine is just the right time," said Miss Patty. "Come right in with me now. You can't guess who's here."

She flung back the door, and they entered the rear room, where the big phonograph was playing and where a table had been set for the dinner party of six. The first face Martha saw was Jerry Breen's, the second her father's. . . . She stopped and caught her breath.

"There," said Miss Patty, "isn't that a lovely surprise? Your roommate! And with the *nicest* elderly gentleman. And an artist and an author too. You know, I love to have this place a sort of headquarters for people who do things."

There was no drawing back now, so Martha advanced, bitterly conscious of what she held dangling in her hand. It seemed to her that every eye must seek that bag unerringly, and she was sure the outlines of the weapon it contained must be apparent. But she dared not lay it down; she must permit no chance of another hand than hers touching it.

"Why, Martha!" exclaimed Jerry.

"It is," said Banks Prouty, "none other than she. Bring up a chair. Bring up two chairs; bring up all the chairs your heart desires. And Mr. Blade of Long Island. You know Elverson Ferris, than whom there is no whomer, and you know the girls, but *you don't—you can't—know this friend* of my childhood, whom I met for the first time this evening." He waved his hand to Mr. Bundy, who lifted twinkling, inscrutable eyes, but gave no sign of recognition.

"This," continued Prouty, "is none other than Mr. Bundy, who, seeing the evil of a life of bucolic ease and Victorian virtue, has laid aside his plowshare and his bedroom slippers to plunge into the city's wicked maelstrom. . . . Mr. Bundy—Miss Bundy. Heigh! What's this? Same names!"

"The young lady," said Martha's father, "won't object to sharing it with me—for one evening. I shan't—er—cramp her style."

"And Mr. Blade," introduced Prouty.

Mr. Bundy's eyes took in the young man, and he nodded genially. "I think I have met Mr. Blade," he said.

"Then everything's set, and where do we go from here? Let's have a great deal to drink and then commit mayhem on a cop."

"But that," said Mr. Bundy, "is not modern. We used to do that when I was a boy. Would you call this a wild party?"

"Why—not exactly."

"Then let's be wild."

"Is Miss Bundy your daughter?" asked Ferris.

"To be sure."

Mr. Ferris blinked. "I've written some pretty modern stories, you know, but I don't recall going quite that far, even in fiction. It's one too many."

"Eh? One too many. Wasn't you arguing a while ago that there isn't any such thing as morals? And that nothing could be either right or wrong. And then you up and get shocked just because Marty drops in while I'm giving a little party!"

"But, after all, there is good taste and decency. She's your daughter."

"To be sure. But you were saying that the family was just an artificial unit, based on property rights like land, horses and women. The only real obligation a man owed his wife was to carry on kind of discreetly. And a wife could run around too if she only did it quietly?"

BEFORE there could be any rejoinder Jimmy came into the room and approached the table. "Gentleman asking for Mr. Blade," he said, and scowled at the young man. "He wants you to step out to see him."

Blade arose, casting a worried glance at Martha, who caught her breath and grew even paler than she was. Her eyes followed him to the door, and dread made them pitifully dark and deep. Jerry watched her face and leaned across the table.

"What is it?" she asked. "Sick? Anything happen?"

"I—I'm perfectly all right," said Martha.

Mortimer Blade thrust open the door and advanced with no little apprehension. Had Colburn's body been found so soon, and had the police traced them

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here? . . . But he halted and frowned at sight of Richard Lame.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you want?"

"I think," said Lame quietly, "that you'd better make tracks away from here."

"Why?"

"I was outside Colburn's apartment tonight."

"You? What for?"

"Miss Bundy told me she was going there, and I was uneasy. I saw the girl come out. Then I saw you and Martha . . . meet the Japanese."

"What Japanese?"

"Colburn's man. He passed you as you came out, and went into the apartment. . . . I waited," said Lame, "because I thought I heard a sound that might have been a shot."

"Yes. Go on. What are you getting at?"

"I WATCHED you go to the corner and climb the stairs of the L—and then the Japanese ran out yelling. What he said was '*Murder!*' Does he, by any chance, know you?"

"He's served me."

"Then he would recognize you?"

"I don't know."

"Anyhow," said Lame, "you'd better skedaddle and leave me to take care of Martha. If worst comes to worst," said Lame, "we can stir up a case of mistaken identity. We look enough alike for it, I think. If you are found, be found alone. Is that clear? And you weren't at Colburn's. We've got to cover up this thing for Martha. . . ."

"But—but what shall *I* do?"

"My interest in you, Mortimer, is tenuous, not to say nonexistent. You go away and paddle your own canoe. . . . *And you'll go*," said Lame with sudden intentness, "if I have to throw you down the stairs."

"All right. All right. Keep your shirt on," said Blade.

Lame watched him take his hat from Katie and descend the stairs; then he opened the door and entered the next room. The eyes of the diners turned toward him, but in the dim light—and in their state of mild exhilaration—did not become immediately aware of the substitution. . . . None but Martha. She had turned fearfully, striving to read from Blade's face if anything dreadful had happened—and it was not Blade's face she saw. She drew a startled breath, a *glad* breath. Blade had gone, but Richard Lame had come! How she did not know, nor why, but she was *glad!* It was as if she had come suddenly into safe harbor out of storm. That is how the sight of him affected her, but she was in no condition of mind to notice or to wonder at it. She struggled to her feet, her nerve breaking at last.

"Oh," she cried, "take me home. . . . Take me away. . . . Take me any place."

She stretched out her arms toward him as a child might have done. Dicksie Vernon's bag dropped from her hand, fell heavily to the floor and opened. . . . And from it rolled, to rest under the startled eyes of the company, the revolver with which Colburn had been killed.

(*To be continued next week*)

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
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Dispel the Clouds

WITH the filing of petitions in Illinois the Presidential primaries are under way.

So far as the selection of candidates is concerned these primaries are largely wasted effort.

Confidence in favorite sons will be registered by the voters of various states in this way, but the June conventions will pay little heed to such expressions of preference.

In 1920 Senator Hiram Johnson polled by far the largest vote in the Presidential primaries but he never had a chance at the nomination. General Wood and Governor Lowden were next in strength but Senator Harding, a weak primary contender, was more pleasing to the Republican managers.

We can't select presidents by acclamation or anything resembling it and so no one need be disquieted at the levity with which conventions treat the primary victors.

To be President demands better qualities than those voted for in favorite sons.

The primaries, however, do serve a purpose in forcing a discussion of candidates on issues prior to the meetings of the delegates. This is especially important now. For 1928 bids fair to go down in history as the year in which political buncombe reached its ultimate depths of folly.

The real issues and candidates this year are few. Prohibition, state rights, farm relief, religion, Tammany, and our foreign relations are the chief subjects discussed in connection with the candidates. Each is confused by prejudice and misunderstanding.

Religion has been covertly injected into the campaign even to the extent of investigating the faith of the priest who presided at the marriage of Secretary Hoover and Mrs. Hoover.

Nothing could have less to do with the fitness of a man to be President and yet no issue is the occasion of more passionate discussion than this matter of religion.

Tammany is another irrelevant issue which looms large in the national councils. The fact is that Tammany is a city organization which fifty years ago was involved in the Tweed scandals. Today Tammany differs only slightly from the political organizations to be found in any city and in both parties.

On the whole Tammany is considerably more intelligent than the Republican machine run by Vare in Philadelphia or that which carries the flag of William Hale Thompson in Chicago. At its worst period a half century ago its morals were only those made famous recently when a Senate committee investigated the relationship between the Department of the Interior and certain oil concessionaires.

But, good or bad, Tammany has no more to do with the White House than has any other powerful municipal faction. Talk about Tammany is wasted breath.

Prohibition, state rights, farm relief and foreign relations properly belong to the Presidential campaign but not in the fanatical form in which each is presented.

We hear a lot of tales about "America First," a phrase to which Woodrow Wilson gave currency and which more recently Mayor Thompson of Chicago has capitalized for his own purposes.

As at present preached "America First" means hatred of Great Britain and of the League of Nations. We can go on hating Britain and refusing to speak of the League of Nations as long as we please but that butters no parsnips for us or for anybody else.

We have serious international problems to deal with. International debts must be arranged and compacts designed to prevent wars must be negotiated. We get nowhere in the solution of these difficult questions by merely indulging in harangues of hate.

Farm relief and prohibition are singularly beclouded by passion. The extent to which the federal government may effectually help the farmer to secure his share of national prosperity is complicated enough. Assuredly nothing is gained by arraying East against West, the cities against the country, and talking of conspiracies to do this and that.

So too in the matter of prohibition much thunder is heard about the "liquor interests" conspiring against the Republic. There are no important liquor interests except the bootleggers and they are content to continue their clandestine and criminal business of selling wretched beverages at infamous prices.

But there are groups of honorable citizens, both Wets and Drys, who are profoundly concerned in the corruption which came with prohibition and who are earnestly seeking a permanent solution of this appalling evil. Nothing will be gained by continuing the violent campaigns of abuse.

We are fortunate this year in having in both parties a number of candidates of more than ordinary ability and character. Their very competence, however, is overshadowed by the bitterness of the attacks leveled at them.

Eliminate fanaticism and face the issues frankly. We have a great opportunity for progress because in both parties we have brilliant leaders. Let's not lose this opportunity in the intoxication of fanaticism and partisan abuse.

So This Was Extravagance

A MEMBER of the sports staff of a Middle-West newspaper, noting in 1908 a prediction that possibly 50,000 automobiles would be manufactured that year to sell for an average price of $2,000, published this comment:

"No other form of sport is so costly, for the $100,000,000 represents only part of the real expense, which includes also repairs and the wages of chauffeurs."

Less than twenty years later one manufacturer spent another $100,000,000 to develop a new model. Nobody called him extravagant.

Within these short years the rich man's toy has become everyman's necessity and what seemed to be extravagant luckily has been found to be the most profitable of investments.

For nothing has contributed more to the prodigious prosperity of the present world than the widespread use of the motor car.

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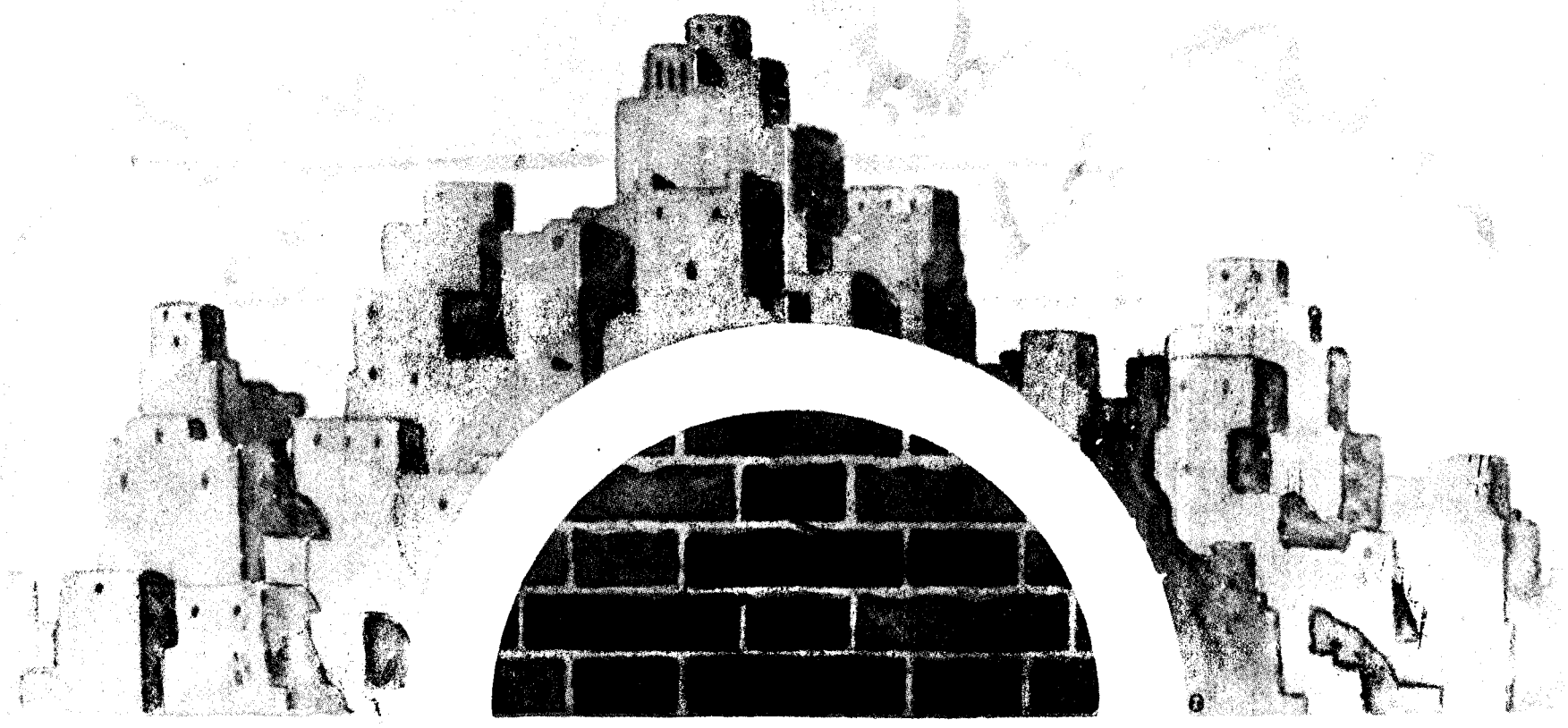

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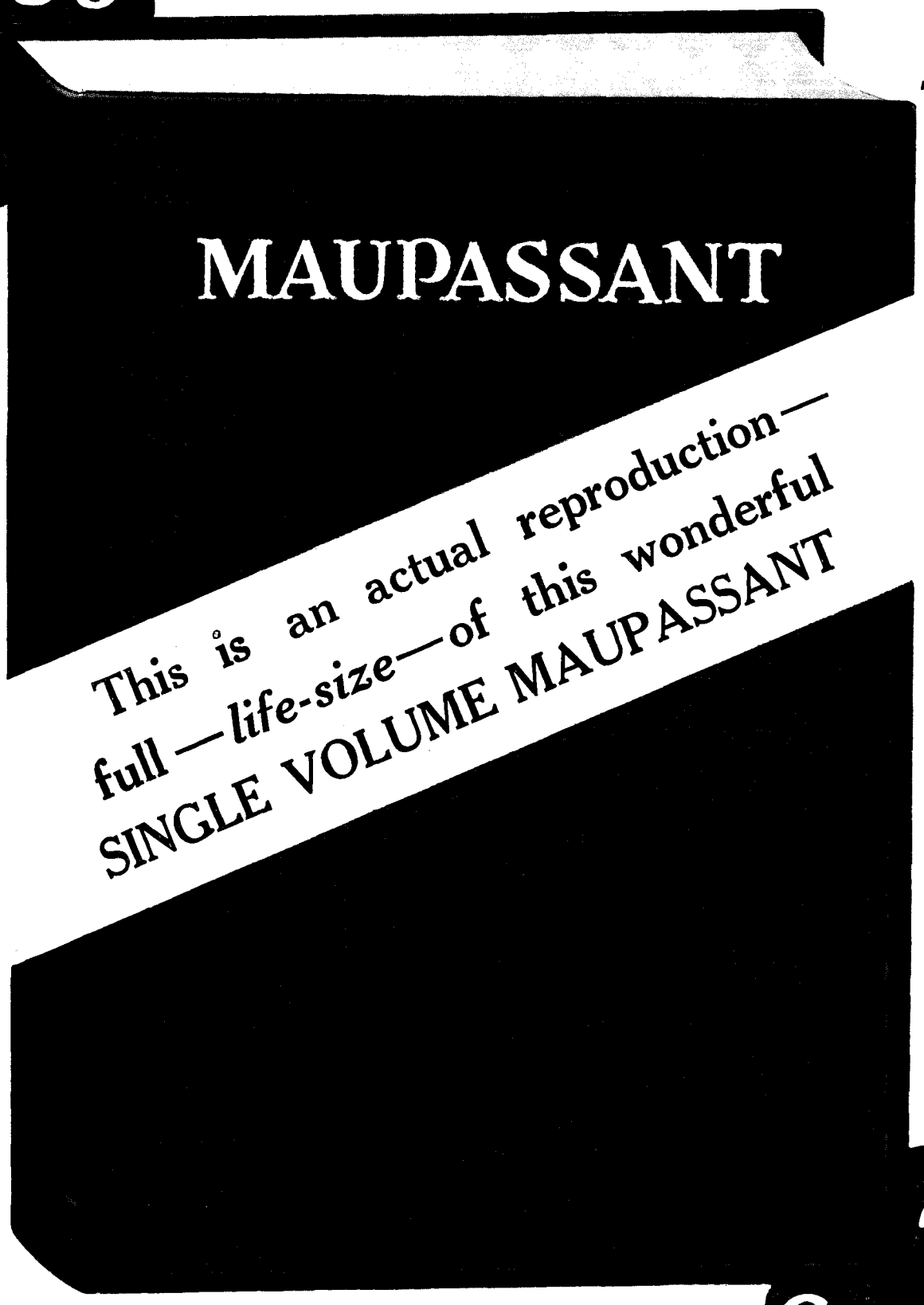

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